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METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XI

(THE NEW CYCLE).

VOLUME XII

(THE IDEAL REVIEW).

JANUARY—JUNE, 1900

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The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms that can outlive all flesh.

—*Byron.*

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THE

NEW CYCLE.

VOL. XI. JANUARY, 1900. No. 1.

SPINOZA, LEIBNITZ AND FICHTE.

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

Friedrik Rückert interpreted the world problem when he wrote:

> The World and I wage war; in God the strife is o'er;
> For World and I in God are one for evermore.

I may also say that he sang the *jubilate* of this discovery in the following verses:

> The light of God hath come into this world of night;
> We are aroused, and can no longer sleep for light.
> No longer can we sleep the world's benumbing sleep.

The world mystery is that of Oneness, of Being; and the divine mystery is this as said and sung by a "lofty saint":

> God Himself grows in Thee, O Thou devout believer!
> In Thee renews Himself, while He reneweth Thee.

These two mysteries have been the pivot of all thinking, the enthusiasm of all song, and the problems of philosophy. Art, too, has attempted to express them and they have given new activity to science in our day. Nature's transparencies reflect forms of them which we can only understand as symbols. The soft melancholy of the eye of the horse and dog, the stately cathedrals of clouds at

sunrise or sunset, all alike *express* or bring forth the Being. The solemnity of a bright starlit night and the fear that falls upon the human heart at high noon when the sun threatens to destroy the breath, both force upon us the profoundest acknowledgment of a greater and a smaller world, but they also prophesy of ideal conditions in which Unity reigns.

Now, as ever, in the face of these manifestations of the Great, the True, the Good and the Beautiful, the human mind lands in its reasonings upon the thought of the Self, and it renews its allegiance to these ideals by a declaration of the desire to be true to self (Self).

Of modern philosophers none have defined the art of life better than Spinoza, Leibnitz and Fichte. Each from a different point of view has shown us Being in forms so directly connected with our personal existence that we cannot any longer afford to be ignorant of methods leading directly to self-knowledge and self-assertion. Let me, therefore, in part at least, set forth their doctrines from the standpoint of Ethics or the art of living.

With René Descartes (1596–1650) came a reassertion of the Socratic "Know thyself." Self-knowledge is so important because in man there is a divine and universal principle which is the measure of things and the expression of the divine quaternary of the great, good, true and beautiful. With Descartes begins modern thought and life considered as philosophy. The individual is asserted as against "the whole." He traces for us the unconscious process by which we build up the world of experience and thus he shows us the value of it. People ordinarily build up their world like a sleeper and have no reflective consciousness of their positions nor of their powers. Philosophy must therefore begin by an awakening: We must *doubt* everything till that thing is understood. But what is the ever unchangeable, the true basis from which to understand? That is the ego, says Descartes. Whatever I abstract, whatever else I reduce to a thought, the ego, self, I cannot abstract or reduce to a thought. It is Thought. *Cogito ergo sum*—I think, hence I am. I am the subject of my thinking and remain such. I am the unity of

thinking and being. My thinking is co-extensive with my existence. I cannot consider a not-Me as having a reality; it can be no more than my own postulated opposite, because thought can only be its own object. It was charged against Descartes that such subjective idealism was no more than tautology; that thinking presupposed an opposite as condition for its existence and that such opposite, if it were not the world, must be God. Descartes answered that because we find God in our minds, we find anything else. In other words, he identifies God and Mind. It is the notion of self which presupposes and conditions the notion of God. Descartes, however, did not accept the logic of his own reasoning. It was reserved for Spinoza to carry the theory of identity of mind and God to its full realization.

Spinoza holds that it is the highest virtue to "preserve one's own being" (Eth., iv., 22). The effort for self-preservation is the essence of the thing, because "if any virtue could be conceived as prior thereto, the essence of a thing would have to be conceived as prior to itself, which is obviously absurd. Therefore no virtue can be conceived as prior to this endeavor to preserve one's own being." The sum of this reading is pure self-assertion and self-seeking. If this self-affirmation became the conscious effort of the low and vulgar, they would of course be what we call devils. The teaching is therefore not for the vulgar or those not awakened. It is an occult instruction and only for those centred in the *amor Dei intellectualis*, for those who have discovered the secret of self.

What is the characteristic of one awakened? Let the reader think of sleep and awakening from it and he will see it quicker and more fully than words can describe it. The awakened is a self; is a monad, unformed and imperishable, unaffected from without, and its interior cannot be changed by another creature. It can and it does change continually from its own volition. It is a multiplicity in unity; but a monad has neither parts, nor figure, nor extension and is not divisible. The monad is the element of things, *the soul of things*, and is Soul. And this is the doctrine of Leibnitz.

The universe is full of monads, is a *plenum* of souls. It contains

no empty space. There is no generation and no death in the universe. There is, however, expansion and contraction and this movement is the breathing of self.

Can there be a more awe-inspiring philosophy of self and life? What individualism! What boldness of self in asserting itself as the measure of things and as the soul of things? Who is equal to it? Does it not show even the best of men how far yet they are from perfection? But none should therefore turn pessimistic. On the contrary, this philosophy ought to be an incentive to renewals of endeavor.

Both Spinoza and Leibnitz have been condemned and laughed at. Only the free understand freedom. Hence Pharisees and Philistines alike have execrated such teachings. The same was Fichte's fate.

Fichte was the legitimate heir to the two great teachers already mentioned, and with them he forms a triangle of fundamentals: Being, Self and Freedom. Fichte is a type and teacher of our inner activity, which is an insatiable craving for universal life, a craving that shall need for its satisfaction all of an endless existence. Hear the *motif* and you know what organ sounds:

"Supreme and Living Will; named by no name, compassed by no thought! I may well raise my soul to Thee, for Thou and I are not divided. Thy voice sounds within me, mine resounds in Thee; and all my thoughts, if they be but good and true, live in Thee also. In Thee, the Incomprehensible, I myself, and the world in which I live, become clearly comprehensible to me; all the secrets of my existence are laid open, and perfect harmony arises in my soul." *

This same Fichte in the same work, "The Vocation of Man," talks also like a demonic voice from desert places. Hear his cry:

"There is within me an impulse to absolute, independent self-activity. Nothing is more insupportable to me than to be merely by another, for another, and through another; I must be something for myself alone. This impulse I feel along with the perception of my own existence; it is inseparably united to my consciousness of myself."

* The Popular Works of Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated from the German by William Smith, vol. I, page 463. London, Trübner & Co., 1889.

These words have no uncertain sounds; they are almost rebellious; they reverberate the great abyss of abysses that opens out into the world in a human soul. They are the tokens of a restless will and the throes of the birth of a soul. On the tongue of the nihilist they are condemned, in the song of the lyric poet or in the dying utterances of the epic hero they are exalted, and, wafted to us on angel wings, they are sublime. As they are, they are thoroughly human, and taken together with the above-quoted devotion, they are the Confessions of the Ego.

The Ego is

> "The light of God come into this world of night."

It is the Ego of which it can be said that

> "God Himself grows in Thee, O thou devout believer!"

It is the Ego who sings

> "For World and I in God are one for evermore!"

In other words, the Ego who is Light, Life and Love is also Being, Self and Freedom, and the three philosophers who embody these are Spinoza, Leibnitz and Fichte.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

LIFE *versus* DEATH.

BY WILLIAM H. HUTCHINSON.

Life! Death! What easy words to speak, how little understoo Not that man is intellectually incapable of understanding, but becau he has grown so accustomed to have some one else do his thinkin that his powers in that direction have become almost inert. Phy: cally he is not a lazy animal. The boy or girl may seriously obje to bringing in coal or carrying water, yet with what avidity will eith welcome exercise in the way of hoop-rolling or playing tag. Whit washing the fence and rocking the baby are terribly exhausting on a h day, but a ten-mile tramp beside a brass band in the broiling sun borne with Spartan fortitude. Man does not really object to work, long as he can choose what it shall be, for action is a part of h nature. But when it comes to using his thinking and reasoni facilities, it seems convenient to court a state of agreeable inactio and leave all the drudgery to the press, the pulpit and the forui tamely accepting their dictums upon each and every subject.

Here and there we meet a thinker, but he is the exception. T average man might resent the imputation that he seldom thinks; b if there could be made a machine which would receive and record h thoughts, as the phonograph does the voice, for a single hour, I fe the result would be a revelation to him. Ask him to think steadi on one subject for only five minutes, and see how nearly impossib it is.

Such a person turns to his party leaders for his politics, gets h religion ready-made at his favorite shop, and depends upon h printing press for the rest. He makes oracles of his favorite talke and thinkers, bows down and worships them and is ready to oppo any person who objects. Provided they relieve him of undue ment labor; provided their utterances are smooth and plausible; c provided they do not disturb him with rude shocks in the way of ne

opinions, the earth is theirs and the fullness thereof, so far as he is concerned. He hears some one liken life and death to day and night. "Good!" he affirms; "that is a beautiful idea. Night always follows day, surely, and so does life always end in death. I'll remember that!" and he stows it unconditionally away in his mental ice chest for safe keeping, to be paraded now and then as a trophy of originality. Is the simile a true one? It may be slightly poetic, but is not the poetry weak beside the grand epic of Realty? Day and night are joint laborers in the temple, relieving each other at regular hours, each doing his allotted share of the work laid out by the Grand Master. Day follows night as surely as night follows day. Life and Death are portrayed as enemies, ever struggling for power and dominion, with the final victory to the latter. A struggle in the courts between two contestants is never alluded to as the case of Smith and Jones, but as Smith *vs.* Jones; Smith as opposed to Jones. So let us shape our phrase as Life *vs.* Death. Who are the contestants? Life we all know to a certain extent. Who knows Death? Who has ever been introduced to him; who has shaken hands with him; who knows him through personal contact, and is willing to come forward and testify for or against him? Is he cold-blooded or warm-hearted; hideous or fair; a friend of destruction or an angel of mercy? By the various witnesses he is reported in all of these phases. Are any of their reports correct? Have not most observers been frightened, and the remainder so blinded by sorrow that all else seems angelic in comparison? Would such testimony be believed on any other subject? Have they really seen a ghost, or have they been deceived by a waving bough at the edge of the dark forest of eternity?

"But," says our average man, "of course, Death—is—!!" (He came near saying, "Of course Death exists," but has caught the absurdity of the speech in time.) "We have all seen him. Yesterday my friend walked and talked with me; was then alive. To-day he lies cold and still. I speak; his lips are mute. I call; he awakens not. I breathed the name he loved best, but all in vain. Is not this death?"

Let us see. I would not wound your feelings by seeming to speak irreverently of that which you have looked upon as your friend.

Once a certain gentleman hired a new gardener. He had some pear trees of choice varieties, and among the first things to which he called the gardener's attention was their languishing condition. The grape-vines, too, were doing anything but well. Jimmie promised to see what he could do for them. Before the season was over it became evident that the trees were exhibiting an added vigor. The leaves were of good color and the fruit was hanging on well and ripening evenly. In former seasons it had fallen off badly. One day the employer asked, "How is it, Jimmie, that you have succeeded so well with the trees while the vines do not seem to improve?" Quoth Jimmie: "I've done the best I could, sorr, an' if they wor any more cats an' dogs in the neighborhood, sure thim voines 'ud be lukin' as foine as the payre thrays!" And true enough: that Summer had witnessed a number of mysterious disappearances from among the canines and felines of that vicinity, causing no slight wonderment to the inhabitants. Each of these, it seems, had duly received the right of sepulture; each had a healthy pear tree for a headstone.

Pure white sand is very clean and all that. It soils neither the shoes nor the hands. It makes elegant garden walks and is useful in many ways, but it will not grow much of a crop. It used to be said of South Jersey that one man's farm would blow over on to another's during a high wind. The farmers, save in a few favored places, had a hard struggle to live, patching out by charcoal burning and other side industries. At last they discovered great deposits of decayed "dead" matter called marl. They dug it, carted it and spread it upon their lands, and to-day that tract is one vast market garden, dotted with thriving villages. We see the leaves of the forest turn yellow or crimson, then a rusty brown, then flutter helplessly to the ground. We call them dead leaves. The rains and snows beat upon them, frosts make them brittle, winds rend them and their fragments

are trodden under foot.' But when Spring comes the tiny particles form a combination with the moisture about them and thus find their way to the roots of the trees, furnishing them with added life and vigor. If the leaves were dead, what new life could they add? Death cannot give birth to life.

"But," says the wiseacre, "they stimulate the growth." Has Death power to stimulate? Grant it that power—any power whatever—and it is no longer Death. The decay of the mineral becomes the life of the vegetable. The vegetable must die, as we term it, ere it becomes part of the animal. Mother Earth never parts with an atom of anything. She is never satisfied, is continually grinding part upon part, tearing it with fierce winds, shriveling it with scorching sunbeams, soaking it with moisture, defacing it with mold and rust, disintegrating it in every possible way, yet ever busy forming it into new and higher shapes. She knows no death.

If we cannot find such an individual as Death in this realm of coarse, gross material, where must we seek him? If the claim that he has dominion over man's body and the earth from which it came, is a false one, where is his supremacy? The Materialist denies any and all gods, and that obliterates Death at the outset, because, to you, there has been no real life. Believer, do you recognize any gods besides the One who reigns supreme? If one king gives another dominion over a part of his kingdom, that king is no longer a supreme ruler. You do not believe for a moment that Death has any power over the Spirit. Then if Mother Earth drives the idea of Death from her borders and all our reasoning shows the impossibility of his ever setting foot in the territory of the Spirit, where does or can he exist?

There is the realm of the soul. "Yes," remarks one, "I know the soul lives, but—." My dear friend, I see the point that perplexes you. You and the materialist are bitter foes. Still, there is one part of your argument where you both camp on essentially the same ground, ready to do battle against any third party who may try to dislodge you. The materialist says man has no soul; you declare

that he has. Yet you practically agree as to what constitutes the man. He says the man dies and that ends it. You say the man dies, but his soul lives on. You speak of him as possessing an undefinable something called a soul, which is given him to care for; and as he lives here so will be the fate of the soul hereafter. If the man and the soul are separate in any sense, is it not a little hard that the soul should suffer for the sins of the one in whose charge it has been placed?

To look at it in another way: Does the man die and the soul live? Is there anything belonging to the man more worthy of continued life than the man himself? Surely if any part of him is worth saving it is the most important part. You say he possesses a soul. Is the possession greater than the possessor? Is the ward superior to the guardian? If the soul is superior to the man is it not more reasonable to suppose that it is the soul's duty to care for and be responsible for the man? In that case would not the intelligence displayed in the man's guidance be the intelligence of the soul? You probably will not deny that man's intelligence is the man himself. If that intelligence is also the intelligence of the soul, where is the difference between the soul and the man? Genesis ii., 7, says "And man became a living soul." Not a word about his receiving a soul. He *became* a living soul. Is not the soul the man?

Would not that view of the case make clear and sure much that you have heretofore taken on trust? You and the materialist have too long dug side by side in the dirt piles, trying to find therein the great secret of Life. Together you have, as you suppose, discovered the Man; but you have turned over pile after pile only to find that the mystery of life is as far from your grasp as ever. Your fellow-laborer taunts you with the failure to find a single soul in all your specimens. He says, "We cannot discover it in the heart, the liver, the lungs or the intestines. We are sure the brain is the organ whose working makes the intelligence manifest, but we cannot find out exactly what works the brain! Dear, dear! we have dissected so many, too!"

Somebody asks you sneeringly where the soul is located, how nourished and what evidence you have of the soul's existence at all. How your poor heart aches when you are forced to remain dumb, or at best feebly murmur something about faith, about what you have read, and so on. My friend, so long as you stay down in the pit with him he has the best of you. Come up out of the mud and dirt! Strip off those filthy garments! Take a good bath, and, standing in God's sunlight, look up instead of down! Would you dissect the inmate to find the house wherein he dwelt? Would you take to pieces the engine to search for the fuel that fed the fire that made the steam? Stand on the ground, both of you, and view the ladder which goes but a little way up the side of the building. Close by its top, but hidden from your sight by a projecting cornice, is another, and another, but you can see only to the top of the first. Quarrel if you will. He says: "I believe only what I see." You say: "I believe there are more ladders above." How would it do for you both to take the elevator and go high enough to see the entire system of ladders which lead the way above?

Grant that the soul is the man, the man that God made—made in His own image and likeness—and then trace downward, if you will, through all animate and inanimate natures, and you will not be much troubled with "missing links" and similar perplexities. Stay in the pit of materialism if you prefer. Dig away until the crack of doom, and the more industriously you dig, the deeper the hole and the farther you get from the light. There is a quaint old book, or rather a series of books bound under one cover, which it would do you and your partner good to study. "Oh," you say, "I know what book you refer to. I have read that all through from Genesis to Revelations; parts of it more than once." Have you done nothing more than to read it? I say, study it! You might as well read a chapter in your arithmetic each day and claim to understand mathematics. This old book contains many a problem of life which you and I are expected to work out for ourselves, and thus master the principles which we may at any time be called upon to put into active practice.

If the answers, the real meanings, if you please, were printed there literally we should escape the study, and remain ignorant of the underlying truths which the problems were intended to demonstrate.

In the first book of that collection, eleventh chapter, will be found a short narrative that ought to interest you both; *i. e.*, the building of the tower of Babel. It tells of a lot of men who were on the same hunt as you, and who, like you, preferred the dirt road. They were going upward, to be sure, but they did not propose to take any chances. They were bound to have good solid ground under their feet all the way. They had plenty of men, plenty of time and plenty of dirt. So they dug the clay and made brick and burned them thoroughly. "And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." Patiently they toiled; round after round of the bricks they laid; course after course rose the tower toward heaven. Presently there came confusion and neither could understand the other. With blanched face each bricklayer dropped his trowel and fled, and the tower was never finished.

Your partner will say the story is not true. You will affirm its truth, not because you know it, but simply because you have read it in the book. I do not know whether it was true then, and I do not care. I do know it is true to-day. Would-be scientists have long been trying to build a dirt road from earth to heaven, and many of them, discouraged because it seems as far off as ever, cry, "There is no heaven!" Then look at the confusion of tongues! I do not refer to the tongues of our different nationalities; but the Protestant talks one way, the Catholic another, the Mohammedan still another, to say nothing of the various dialects and subdivisions of sects. The materialists have quite as many languages. At least they frequently find it difficult to understand each other. The potion which one extols as a veritable elixir of life another denounces as rank poison. One bids us beware of the cesspool. We do away with it and build costly sewers. Another warns us of the deadly sewer gas. One tells us how impure a gas jet renders the atmosphere of a room. We bring in the electric light just in time to learn that it is death to the

eyes. Air-tight stoves steal all the oxygen from our lungs. Steam heat dampens the walls and gives us pneumonia. One shouts, ventilate your bedrooms! Another says, warningly, avoid the night air! Meat heats the blood in Summer. Green food breeds cholera-morbus. The laboring man reads that the only way to avoid sunstroke is to keep cool, avoid over-exertion and wear silk underclothing. Avoid a sudden chill! Take cold baths! Cancer lurks in the deadly tomato, diphtheria in the mother's kiss and dyspepsia everywhere! We shall have to take to the woods ere long. And now, too, the bugs are after us. Microbes, bacilli and bacteria, with all their sisters, aunts and cousins, have taken possession of the very air we breathe, in the only water we can get to drink, and are holding high carnival in our bodies. They have even attacked our money and we find it isn't safe to handle it until we place it under a physician's care.

Bugs, bugs, humbugs! And what are these death-dealing monsters? Simply Nature's little scavengers; nothing more. Wherever in nature you find anything decaying too rapidly to be otherwise disposed of, there will you find her sanitary laborers—wolves, jackals, swine, vultures, carrion crows, buzzards and so on down to the worm. When the body is rapidly wasted by force, too rapidly for the refuse to be disposed of through the ordinary channels, forth come these merciful little agents to assist in the work of purification. So-called science places them under arrest for assault with intent to kill. It mistakes the collie who guards the flock for a wolf who would destroy it; looks upon Life's highest activities as a very dance of death! If you will show me some article of food or drink that does not contain some form of animal life, I will show you something that will pass through the system undigested. Without the animate life in the yeast we would eat heavy bread from day to day.

How would it do, to begin with, to accept life as an actual fact? Since we must have theories, why not start with the proposition that all life is a part of the one Life, the same as that all air is a part of *the* air? Then instead of millions of tiny, helpless, separate fragments we have a grand unit of life, capable of protecting its component

parts. Instead of trying to reason from effect to cause, why not reverse the process and trace from cause to effect?

The individual man may prate of independence, but he fails to carry out the idea in any of the walks of life. He forms combinations in trade, and if they include everybody in his line he is happy. The greater his nation the prouder is he of her flag. Would we not be happier men and women if each should realize that his own life, apparently so frail, is in reality an inseparable part of one grand, complete Whole, amply able to protect its own? Grant it the intelligence to do so, and then we shall cease to marvel at Man's wondrous powers.

Those of us who wish may go on sleeping and dreaming of a separate, selfish, independent existence. It will bring us many a nightmare of death and suffering, but it is our privilege. We may dream that some one else is doing our work for us, but sooner or later we must awake and find that work still before us. He who will may awaken to-day to find the shackles of fear stricken from his limbs, to see the glorious sun of truth shining full and free in at the windows of his soul. Then can he exclaim in the fullness of his heart:

> "Oh, death, where is thy sting?
> Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

W. H. HUTCHINSON.

EZEKIEL'S VISION.

BY L. V. STERN.

In the Basilica at Munich are placed side by side the sculptured images of the Prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel. The lyrics of lamentation are condensed in the attitude of dejection and despair, calling to mind Goethe's expressive word: "Der Welt-Schmerz"—the woe of the world. All the pent-up sadness and sorrow, distress and desolation, that swept the heart strings of Jeremiah, the saddest singer of the ages.

The exalted countenance and exulting expression of rapture accentuates in fine contrast the pose of the Seer, Ezekiel. With stylus uplifted, in absorbed and meditative attitude, he recalls the glorious vision that had erstwhile caught and entangled his entire being in the meshes of light and splendor flashing from the wheels of amber and beryl. And the words of his vision unroll themselves like pearls dropped from a casket that had been closed and sealed through the dim ages, when all Nature struggled upward from protoplasm to plant, from molecule to man, until man began to respond to the higher vibrations impinging upon his slowly unfolding intelligence.

A few, perchance the leaders of the race, apprehended the gold of truth perceived through the coating of the mystic words. Words strung together anew on the wires of intelligence encircling the world of to-day, glimmer in the lamp of understanding like burning coals, ever and anon flashing forth the lightning fire of intuition, that reveals in swift glimpses the word-picture outlined against the background of Genesis, and another view taken from a higher stair of the supporting scaffold, the Apocalypse, both outlining: Man made in the Divine Image.

It was granted to the Seer to gaze upon the effulgence of divine Glory, when, stirred by the whirlwind of the Creative Breath, it scat-

tered luminous life-gems like sparks from an anvil; these were caught in the wheel of pre-existing matter, where they became the heart-beat of every living creature. Yea, the "life star" enshrined in the recess of every heart! Henceforth these soul-flames pulsate in harmonious rhythm to the slowly swinging pendulum of ages and æons, keeping pace with the evolutionary unfoldment in time and space.

From the soul germ in the heart to the angel in the luminous cloud, the Prophet pierced the veil. In the mystic words of the "fire enfolding itself and a brightness about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber out of the midst of fire" is depicted the golden spark detached from the shining white flame, set in the "midst of the wheel." Its earth tenement is the body, to which it is attached by the "covering wings" of matter and motion. And this wheel is encircled by the wheel set in the universe of material existence. When the spirit of the living creatures unfurls his wings, the wheel, or body, is uplifted to higher states of consciousness. Sketched as the "four faces in the likeness of four living creatures" are the types brought into existence by the Power radiating from Omnipotence. From the lofty height of inspiration the Seer beheld issuing from the Source of all Substance the One Element differentiating in the spaces of the spheres; where the primordial waver of Air kindled by the swiftness of motion Fire; its lengthening waves cool, become transmuted into Water; receding still further, condense into compact Earth. The transmutation and correlation of the elements, which at a later period formed the earth garment of man, as described in the second chapter of Genesis, is condensed by the Prophet in the brief words: "Every one had four faces and every one had four wings."

The earth man Adam formed of the combination of the elements, mentioned as "man made of the dust of the ground," where the "two wings" of matter and its manifestation conceal the soul-spark, set like a jewel in an atom in the heart, until the throbs of time, or individual effort, cause the covering to become transparent,

so that the Soul shines through like a "light in an alabaster vase," "and two wings stretch upward."

These two pinions unfurled and joined to one another emblematic of the Unity of all living creatures, "encircled by rings so high that they were dreadful," foreshadows in faint outlines the aspirations of all awakened souls to reascend the rungs of involution. And these "rings" are the soul aura, the efflorescence from the heart's centre arising in color waves as we search for knowledge, truth, bliss, high above the realm of mere existence. "The rings were full of eyes." These eyes refer to the many latent powers and faculties set like uncut gems in the sphere of the soul. When they are unfolded they open upon scenes higher and grander than the slumbering earthly orbs can conceive. They behold the dim neutral shades of earth's possibilities, fused and blended into the rainbow tints of realization.

Above all is the "terrible Crystal" into which all rays centre, from whence they radiate—the endless Glory, the abyss of Light—where all colors, tints, substances become absorbed. All the prisms melt into the White Light. From the amber light of the individual Soul to the rayless Essence, the soul sparks are all inbreathed.

The Prophet unveiled in his mystic words the process of the evolution and involution of the soul.

His vision caught a gleam of the garment of the Divine Essence, encrusted with the living sparkle of soul flames. He also beheld the hem of the robe, radiant with the gems of suns and stars, encircling the Universe from its unfoldment until it is enrolled once more into the Light of Light.

L. V. STERN.

BUDDHA BELL.

I am the Buddha Bell
  That was born of a song and a sigh,
And my strokes the long ages tell
  As the children of men go by.
I breathe in the air and the sky,
  My notes are the centuries' roll,
I bend to the low and the high,
  And hearken to *Nature's Soul!*

I am the Buddha Bell,—
  My heart is of mellow bronze,
My old worn sides reflect
  Her flowers, and leaves, and fronds;
And I glance to her waters below,
  And gaze on her stars afar,
While my vibrant chords outflow
  Without a single jar.

I am the Buddha Bell
  With deep voice soft and low;
I know Life's mystic spell,
  Her tones as they ebb and flow.
The choirs of heaven or hell,
  The anthems of earth or of air
Are caught in my bosom's swell
  And rung to Eternal Prayer!

JNO. WARD STIMSO

THE DOUBLE.

MATTERS OF FACT AND FICTION. *

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

A well-known author of merit told Professor Huxley of her fantastic imaginings. When she was writing of nights and the house quiet, she heard burglars at work. "So do I," replied Huxley; "when I am working at night I not only hear burglars moving about, but I actually see them looking through the crack in the door at me!"

Mr. Dickens had a similar vivid consciousness of the presence of uncanny visitors. When he was writing, the figures of the individuals that he depicted would seem to be before him or at his side, and he perceived their peculiar aura and even heard them speak. We also note somewhat of the same when we read any of his books. We see the self-complacent Dombey, the sanctimonious Pecksniff, Aunt Betsey Trotwood, Mr. F.'s Aunt, Jolly Mark Tapley, Dorrit in the Marshalsea, the Wellers with their wisdom, Fagin, little Oliver, Barnaby Rudge, Uriah Heep, and the angelic Agnes Wickford, Rose Maylie, Mr. Bagnet enforcing marital discipline and an infinite variety of others; and they are characters almost the same as we ourselves have met. Many call this peculiar sensibility genius; it is hardly that, for genius creates, while this is a receiving of impressions and again giving them forth.

We have all heard voices and beheld objects where in the realm of things about us there was no one to speak or visible thing like what we seemed to see. Once, some years ago, when I was sitting upon the porch of a house in Illinois, I became drowsy with the heat and sultriness. A few moments later I aroused myself and distinctly saw, at a

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considerable distance away, near a Female Academy, two full-blown sunflowers. Their cores were very dark-colored, and I contemplated them with interest. Suddenly they disappeared; in fact there had been nothing of the kind there, and I was left to speculate upon what it was all about.

Many years ago, I had an analogous experience to a purpose as could be perceived at once. I was standing beside a dead pine tree, when I heard or rather felt a voice, not at the ear but as if at the top of the head, exclaiming: "Stand back!" I obeyed at once, going backward several steps. Immediately, the broken top of the tree, some feet in length, came falling to the ground exactly where I had been standing, with force sufficient to partly bury it in the soil.

But for the incredulity and the sneers that such narratives encounter, there are many persons who have had experiences of the same character. Few, comparatively, however, have the hardihood to expose themselves to the imputation of being visionaries, or not quite sound in mind or understanding. Yet visionaries regenerate society.

There is a physiological explanation which may account for some of these phenomena. Some of our text-books explain the structure and function of certain ganglia within the head. These receive the impressions from the outside world, transmit them to the reasoning faculty with its nervous organism, and also in turn are themselves impelled from the will and interior consciousness to project the results of their action into form as objects that we can contemplate. Thus, by this mysterious action of mind, certain impressions are projected forth again as visible things, others as sounds, others as bodily sensations. They seem to us from habit to have been produced immediately from outside, whereas, they are really the reflections from ourselves, from the mirror or sensorium that exists within us.

If, then, cases occur with us in which the internal impulse is given, although there has been no antecedent impression from without, there may be the apparent seeing, hearing, or feeling as truly as though there had been the external impression. So we may hear

when no external noise has been made that is sufficient to rouse the corporeal sense; we may see when the visible object is not corporeally present; we may feel without any contact which can be shown. Our thoughts may project themselves into physical sensation; and agencies not tangible by methods known as scientific, can inspire and impel our thinking. It is possible, also, for others under certain conditions to transmit their thoughts and impulses, and even their sensations to us in such a way as to make us conceive that those sensations are our own. Bunyan describes an occurrence of that kind in the experience of his Pilgrim when passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Doubtless, this subject can be elaborated to a fuller extent.

It is not always easy, therefore, to account for experiences or manifestations that seem to be abnormal or extraordinary. A mode of reasoning that is dependent upon sensuous considerations is neither philosophic nor adequate to the elucidating of causes. It is little else than a groping among phenomena after the manner of blind men or men in the dark, and of such men the seeking to find outlets and pathways for others who are likewise in the dark, or destitute of a true faculty of sight.

There are, however, other manifestations that attract attention, and of which I have read with much interest. Some of them are given by writers of fiction, and must therefore be received with allowance. But as a general fact, writers of fiction do not invent outright. They copy and adapt actual occurrences, and so are at least qualifiedly true. Other statements are simple statements of fact, and to be treated as such. If any of these appear to be of the nature of vagary, others of them nevertheless are entirely beyond any such mode of explanation.

When I was at the School of Philosophy in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1882, I was conversing one day with some ladies, when one of them asked me whether I believed it possible for an individual to appear in visible form apart from the body. Some years after this she informed me of having asked the question. She had witnessed

such an occurrence. She and another lady had been occupying a room together. The figure of a person whom she recognized, but whom she *knew* to be at some distance away, was plainly seen by her at night. The figure was somewhat luminous, and sufficiently distinct for her to perceive who it was.

The late Dr. J. Marion Sims was very familiar with a gentleman, and in their social intercourse was called and called himself "James the First." One morning, the friend was surprised by the appearing of Dr. Sims at the door of his room, with the announcement: "James the First is dead!" Dr. Sims had died suddenly that morning in the City of New York.

Incidents of this character are quite numerous.

There are examples, however, in which the individual encountered his own counterpart personality. Wilkie Collins was in the habit of writing by night. Finally on one occasion he found his seat occupied. There was another Wilkie Collins at the table, his own simulacrum. The two had a struggle for the place, and the inkstand was upset. Mr. Collins then recovered his usual condition; but, lo, there was the ink running over the table. He put matters to rights as he best could, and from that time gave up working by night.

An account of the late Professor De Wetté, of Hallé, in Germany, is related by his colleague, Professor Tholuck. Both these men were theological writers of eminence, and had great influence in the earlier half of the present century in tempering the divinity of the time. Professor De Wetté had occasion to spend the evening abroad, and, locking his room, repaired to the place. On his way home he observed a light in his room. The key was in his pocket. He soon afterward perceived the figure of a man walking the floor. It was his own likeness, in size, features, dress and everything. De Wetté was a matter-of-fact man. Resolved to see the affair out to a finality he procured a room for the night in the house across the street, which commanded a full view of his own apartment. He then watched carefully the other De Wetté. He saw him take books from the shelves for consultation, make notes from them, and do

other things of a kindred character. Then the figure arose, went to the window, looked out, and finally retired to bed.

Early the next morning De Wetté hurried over, made his way to his room, unlocked the door, and found everything as he had left it the evening before. But on going into his sleeping apartment, he saw that the ceiling had fallen down upon the bed crushing it utterly. The life of Professor De Wetté had thus been saved by the apparition.

Professor Tholuck, when relating this account, added: "I believe all this, as I believe in God in heaven."

Another occurrence of a kindred nature, with additional features, was published in England many years ago. A gentleman dreamed one night that he was sitting in his easy-chair in his parlor, when an individual came into the room, attacked him and stabbed him several times. The next day the chair was found to be cut and otherwise defaced, as it would have been if the crime had been actually committed. It would seem as though the assailant was actually there, and that he had seen the form of the gentleman in the chair, upon which he accordingly made the murderous attack. In such case the duplicate figure must have been sufficiently identified with the individual to affect his consciousness and cause the dream.

Apparently taking the cue from occurrences of this character, several writers in recent years have produced stories for the newspapers, setting forth cases of an analogous kind. One describes Laurie Pryce, a motherless boy in an unsympathetic home. His every childish impulse has been repressed, he neither hopes nor enjoys. But he talks of Tom Robertson at his school, who is fortunate in every respect, at the head of his class, having a fire and a candle in his bed-room, a velvet jacket, an uncle with whom he spent his holidays, a pony and a boat, birthday celebrations, and likewise a beautiful mother and sister. Tom also had other liberties; he climbed a mountain, he had a dog, he had been with gypsies, he attended service in Westminster Abbey, he wanted to be a judge, he had thrashed the bully of the school. Laurie also wrote verses of which this was a sample:

"If your walls are so narrow
You cannot see far;
Knock a hole in your ceiling
And look at a star."

In short, this Tom Robertson was everything that Laurie was not, but what he wished to be; he was described as enjoying, possessing and accomplishing everything that the poor starved Laurie desired for himself.

At length Laurie takes cold and pneumonia follows, to which he presently succumbs. During his illness he sees Tom on the bed with him, and holds familiar discourse, in which he furnishes both the questions and the answers.

After his death his teacher is requested to invite Tom to the funeral. It then transpires that there had been no such lad in the school, or anywhere in the neighborhood. He was simply an impersonation created by the dead boy's mind and thought, the ideal of what poor Laurie wished to be—a fiction, yet not fictitious.

An aunt of the unfortunate child tells the writer of him, and gives him an old copybook in which is repeatedly scrawled the two names —Laurie Pryce and Tom Robertson. He then appends this summary:

"And this bit of writing that I have stored away in my desk is Laurie's or 'Tom's,' for where one is, there is the other. Each answers to the other's name. But what about Tom's mother, and the little sister, and the wonderful uncle, and the dog, who all helped to make Tom what he was? I have not lost my faith in Tom, and so they must be where he is—somewhere."

We may also believe that they are in that world of mind and thought which is the world of actual reality. Paul explains that "the things which are seen are of Time, but the things which are not seen are of Eternity." That there is more of a person than the framework of the body, with the blood and nerve-material, goes without telling.

Another story more weird and perhaps more unaccountable, is related of a Mrs. Grimstone, who is a guest at a private mansion in a rural district of England. A group has been telling of ghosts and

their doings, when the Countess, who is the entertainer of the company, declares her belief that all such things are but a dream. Mrs. Grimstone modestly dissents.

"It has more than once occurred to me," she says, "that many dreams are reality, and that it is some deficiency in our perception that causes us to think them unreal."

She then relates her story. She is a widow; her husband had taken his life to avoid disgrace. He had borrowed five hundred pounds of a usurer. This individual she describes as elderly, with a hook nose, a long white beard, and a wen-like protuberance like a turkey's wattle under his chin. He lives in good style, is given to talking about himself, and is objectionably familiar with every woman that comes in his way. For four years this man has kept his debtor under a constant slow torture, and succeeded in that time in squeezing more than six hundred pounds out of him in instalments and forfeits on account of interest, while the original debt remained the same. Meanwhile he made frequent visits to the house, and when the husband was absent he would insist on seeing the wife. He took advantage of these opportunities to tell her of his power to ruin her husband and sell their home. Finally his persecution became so sharp and his language so intolerable that she ordered him to leave the house. On going away he wrote a letter to the husband demanding payment of the debt at once, and threatening him if he did not comply. The unfortunate man sought refuge in suicide.

Years passed. Her daughter Ethel was growing up into young womanhood, and so the mother went again into society. It so happened that they joined a household party at Lady Glover's. On the second day in the evening she finds her daughter in conversation with the man whose persecution had driven the father to his death. She calls her away and they retire to their rooms for the night. But the mother is wakeful and uneasy. She goes to the room where her daughter is sleeping, and a moment later hears a paper thrust under the outer door. It is an unsigned note appointing an interview.

She determines to protect her child. At the end of the corridor,

the man is standing inside his own apartment, before a swing-glass, with a pair of scissors trimming his beard. She makes her way to the room, nerves herself, enters without noise, seizes him by the throat and pulls him to the floor. When he ceases to struggle she plunges the scissors into his wattle of flesh, and her husband is avenged.

Now comes the Nemesis. His bloated features peer at her through the looking-glass. She seizes a candlestick and breaks the glass to pieces. But then, every piece separately mirrors that face, and she loses consciousness.

She finds herself in her own bed and her daughter, fully dressed, bending over her. We now have the remarkable part of the story.

It was at half-past one that the mother had picked up that note and read its contents, afterward going out into the corridor, as she relates. Ethel, the daughter, now informed her that a few minutes after one she had heard her talking in her sleep and so came immediately into the room, but that she had not been able to awaken her. The girl remained at her mother's bedside for more than an hour, while she muttered and tossed like one in a fever. Then she fell into a deep sleep, while the daughter sat by dozing and terrified.

So it would appear, all was but a dark dream, yet it was more. The mother and daughter did not go down to breakfast till the other guests had finished and left the table. Then they were told that "the old gentleman had died suddenly." The door of the room had been broken open, the informant said, and he was found dead on the floor. He was not murdered, because his door was locked on the inside, and the windows were shut and fastened. Hence, the case was supposed to be suicide. He had wounded himself with a pair of scissors, the man explained, and what was more wonderful he had knocked over a looking-glass as he fell, which must have made a terrific noise; yet he did not alarm the household.

Nor was this the last marvel in the story. Years pass; the daughter marries, and the mother chances to be a guest in the same house. She happens to be in the library the second evening after

her arrival, and notices on the shelf a book upside down. She takes it out and turns it. At this moment a piece of paper falls out. It is the note which has been described as having been thrust under the door into Ethel's room that terrible night.

The author, Adolph Krausse, after telling this story, represents the hearers as trumping up the stereotyped explanations of "imagination," "second sight," "hallucinations," "coincidence." Admit, if we must, that the account is fiction, but the real question is whether it is an impossibility. If the event is to be considered as something which really happened, in some way or other, we next become inquisitive in regard to the principles and processes by which it took place. As it does not come within the circle of common experience, the solution must be sought beyond. We do not mean that a new element of causation is involved, but only that there has been a manifestation that transcended the boundaries of our daily knowing.

The agency which we are seeking to comprehend, is no other than the duplicate selfhood which seems in some respects to be a thing apart from our physical constitution, and even to pass hither and thither without impediment from external observation. Our thought does this very thing. It makes no account of time or distance, but passes the boundaries of both, utterly unconscious of them. It is not chained even by Divinity itself. In close analogy to it, we may assume that there is a form of personality more closely allied to the physical corporeity, yet capable of becoming distinct enough from it to undertake activities of its own. This actually occurs, as we have noted, at the period of bodily dissolution. It may therefore take place in other instances when the body is in a quiescent condition, as in trance or ecstasy, or perhaps even when there is a very deep sleep, or a catalepsy.

The ancient writers have preserved examples that illustrate and demonstrate this. Even if we should suppose these to be fabulous and traditional, we may bear in mind that such stories would hardly be invented from imagination, except there had been facts of a kind

to found them upon. Hermotimos or Hermodoros of Klazomenæ in Asia Minor was subject to trances in which he lay apparently dead; and after awakening, he would tell of visits that he had made to other regions of the world. Finally, when lying in this cataleptic condition, some officious acquaintances persuaded his wife to cremate his body.

What was it that thus went forth? Paracelsus would tell us that was the astral body. "In sleep," he tells us, "the astral body is in freer motion; then it soars to its parents, and holds converse with the stars." "It discourses with the outward world" and travels round the visible as well as the invisible worlds.

Plutarch brings this explanation more completely within the psychologic purview. "What we are," says he, "is not courage nor fear nor desire, any more than it is flesh and fluids, but it is the part that thinks and understands. And the soul being itself molded and formed by this mind or understanding, itself molds and forms the body and receives from it an impression and form. So, although it be separated from both the mind and body, it nevertheless for a long time retains still the figure and semblance of the body, so that it may properly be called the image, or *eidôlon*."

This theory is in harmony with the Pauline psychology as given in the New Testament. It is also Platonic, and in many respects easy to comprehend. The several Hindu philosophies, however, are more explicit and diversified.

It is evident, from the examples and illustrations that have been cited, that there exists in the human will a force which is capable not only of producing phenomenal changes in the corporeal organism, but likewise of employing the psychic body in that organism to perform acts of a physical character, which we are in the habit of supposing require the agency of material instrumentalities.

The Nineteenth Century has witnessed immense advances in mechanic skill. Steam has been put into harness and made to propel machinery of every kind; and electricity, an agent so subtile and refined that we can hardly guess what it is, has been subjugated

to our behests, as only a vivid fancy could have dreamed. Perhaps, in the Twentieth Century, now at the door, we shall witness the grander achievement; that Man, rising beyond the realm of material agencies, shall perceive the transcendent faculties of his own being, and by them accomplish purposes and attainments so vast that only inspiration and intuition will be capable of realizing them.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

CONDITIONS IN LIFE.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

Life is surrounded by innumerable conditions, which, though we would escape them, cannot be avoided. Every life is conditioned by some antecedent, present, or subsequent life. Every action is governed by causal motives, which in turn revert on their resultants. Every advancement is invariably deflected by its reactionary impulses. So it is all through nature; there is a dependency upon surroundings and all activity possesses a realization of these responsibilities and conditions.

In childhood the mysteries of life are not presented to us, and the restraint imposed upon our innate thoughts and impulses is like the pungent taste of unripe fruit. We would drain life before we can appreciate it. Yet in this ignorance and immaturity lies the great happiness of childhood. We often imagine that childhood is happiest, but when we distinguish that innocence is not life, simply existence, then we feel it is the cowardice of shunning its conditions. It is in the innocence of growth that the compensation of every deed should be impressed or branded on the forming mind. The motives and the results, the cause and effect, should ever be presented together. Consider it a trust not to leave the hungry mind of the child in ignorance; it must learn life's lessons all too soon; better far it should know the truth, for experience is a sad teacher.

Youth comes gushing out of childhood with a vigorous, æsthetic virility. It must dream its dreams of Paul and Virginia, in blissful ignorance of the future. It must feel these innate whisperings of love to prove its fertility. Its dreams are sweet and pure; and the castles that are built give a pleasing charm to youth, that is reflected back in latter years with heaviness, when we have discovered that the past, however sweet, is ended forever. It is in the dreams and fancies of youth that the ambitions form. It is then determined whether or not the man or woman will aspire to position; whether desire for wealth or altruistic sentiments will dominate life's purpose. It is at this time that the breathings and hopes of latent talent are felt; and, springing up in their intensity, become permanent, or, lying tranquil, are vague and fleeting. Then, for the first time, youth realizes that its life is narrowed by conditions, that heredity has bonds, and more, that environment is everything. These are the melancholy days.

Out of the bud of fragrant hopes, bursts forth the passion flower of manhood. Here he is caught up in the vortex of some irresistible world-soul. His passions gnaw away his heart and alas, for the hour, his mind loses its aspirations in the haze of the world's vanities. He sinks into the grasp of instinct, but reaction must set in and this revulsion is the heart-breaking awakening, that savors of pessimism, which, however, is the impulse to higher motives. It is not unlike some deep baptism of fire, that purges the sensual dregs and brings a purer, yet more subdued ideal. Then in despair of the romantic, the mind turns to some intellectual cult, to music, painting, art, profession or what you will, but finally and inevitably, to the impulses of the heart, to the serenity of home life. It is then that despair of attainment congeals the ideal into the brilliancy that is ever under the rough. It requires this excitement and emotionalism of love, to mellow the fever and fervor of the will into more practical channels. It is in this condition of life that most is attained.

Then comes the dawn of the useful sphere. All that has passed, was but an enthusiasm, an ecstatic self-exaltation, an ambition of

success, a desire of love, but nothing grand. Drifting into the sober appreciation of middle-age, the man looks upon the world with a more disinterested eye. The fever in the blood has gone and a strong pulse throbs in unison with a greater heart. The quiet of home-life, of family joys, of social eminence and love, have left their influence. The recompense of the soul-life has been reflected into the heart of the business or professional man, the artist or the genius, and it brings with it a realization of his hopes. For if a man has abided by the conditions of life, no matter what his calling may be, whether it be laborer or artist, success will have crowned his efforts. This is not speaking in a sense of material acquisitions, but in mental, moral and spiritual acquirements. At this period, "Come there not tones of Love and Faith as from celestial harp-strings" as Life's compensations?

The bloom and blush of maturity must deepen into the ripening of old age; not a feeble, ignorant senility; but a mine that contains the consummation of all its past. Retrospection may often sweep across the vision, but if life has been conscientious, it will leave a pleasing sense of grandeur and peace. There will be regrets, but not of efforts never made. The shades of obstacles that seemed impassable, will loom up to recall with what sturdy bravery they were surmounted. It will seem that the conditions imposed on life were hard yet necessary. There will be a pleasing satisfaction of what has been achieved. Then knowledge that the day is dying, but that the light is so good that it would ever look upon it. It will feel that there is a great unknown, for which, perhaps, this has all been a preparation for grander struggles. Then there sinks into the lap of nature a happy consciousness of the vast universe of mystery, in which, though we cannot fathom, we feel that such souls consummate their ideal.

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

THE HUMAN HARP.

BY DOCTOR WESTON D. BAGLEY.

Thoughtful and grave,
Æolus ponders deep, within his cave,
And bends above his harp all incomplete,
Whose tangled strings lie curling at his feet;
Unheeded old Boreas whistles 'round,
And Zephyr wakens no responsive sound.
The East is silent, and the South wind brings
No music from the harp's entangled strings.

Straightening at last,
He glances 'round, his reverie is past:
He calls Boreas, of the wintry North,
And Eurus of the East, and binds them forth:—
"Find for me strings that shrink back from the knife,
Alive to every touch and thrilled with life:
I'll make myself a harp of wondrous kind,
A human harp that throbs with life and mind."

With whistle and roar,
The winds burst forth to search the wide world o'er:
The storm clouds, lashed and rent, sweep hurrying past,
The moaning trees bend low beneath the blast,
Each vibrant living thing is put to test,
To find the richest tones, and chords the best.
The task is over and the search is done,
The threads are here, the finest ever spun.

With thought and skill,
The god resumes his task with lofty will:

For the harp's frame he takes, with cunning plan,
The fashioning and form of living man,
And strings each fibre fast with patient care,
Some coarse as cable-ropes, some fine as hair:
Each interval attuned, the strings are such,
The harp must thrill and ring to every touch.

Complete at length,
Tested for delicacy and for strength:
Now blow ye winds of heaven, blow soft, blow strong,
Ring forth the harmonies of life's great song!
Blow, old Boreas, god of the sparkling North,
Your thrilling notes of gladness now bring forth!
Blow Notus, South wind, Zephyr from the West
Call out the strongest, sweetest, tenderest, best!

Last but not least
Eurus, why silent, god of the golden East?
Are you too not inspired to blow and wring
Glad notes of triumph from each quivering string?
Blow, East wind, blow! Alas! in vain you urge
For Eurus answers with a funeral dirge.
The shuddering strings shake out their sobs profound,
While shadowy forms, immortal, hover 'round.

'Twas thus that man
Fashioned and builded on this wondrous plan
Strung with the nerves that thrill to every blast,
Drawn from the best of all the eternal past,
All of his knowledge, all of his joys did gain,
And all of his lessons, too, of grief and pain.
Living harp of Æolus! the image serves
To teach that man is more than strands of nerves.

One, sure, doth know,
Whence come our conscious selves, and whither go,

When crushed and broken: life all incomplete,
We lay our shattered harps before His feet.
We then shall learn what once seemed so untrue,
That life's a harmony played only part way through,
And tones that racked our shivering form with pain,
Are but the minor chords of God's refrain.

WESTON D. BAGLEY, M.D.

Each various part
That constitutes the frame of man, returns
Whence it was taken; to the ethereal sky
The soul, the body to the earth.—*Euripides.*

The body is a prison from which the soul must be released before it can arrive at the knowledge of things real and immutable. * * * Can the soul be destroyed? No. But if in this present life it has shunned being governed by the body, and has governed itself within itself, and has separated from the body in a pure state, taking nothing sensual away with it, does it not then depart to that which resembles itself—to the invisible, the divine, the wise, the immortal?—*Plato.*

It is not of God's severity that He requires much from man; it is of His great kindness that He will have the soul open herself wider to be able to receive much that He may bestow upon her. Let no man think that it is hard to attain thereunto. Although it sounds hard, and is hard at first, as touching the forsaking and dying to all things, yet, when one has reached this state, no life can be easier, or sweeter, or fuller of pleasures.—*Eckhart.*

Beautiful it is to see that no worth, knownor unknown, can die, even on this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green. It flows and flows; it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; and one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Let your soul receive the deity as your blood receives the air; for the influences of the one are no less vital than the other. For there is an ambient, omnipresent Spirit which lies as open and pervious to your mind as the air you breathe into your lungs.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

THE PUBLISHERS' INTRODUCTION.

In presenting to our readers this Department, of space to be devoted to the pleasurable duty of permanently benefiting the homes of all those families to whom have come the good tidings of a higher life among the activities of the awakened consciousness of real being, we do so with a true feeling of the responsibility assumed, as expressed in the importance of placing the right teachings before the minds of the young, and of those as yet inexperienced in the application of philosophy and metaphysical thought to everyday life. The subject is not new to us, yet the field of its labors must ever show new phases of action, new seeds to be planted in rightly prepared soil, and the tender shoots of new plants to be nurtured

and fostered to a full growth, for the bearing of the ripe fruit of truth well understood and correctly applied in life.

This high purpose will always be before us in all its seriousness, and the Editors intrusted with the work of this Department have been selected through a peculiar fitness in knowledge and appreciation of principles involved and a lively interest in such advancement. The Editor-in-Chief of the magazine, who has the supervision of the work done in all its departments, is a metaphysician of recognized ability, and in professional work has repeatedly met the various problems of awakening, growth, and education in the family, with both young and old, having also the riper experience of teaching the practical application of principles to the vicissitudes of human life. The best possible combined efforts of all the Editors concerned will be given in this Department, which we thus hope to make practically equal to a magazine, in itself; and we enter upon this feature of prospective work with deeper pleasure and greater hope than ever before experienced.

THE EDITORS' GREETING.

In assuming the management of this Department, we acknowledge a deep feeling of appreciation of the quality of the labor required, and of its importance to the home and the truth-loving element in human nature—a kind of appreciation, which, we are convinced, comes only through a recognition of the nearness of all genuine metaphysical principles, and their accompanying laws, to the lives of the people.

The beauties of truth undefiled, the strength of reality undistorted, and the power of knowledge unmixed with sense-illusion, are all combined in the hope which springeth anew in the heart of him who learns to view life from the true metaphysical platform of the *unity of all that is absolutely real.* To arouse thoughts of principles so real as these, and to aid in applying them to the daily life of others,

is a holy privilege which we approach with meekness, yet with the strength of a confidence born of true realization; and we are happy in the consciousness of possible benefits that may develop through the mutual co-operation of both editor and readers, in the work which is to be conducted for the good of all.

Letters from those who think, feel, and enjoy the good deeds and works of life in any of its phases, will be welcomed in the editorial rooms. We extend a loving greeting to the mothers and the children of the whole land, and promise our best efforts to furnish them with an intellectual treat.

THE MOONBEAMS AND THE DEWDROPS.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. FERDINAND DUNKLEY.

Lightly play the moonbeams over the quiet surface of the lake, silvering its bosom and flitting with pale brilliancy into the deepest shadows. Intensely white and beautiful they stream forth in virgin chastity from their luna source and speed through the unbroken indigo of the chill, dark night. Earth sleeps peacefully, nor does the faint radiance of the moonlight disturb her repose.

On the margin of the lake, fringing the water's edge, are grasses and reeds of wild and luxuriant growth. "Ah," sighed a large dewdrop, plaintively, as it glistened on the narrow surface of an overladen grass blade, "how much I would give to drop into the silver bosom of the lake beneath me!"

"And why?" inquired the soft voice of a moonbeam, gliding with her companion at this moment over the murmurer's bending support.

"Why! Because it is so smooth and beautiful—so wide, so vast, so wondrously fair. Oh, to feel myself falling into the molten liquid silverness, to be swallowed up, to become part of it, and to spread myself out also beneath the lustre of the pale, cold moon."

"Do we not shed our lustre on you as you are? Do you not

sparkle and glisten like glassy crystals as you hang suspended from every blade and spray and leaflet? Why so ill-content? A happy and a beauteous lot is yours. Why grumble that the task set you is to nourish your green support and to strengthen it against the heat and dryness of the coming day. Be contented with your present state until you have gained from it all it has to give, nor seek to change your lot till you have exhausted its opportunities and reaped all its advantages."

"But I am not content. Why should I not become that which I would be? Why should I not drop headlong into the silver mirror that spreads so invitingly below—'twould not be far to fall? Oh, that my weight would bend the grass still lower so that I might overbalance and fall, fall with rapture into the bosom of my desire."

"Foolish dewdrop, foolish child of earth's production; contrary as the various sources of your being. Know that you are now even as that gleaming expanse—a drop of water, water the same as that of which the lake there is composed. And why do the waters gleam in silvery whiteness? Their glory is not their own, but the pure, pale radiance that we children of the moon shed over the sea and land. Clear and resplendent you yourself at this moment appear, even as the surface of the lake you so foolishly and ignorantly envy."

In vain did the moonbeam strive to stem the current of the dewdrop's discontent. Swelling with wilfulness and pride, it grew and trembled on its fragile resting-place. The night wind stirred from sleep, and as he moved restlessly through the trees he caught the sigh of the murmurer and heard its low complaint—"Oh, that I might fall into the lake beneath me and leave this lonely blade of grass."

"Thou art foolish," he muttered, "foolish and discontented. Go and learn through experience, wisdom."

Down, down, a drop of liquid light it fell, till with a faint splash it reached the waters beneath.

"Ah," sighed the moonbeam, "error and self-made unhappiness enter even here."

A cloud for a moment obscured the moon, and when again the moonbeams glimmered forth they fell with renewed radiance upon the silent earth.

"How softly the moonbeams shine," murmured a dewdrop, as it nestled in the bosom of a rose-leaf.

"And how fair and pure their loveliness," answered another.

"Night is gloomy and soulless without them," added a third.

"Without their silvery smiles, it is weary waiting for the rising of the sun," joined in yet another.

"Yes," returned the first, gleaming on her rose-leaf bed, "but the leaves have need of us; they would droop and wither in the sun's great heat if it were not for our cool, refreshing moisture."

"True," another answered, "night is the great renewer and reviver of the Earth. For my part, I love the silvery moonbeams more even than I love the sunbeams' golden glory; the one draws us out and encourages us; the other chases us away from our leafy resting-places into the darkness of the earth."

"Nay, they do not so; they draw us into the floating atmosphere. Speak not harshly of the sunbeams; they are glorious and needful to the day."

"I know," returned the dewdrop. "But see, here come two gleaming rays to flood us with their beauty."

Even as she spoke, the two moonbeams passed from witnessing the fall of the wilful dewdrop by the water's brink, and shone in all their loveliness upon the cluster of dewbeads gathered upon the wild-rose spray.

"A happy group," quoth the first newcomer, as she wound herself in and out of the delicate leaflets, causing the clustering dew to flash like the diamonds in a lady's tiara.

"A happy group," she murmured as she kissed the sparkling drops.

"How can we fail to be? See how fair the leaves we rest upon, their dainty veins and tenderly clipped edges. We joyfully rest upon their fresh young bosoms, both glad and proud to strengthen their glowing vigor and brighten the verdure of their youth."

"Such is the cause and reason of our present existence," continued another. "A dainty life to lie swathed in the folds of a rose-leaf, bathed in the halo of the summer moon!"

"You are then contented and happy with your simple lot, and seek no further glories?" And the moonbeam caressed softly the dew-bespangled rose tree.

"Contented—how can we be otherwise? What further glories should we seek?"

"None. None is greater than that of fulfilling whatever duty is set before you. Those who seek to change the lot Nature has appointed them invariably go astray, and learn to value wisdom when it comes too late."

"Where gleanest thou thy knowledge, O daughter of the moon? Do the stars teach thee in thy silent flight? Or is it from this earth of ours thou drawest those draughts of wisdom so profound?"

"From each and all must one learn something; none are so small or so insignificant but that they have a great truth to unfold. But see, our light grows dim, the gray dawn soon breaks in the east, the time of the sun's awaking is at hand. Soon golden heralds will proclaim the morn, and you will be bathed in the glory of reopening day. Our time is short, and we wax faint and wan; we must again to starry space. Farewell, farewell. Remember this always: a work is yours, a truth is yours, in whatever form you may exist; do with it, deal with it, even in that way in which it was meant. Your drop of existence is part of the whole of existence; keep this in mind, and live out the existence which is yours, to the fulfillment and glorification of the great and glorious Whole. Farewell, farewell."

Fainter and fainter waxed their light as they retreated slowly to the far off starry heights, while the dewdrops heralded the coming day with a chorus of a faint Farewell.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

I have heard that wherever the name of man is spoken the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to his constitution.—*Emerson.*

THE PEACE WHICH PASSETH UNDERSTANDING.

"About this human life that is to be, or that is, the wise, religious men tell us nothing that we can trust; and the wise, contemplative men nothing that can give us peace."

Ruskin, the philosopher, does not alone utter that plaintive cry. His words, alas! but echo the almost universal voice of humanity. We have reached a Cycle in our spiritual progress where the soul begins to demand and require more than the blind, simple faith of past years. "If we could but know," has become an appeal so urgent that we can quiet it no longer with dogmas of transcendental faith. We have entered into an age of reason, and the demands of reason must be heeded. Earlier or later we shall find ourselves compelled to lay upon the shelf our old articles of faith and precept and be obliged to look the situation fairly and squarely in the face and meet it, as it deserves to be met, with something that is tangible and possible of realization.

There has never yet been found a religious system that could meet the demands of each individual. An endless conflict has been going on for ages among all classes of men—philosophers, scientists, and religionists included. Point after point has been fought over, and still the same dissimilarity of opinion exists to-day as at the very beginning; and so it will go on until we have discovered *one thing;* and that is, that the conviction must come from within ourselves. This conviction is something which must come entirely from personal experience. We cannot believe or accept another man's doctrines and be convinced; it is not possible to make his truth our own. We may be guided by his opinions and by our own researches, but real knowledge and truth must and can only come from within ourselves. The knowledge which comes from that source stands unalterable and on an absolute fact.

It seems to be but little understood, as yet, that "Spiritual knowledge is something which cannot be communicated from one intellect to another. It is not the intellect but the Divine in us,

which gives us the knowledge of God and the Divine powers." Bear in mind, also, that Truth has a thousand meanings as presented through the intellect alone, but only one when presented through the Light within ourselves.

But, to attain this knowledge, we must pass through the dark valley of our own experiences. We have to solve the great question ourselves, soul to soul, with only our faith in God to uplift us. These solutions never come to us in the midst of happiness and success; they come only when the mists are close about us and we stand "encompassed about."

Ignorance, doubt, and even despair, must be met and vanquished. Some pass through the Valley of Experience in a few days; for some it has taken years; others linger and finally die there; but it is one of the inevitable laws of our spiritual progress that that valley must first be traversed before Light can come.

The experience of others can aid us but little, for each soul requires a different guidance. No two are of the same mind or capacity, or have the same power to understand these things. Each soul's experience must leave its own individual mark; therein lies our individuality—God's sacred gift to man.

So, why create theories and formulate new creeds? The task is an endless one and proves nothing.

When "there are as many heavens as there are souls at rest," there must be as many roads to heaven as there are souls. Imagine, then, the utterly impossible task of creating one heaven to serve for all, or pointing out one road only over which to reach it.

Individual sorrow and pain are the purifiers and the guides; without them we gain nothing.

I once read somewhere that "the Lord sends sorrow to us all, but when He has to touch one of His chosen with it, He brings it Himself. And there is a vast difference between the two ways. There be those to whom the having been with grief is the having been with Jesus; and that always softens and makes tender the heart."

That is the "peace which passeth understanding."

CONSTANCE M. ALLEN.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A MODERN PARABLE.

A deserted house once stood half-way up a steep hillside. It was supposed to be haunted. One afternoon a weary traveler stopped there to rest. The doors and shutters were all closed, but he managed to procure an entrance. No ray of light crept in anywhere. The traveler soon slept, but hideous dreams came so that he could not rest. He awoke. Ghostly footsteps and weird sounds frightened him. In terror he rushed from the house down the hill toward the sunset.

The next afternoon another weary traveler came to the house. He, too, found the doors and shutters closed, and he, likewise, managed to get in. He opened all the doors and pushed back the shutters. The sun streamed in. Light penetrated everywhere. The traveler lay down and slept. Very early the next morning he awoke refreshed. Resuming his journey he walked swiftly up the hill toward the sunrise. There are many similar houses throughout the world to-day in which people spend their whole lives. For some there are only hideous dreams and ghostly footsteps. For others night without dreams and a brilliant sunrise.

DOROTHY KING.

There is another invisible eternal existence superior to this visible one, which does not perish when all things perish. Those who attain to this never return.—*Bhagavad Gita.*

No man was ever great without divine inspiration.—*Cicero.*

Consciously or unconsciously all creatures seek their proper state. The stone cannot cease moving till it touch the earth, the fire rises up to heaven: thus a loving soul can never rest but in God.—*Eckhart.*

"Henry, believe in immortality; how can we love if we decay?"—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Nisors says: Euryalus, do the gods inspire thee with this warmth? Or is that which one earnestly desires, to be regarded as a divine inspiration?—*Virgil.*

MEDITATION.*

Solitude is the soul's opportunity. When alone with one's self the mirror of thought reflects the images cast secretly on the background of life's experience. When the harsh, heavy, clashing sounds of the outer world are forgotten, in the silence of the soul the Symphony of Peace is heard. When the stormy waves of passion seem to beat upon the shores of thought; when in the pine tree-tops the soft winds sough with stupefying melody; when the twitter of birds and the hum of insects soothe the soul into silent reverie; then alone do we know ourselves and read the chart of life aright. Silence is the Voice of Sanity. Passion, storm, confusion, are children of a brain distorted. When the strain and stress of duty pain you; when lowering clouds descend, and lightnings gleam and thunders crack above your head, seek some lonely cave within the hollow of your heart and there commune with thyself in the secret silence of thy soul. Thither shall Peace pursue thee; there shalt thou find thy God. When silent, when alone, at rest, open the windows of thy being to the inflow of such thoughts as emanate from truthfulness, from sympathy, tenderness and love; refuse to recognize an enemy or a wrong in all this world. Discern thou but goodness, beauty, harmony and mercy in all and in thyself, and thou shalt come forth in the cold daylight of the conscious world other than thou wast,—a Child of Day—radiant as a summer's sun. Be thou the friend of Silence and she shall bless thee with her Crown of Peace. Amen.

REV. HENRY FRANK.

Cannot ye see that eternal existence commences in this life?

—*Hindu Vermana.*

And O, all ye gods, grant me to be beautiful in soul. May all that I possess of outward things be in harmony with those within.

—*Socrates.*

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* From services of the Metropolitan Independent Church, Carnegie Lyceum, New York City. Rev. Henry Frank, Pastor.

RESOLVES.

On this I am resolved: That by right living,
  Right loving, and right doing all I can—
To prove by true compassion and true giving
  The universal brotherhood of Man.
For now I know that all there is of living
  In future worlds—all real peace and bliss—
Depends upon my doing, loving, giving
  The best I have to do and give in this.

I'm going to cleanse my mind of false impressions,
  And fill it up with what is good and true;
For I'll attend Truth's school for several sessions,
  And learn again, as other children do.
And when I've learned one lesson, and can live it—
  Can prove that it is just and true and right—
I'll teach it to my fellow-men and give it
  To all who grope in darkness for the light.

Each effort will do something toward the lifting
  Of heavy hearts of those to whom life seems
A dismal voyage—just an aimless drifting
  Between the dreary banks of turbid streams.
And I may help my kind to see how certain
  Effect must follow cause for each and all,
If I but lift a corner of the curtain—
  But rend one fold in superstition's pall.

Hereafter I shall never rail at fate, or
  Think the life I lead 's not the best for me—
I know the just law of the wise Creator
  Has placed me where 'tis right for me to be.
For I may choose to live in joy or sorrow—

To walk the paths of peace or misery;
My past has placed me here, and my to-morrow
Will find me where I've earned the right to be.

The storm clouds of despair I'll fear no longer;
By grief's dark shadow I shall not be cowed;
The rain of anguish can but make me stronger,
For now I see the lining of the cloud.
Inexorable law, unceasing kindness,
Just penances that followed through the years,
I see, and wonder at my mortal blindness,
And grow ashamed of all my doubts and fears.

False aspirations may no more deceive me;
In fetters of desire I am not bound;
I realize that love of life must leave me
Before I reach the ladder's lowest round.
If as I climb one soul asks that I feed it
The bread of life, and I hear that one call,
And in my selfish haste refuse to heed it,
I'll find that I have never climbed at all.

I've learned the lesson of renunciation,
And have resolved that earth's desires shall cease;
Led by the light of righteous aspiration
I've found the path that leads to endless peace.
As I all thought of selfishness surrender,
I enter that real heaven that lies within—
No heaven to come, nor some far, future splendor,
But *now* doth my eternity begin!

EVA BEST.

Heaven penetrates to the depths of all hearts as daybreak illumines the darkest room. We should strive to reflect its light, as two instruments in complete harmony respond to one another.—*Confucius.*

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

I'm a victim—a poor miserable victim—of a habit or malady or affliction, whichever you like to call it, so far unrecognized either by the medical faculty or any of the organizations which make it their business to reform social and moral abuses. For years I have looked in vain for relief and had well-nigh yielded to despair when the advent of Mental Science shot a ray of hope into my soul. Surely, if by merely sitting down and thinking about him you can cure a patient in Alaska or San Francisco of typhoid or bronchitis, you can bring healing to a man right here in Toronto, suffering from no physical disorder but a complaint that is purely mental in its character, though likely to result in nervous prostration or insanity if unchecked in its fell career. Try it anyway. By the way, I think you say, "No cure no pay," is your rule.

I am one of the many tens of thousands in this country to whom the phrase, "Merry Christmas," is a hollow mockery and a shibboleth of sorrow. For weeks previous to the advent of that melancholy season, I suffer from a hideous nightmare. I am overwhelmed by the sense of a responsibility to which I am wholly unequal, in comparison with which the leading of any army corps to do battle with the Boers for the sacred cause of Cecil Rhodes and the gold of the Transvaal would be a light and easy task;—I have got to make Christmas presents.

Oh, the anguish and remorse, the days and hours of poignant misery which this fatal habit has entailed upon me! Talk about intemperance! What is an occasional headache as compared with the maddening frenzy of having to select and purchase about two dozen presents with an eye to the tastes, requirements and conditions of as many recipients! What are the allurements and fascinations which tempt the inebriate to seek destruction in the bowl in comparison with the iron chains of conventionalism from which the victim of the Christmas-present nightmare struggles in vain to free himself! Yet

such a carnival of agony is yearly perpetuated in the name of peace and good will. By all means give me malice and hatred in preference.

> Oh, why has man the will and power
> To make his fellows mourn,

by inflicting Christmas presents upon them and thereby putting them under the obligation of racking their brains in the silent watches of the night or the noisy alarms of the day, as the case may be, wondering what on earth to give him in return!

It isn't the cost I care about. I can stand that. Gladly, indeed, would I solve the difficulty by writing a cheque for the amount required for a liberal Christmas output; but it isn't to be settled that way. If the people who expect presents, or rather those who I think may expect them, would only be content to buy what they would like to have within reasonable limits and have the bills sent to me, how cheerfully would I settle them. But it can't be done so easily, unfortunately. Custom, with its iron heel of tyranny compels me to determine the kind as well as the cost of the article to be forwarded to each beneficiary, and the iron enters my soul. Oh, the weariness, the uncertainty, the alternations of hope and despair! The gladsome feeling that you have at last struck the right thing (though of course it costs a little more than you had figured on—it always does), followed almost instantly by the painful revulsion of spirit when you remember that the intended recipient told you last year that he or she had received duplicate gifts of precisely similar character;—these are soul-maddening experiences only known to Christmas shoppers.

I know how it must be with the people I send presents to, from my own experience. I seldom smoke; yet I have three elegant meerschaum pipes, four tobacco-jars, half a dozen pouches, and several ash-holders —presents from friends who, driven to their wits' end, couldn't think of anything more appropriate. I expect several fresh additions to my nicotinian outfit this year which will be duly stowed in the garret with most of the rest. We have fully seventeen photograph albums—only two of which are in use—about a dozen card-trays, and enough fancy

ink-stands, pen-holders, desks, paper-cutters and other articles of stationery to supply a school-room. If I dared I would save trouble and expense by drawing on my surplus gifts for return presents; but I'm afraid some of them might be recognized, because, of course, Christmas presents are always exhibited to friends for a while before they are consigned to the attic.

Needless to say that in spite of the weeks of mental worry and solitude before the fatal day I am continually making mistakes—sending the wrong thing to the wrong person—and overlooking people I ought to have remembered while sending gifts to others whom I might have just as well forgotten for all the good it will ever do them or me either, while memory holds her seat in this distracted globe—which isn't likely to be very long unless there is some relief from the pressure.

I shall never forget the awful break I made last year in sending a present to my wife's aunt in Orilla. The old lady is very wealthy; also very pious; and was, until that unfortunate occasion, quite friendly, so that we had hopes of being remembered in her will. I particularly wanted to send her something appropriate and fetching, so I selected a richly bound prayer-book, which cost $3—or, to be strictly accurate, $2.98; it was marked down from $5, so the dealer said, anyway. Well, it came back by the next mail with a letter saying that I was a messenger of Satan sent to buffet her, and an insidious and designing tool of Rome laying snares for her soul. There was a conspicuous cross on the back of the prayer-book; and it seemed that the particular brand of piety practiced by the old lady held crosses in utter detestation. So the fat was in the fire; and her mortgages and bank stock will probably go to the missionaries who, with the aid of bombshells, whiskey and other civilizing influences, are trying to bring the heathen to a realizing sense of damnation. Anyhow, it won't come my way.

Again, two or three years ago, I sent my nephew, Willie, what I thought an appropriate gift. I remember Willie as a pretty little golden-haired boy who used to sit on my knee and listen to my watch ticking; that was some years before the family went out West near

Calgary. I sent Willie a wooden horse on rockers and thought the little fellow would be just tickled to death over it. I got a rather sarcastic answer from the boy saying, "They didn't use them kind of horses out on the prairies to any extent, but wood being scarce, it might come in handy for kindling." Come to figure up, I found that little Willie must be about seventeen years old. I had forgotten how fast people grow up and, of course, the family put me down as an amiable lunatic. Was it my fault? What ought you to send a growing youth as a present, anyhow? I had to write a profuse apology and tell Willie I supposed he would be getting married shortly and that the horse would be appreciated by his future offspring.

Now what can Mental Science do for me? Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and so forth? Is there no balm in Gilead? Shall the consumptive, the paralytic, the fever-stricken, the cancerous, find succor and relief, and is there none for the victim of the painful Christmas-present affliction? I don't exactly see how you will manage it, but if you can somehow remove the dark and gloomy shadow which broods over the so-called festive season, I will gladly pay any reasonable fee. Sit down and think about it; do. Think hard. I don't know whether it is me that you have to think about or the people I ought to send presents to. If the latter, I'll forward a list of names and addresses. Then I suppose the way you'll work it will be to impress on their minds that they don't want any present this year or are willing to compromise on a cash basis, and then they will write me to that effect and lift a load off my mind. However, arrange it any way you choose, and if you succeed I am a convert to Mental Science, sure.*

PHILLIPS THOMPSON in *The Field of Progress.*

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*The writer's facetiousness in the above article is not without its logic, nor empty of philosophy. The holiday-gift system, beautiful as it is, is overdone every season to such an extent, that much of it yields little benefit save to the shopkeepers. Can a remedy be devised and introduced into our social customs?—ED.

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

LITERARY DEVELOPMENT IN METAPHYSICAL THOUGHT.

In establishing this new department, we have considered the growth of thought and appreciation by the Western mind during the past two or three decades, in regard to the philosophical nature of ideas and the importance of metaphysical principles in developing any of the Arts and Sciences.

The fact that those in the advance column of every art, science or literary pursuit are year by year recognizing more the value of philosophy in their estimation of each subject, is forcing itself upon the attention. The fact, also, that each such line of thought has a metaphysical basis of action is equally patent to those who notice the signs; and the thoughtful writings of the more serious-minded devotees of each such line of art and literature are showing, although it may be unconsciously, the awakening of a deeper appreciation of the higher law of being, in each phase of action of the human mind.

The value of ideas in dealing with the philosophy of any subject is universally recognized by true thinkers; and the importance of understanding principles in order to be able to bring forth the best there is in a given subject, is a metaphysical precept of equal value. Many who give no particular thought to either philosophy or metaphysics as definite subjects, show in the thoughts evolved a growing appreciation of those qualities which denote recognition of principles and appreciation of ideas. Such growth proceeds from the higher nature, and is both philosophical and metaphysical in character, regardless of name or description. In this tendency to appreciate the higher, we see great hope for the race, because work done under such impetus produces lasting impressions and endures after that which is the product of the ordinary materialistic thought is forgotten; for the sense-mind requires a constant change of scene and consequent variety in its entertainment, and soon leaves its idols and images behind in its mad scramble for *more* of that which from its very nature must always fail to satisfy.

Because of these views we have established this department, to give space to a portion of the new thought which we know is being evolved by the most advanced minds in art, literature and music, no less than in philosophy and metaphysics. Professor Bjerregaard, of the Astor Library, New York City, who will have charge of the department, is well equipped for this valuable work, and we feel sure will make it of exceeding interest. His real work of this kind will begin in the next number. L. E. W.

A NEW COSMOGONY.

THE NEW COSMOGONY; or, THE ELECTRIC THEORY OF CREATION. By Geo. W. Warder. New York, J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. [1898.]

Very likely some of our readers will wonder what the use may be of a new cosmogony; they may have one already, or possibly only an old one—if an old one be possible. The truth is, that the majority of people of to-day who have learned to think, and, who are not professional scientists, do not care in the least about cosmogonies, because they are rightly concerned with questions of the Path. A cosmogony can at best be no more than a dream, a speculation, a mental imagery. We cannot get behind the causes which work the phenomenal existence, which we call the cosmos, hence we have not the right view of things. We are more directly concerned with our own, the subjective existence, and its endless complexity. We subscribe to Browning's declaration:

> Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things.
> There is an inmost centre in us all,
> Where Truth abides in fulness;
> . . . . . and to know
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Supposed to be without.

Col. Warder tells us in his Preface that

> "Man has at last imbibed the thought of Deity, and brought to his aid the same plastic and mysterious forces to bless and control the earth, that God used to create and evolve it, when 'He said let there be light, and there was light.'"

That light, our author tells us was Electricity. If that can be proved or even asserted to be a universal fact of to-day, then a new

cosmogony is no more a theory, but is a fact and we live under a new order of things. Who shall decide? The man on the inner ways or he who studies "the Many"? Our author declared for the latter. His arguments and data are all scientific. He speculates with phenomenal facts and takes the modern scientific coin at its face value. No epistemological difficulties arise in his mind. To know has to him only one sense, and, the true object of life is declared to be usefulness. We are not told what the ethical value of an action is to the individual. The cosmogony before us is purely physical in character. It is therefore no wonder that the author contemplates changing the title of his book. It will, we are informed, be reissued very soon by G. W. Dillingham & Co. under the title "Invisible Light." The theory of the book is that electricity is the medium and agency of creative power in the evolution of the universe. The theory as it stands involves three points: electricity, a creative power, and evolution. In other words we are in this criticism of the book to deal with three factors: electricity, a creative power, and an evolution; incidentally we stumble over a fourth: matter. It is said for instance that "evolution is the law God has impressed upon matter," and it is declared that "all matter is one matter, and matter has no intelligence." The following is the author's statement in the beginning of his book:

First; Electricity is the medium and agency of creative power in the evolution and government of the universe. When God said "Let there be light, and there was light," that light was the lightning flashes and currents of electricity. * * * It was the word "light" which unbound and let forth the protean power, and cosmic forces.

Second; *Electricity is the medium and connecting link between spirit and substance, soul and body, mind and matter, dust and Deity, God and the universe.*

Third; *What we call the attraction of gravitation and cohesion are the unseen forces of electric magnetic attraction.*

Fourth; *What are known as the centrifugal and centripetal forces in nature, and all the movements of atoms and worlds, are produced and controlled by this universal electric magnetic substance.*

Fifth; *All light, heat and force in nature is electricity in some of its forms, and constitutes the great chemist, wonder-worker and world-builder of the universe.*

Sixth; *The Omnipotent Creator holds the revolving earth, the planets, and all stellar systems of infinite space in the grasp of his boundless power and intelligence, by means of this subtle, invisible, potential agency.*

As man controls his body by the electric currents that communicate his thoughts thereto, so God controls the universe by the electric currents in nature.

The vast universe hangs upon nothing in empty space but the invisible arms of electricity; but they are the invisible arms of Deity.

Seventh; *All matter is one matter, and matter has no intelligence.* There is but one substance, of which all material things are created, which has its foundation in the invisible elementary atoms of ether, and which by marvellous electric combinations and aggregations is changeable into infinite and varied forms and functions; electricity being the propelling force in its changes and evolutions. Matter has no intelligence, but through electric energy of attraction and repulsion has electric affinity selection and repulsion.

Eighth; *There is but one spirit, the Creator of all things; the Father of all spirits.* "In whom we live, move and have our being." All souls are atoms of the one spirit in varied forms and degrees of intelligence; and each is aspiring as it has opportunity to infinite knowledge and happiness, and in the ultimate ages will attain to both.

Ninth; *There are but three indestructible original entities in the universe, of which all things are composed—spirit, matter, electricity.* From these triune substances or entities God produces the wonders of boundless creation. Two are invisible, imponderable realities, but none the less real.

Tenth; *Man is an epitome and likeness of the universe; in that he is a powerful magnet like the suns and worlds and all living organisms.* He is the combination of all entities, and has a spiritual as well as a physical body. The spiritual body permeates every atom of the physical body, preserves its autonomy and gives it intelligent conscious life.

Man controls his body as God controls the universe by electric magnetic currents. These currents run along the nerves and tissues of man's body like connecting electric wires communicating the spiritual command to matter, causing it to obey the behests of its spiritual master. Death is the departure of that spiritual master from its transient tenement—the separation of the spiritual body from the physical body. Death is the key that unlocks the door to another life. The physical body then goes back to its natural elements. The spiritual body goes like a flash of electricity to the sun or central suns—which are the realms of departed spirits. The spiritual body at death knows its destiny as the needle knows the pole, as the earth knows its orbit, as untrammeled spirits comprehend space and futurity.

It needs no previous knowledge of its destiny. Its spiritual conception and infinite perception are all-sufficient.

There can be no punishment after death, except remorse for evil deeds, for only through memory can the pangs of suffering assail the soul. You cannot punish spirit as you do tangible matter. * * * *

Eleventh; The will of God is the law of nature, which is made manifest to the material world by electricity operating through, and permeating matter. * * * *

Twelfth; Spirit which is supposed to be beyond the realm of positive science is the eternal vital controlling force back of all matter, and all electric forces, and is the greatest factor in the science and philosophy of all things.

What a Carnival* ! We say good-by to everything tangible, not only to flesh but to forms as well. It is almost a Bacchanal. In wildest confusion brilliant thoughts rush by in company of old, worn-out conceptions, remainders of former rich feelings and charms. Such opposites as creation and evolution go hand in hand and both do homage to a God Creator, who acts in this book-drama as a *deus ex machina*. A Carnival is not meant for criticism. We laugh at it, and we go home thoroughly tired out after seeing it. We will do the same with these twelve tableaus. It is impossible to disentangle their mixed elements of opposite notions and forms. They leave a certain glamour upon our vision and that comes from their idealistic setting and brilliant coloring. We feel as we do in coming out from a picture gallery that something ethereal has lighted upon us, but we cannot define it nor our own feelings. The author tells us that he has been dreaming. We will take him at his word and consider these twelve points the main stages of the dream. Their effect is the same as the vagueness of sensation left by a picture gallery and the weariness of brain after a sleepless night. But this dream is not without value. Light has dawned upon us, electrical currents have been started and we feel that "something, we know not what," has touched us.

If we magnify the conceptions of this book: God, Creation and Evolution, and use them in the senses of the Cabbala, we shall get something out of the book. Instead of God, let us say "I am that I am," Existence; for "creation" let us use the conception "Father," and for "evolution" let us say "Mother." The total outcome of "the economic trinity of the divine" we will call "Beauty," "the lesser countenance." If we do this what shall it profit us? This! On the principle that it is the Divinity within which makes the Divinity without, we shall understand what the author really meant, but did not say. Moreover we shall ourselves be let to construct a cosmogony, and that is infinitely more valuable than reading about one another has constructed. To the true idealist speculative thought is not a *fact*, viz., something suffered or received from another; it is a spontaneous act of self-creative energy.

Of the many interesting theories of the book, we summarize the

*Carnival means *caro* (flesh) *levo* (take away; good-by!).

following. All light, heat and force in nature is electricity in some of its forms. Man is a special creation, not a developed monkey or protoplasm. The sun is inhabitable and is the spiritual centre and promised heaven of the solar system. Man is both dust and deity, with electricity as the connecting link. Science is the chart of human knowledge and religion is the pilot of the soul to the fair fields of heaven. Hope and immortality are inborn aspirations to be realized hereafter. All souls aspire as they have opportunity to supreme knowledge and happiness, and in the Ultimate Ages will attain to both. The true object of life is not happiness but usefulness.

Our readers easily recognize the brilliancy of these abstractions and generalizations, but they will also regret the entire absence from the book of the concrete and individual.

HUMAN VIVISECTION.

HUMAN VIVISECTION. A statement and an inquiry. Printed for the American Humane Association, 1899.

This pamphlet has been sent us from the Secretary of the American Humane Association and will be sent "free to persons of recognized position and influence anywhere in this country." It is sent out as an "appeal and it desires to evoke condemnation of the atrocities which have made such disclosures its duty." The reader will see from "the disclosures" that it is high time that something be done to put a stop to the most diabolical practices we have heard of for a long time.

Human vivisection has been defined as "*the practice of subjecting human beings, men, women and children, who are patients in hospitals or asylums, to experiments involving pain, mutilation, disease or death, for no object connected with their individual benefit, but entirely for scientific purposes.*"

Accepting this definition of the phrase, what is your opinion of such experiments as those detailed in the following pages? In each case the authority is given.

On January 27, 1899, there appeared among the cable dispatches from Europe, two items that sent a thrill of horror and amazement throughout the civilized world. They tell the story of what is being done to-day in the name of science, in a land where vivisection is without control or supervision, and where new-born children are "cheaper" than dogs and cats:

MURDERED IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE—REVELATIONS CONCERNING PRACTICES OF PHYSICIANS IN VIENNA.

LONDON, January 26.—The Vienna correspondent of the *Morning Leader* says: "It has been discovered that the physicians in the free hospitals of Vienna

systematically experiment upon their patients, *especially new-born children, women who are enciente, and persons who are dying.* In one case the doctor injected the bacilli of an infectious disease from a decomposing corpse into thirty-five women and three new-born children. In another case a youth, who was on the high road to recovery, was inoculated, and he died within twenty-four hours. Many dying persons have been tortured by poisonous germs, and many men have been inoculated with contagious diseases. One doctor, who had received an *unlimited number of healthy children from a foundling asylum for experimental purposes*, excused himself on the ground that *they were cheaper than animals.*"

Shall we subscribe to this that it is "the aims of science to advance human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life?" To be sure mankind has willingly in the past allowed kings and princes to slaughter its sons and daughters for their monarchical ends and purposes, but have they not been overthrown and will not the few that are left soon be dethroned?

But it is not in Vienna alone that this professional insanity is making hell. We are told that

in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* for August 6, and August 13, 1896, Dr. A. H. Wentworth—the Senior Assistant Physician to "The Infants' Hospital," Boston, the Out-patient Physician to "The Children's Hospital," and a lecturer in Harvard Medical School—describes what he truly and significantly called "Some Experimental Work" upon children by way of tapping the spinal canal. These vivisections were performed some forty-five times.

The New York Medical Record is quoted as containing an article (September 10, 1892) by an American physician, now resident in San Francisco, who reports how he inoculated children in the "free dispensary" at Honolulu with the virus of syphilis to study its effects. The pamphlet before us says about this:

It is impossible to print the full details of these utterly loathsome and abominable experiments. We cannot believe that such experiments were made upon little girls with their consent or with any comprehension of intent; and we are, therefore, driven to believe that this American physician, who to-day is practicing his profession among the sick and suffering of San Francisco, made these awful experiments under the guise of administering a remedy for their complaints! *And not a single medical journal in the United States which has protested against the regulation or supervision of the vivisection of animals, has uttered the faintest protest, or a single word of criticism regarding these human vivisections.*

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, who would seem to be unusually well informed in matters of science, writing from that city September 24, 1897, says:

"The newest scientific sensation is the revelation of the extraordinary methods pursued by Sanarelli in his study of the germ of yellow fever * * * It appears that he has not hesitated to inoculate healthy human beings with the most fatal of infective diseases in order to prove the verity of his microbes. This he was able to do at the quarantine station on the island of Flores, near Montevideo, because in that part of the world lives are extremely cheap where the lowest orders of the people are concerned, and no law stepped in to stay the hand of the bold experimenter. It is understood that some if not all of the persons inoculated died of the disease. * * * Unscientific persons may be disposed to criticize such experimentation upon human beings. * * * The question is merely whether any man is warranted in assuming such a responsibility? *Is scientific murder a pardonable crime?* That is the question."

And these are his own words:

"*My experiments on man* reached the number of five. In two individuals I have experimented on the effects of subcutaneous injections of the germ culture, and in the other three, that of intravenous injections. * * * The injection of the filtered culture reproduced in man typical yellow fever. The fever, the congestions, the vomiting, the hemorrhages, the fatty degeneration of the liver, the headache, the backache, the inflammation of the kidneys, the jaundice, the delirium, *the final collapse;* in fine, all that conjunction of symptoms which constitutes the basis of the diagnosis of yellow fever I have seen unrolled before my eyes, thanks to the potent influence of the yellow-fever poison made in my laboratory."

The case becomes worse when we learn that scientific men defend these practices and religious journals open their pages to such defenders. Writing in the New York *Independent* (December 12, 1895) one of them declares that:

"A human life is nothing compared with a new fact in science. * * * The aim of science is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life."

The callousness of such a declaration and the brazen indifference to suffering is so great that we can hardly conceive it. Wonder if that scientist would be willing to be experimented upon? Does his theory apply to the neighbor only?

INOCULATION WITH CANCER.

On June 23, 1891, before the "Academy of Medicine" in Paris, a paper on the subject of Cancer-grafting was read by Professor Cornil. Therein he stated that a surgeon whom he did not wish to name, while operating upon a woman, took occasion, after removing a cancer of the breast, to engraft a portion of the

cancer upon the other breast,—at that time perfectly healthy;—and that some months later, the graft developed into a tumor which "presented every cancerous characteristic." The experiment was repeated upon another patient with identical results.

The exposure awakened very general comment throughout Germany and public opinion condemned the experiments. Yet the *Medical Brief* (June, 1899) contained the following article, showing no improvement in the medical conscience :

More shocking revelations of the atrocities perpetrated by Continental physicians on helpless women and children are coming to light.

At the Königsberg Hospital of Midwifery, Professor Schreiber, experimenting with Koch's new tuberculin, made injections of fifty times the maximum dose prescribed by Koch, in forty new-born children! Inoculations of various virulent bacterial cultures were also made on a large number of women at the same institution.

A German physician named Doederlein tells, without any apparent understanding of the heinousness of the offense, how he inoculated a young woman with a poisonous virus.

Dr. Menge, Assistant Physician in the University Hospital for Women in Leipsic, made similar inoculations on a helpless woman. The same man inoculated a new-born infant with a culture of staphylococci, in the Royal University Ear Hospital.

A Dr. Schimmelsbuch inoculated two boys with the virus from a boil, and both died of a pustular disease.

Dr. Epstein, Professor of Children's Diseases, at Prague, infected five children with round worms just for the sake of experiment.

These are a few instances of everyday practices in the hospitals and clinics on the Continent. Nothing but insanity can explain or justify such practices. They are immoral and degrading in the extreme. No scientific clap-trap, no pretense of research, will reconcile Anglo-Saxons to such methods. Life and health are sacred. To English-speaking physicians, the welfare of the meanest and lowest to whom they minister is a trust which no considerations would tempt them to betray.

It is impossible that the American medical profession should acknowledge as leaders of modern medical thought, men capable of such atrocities. We trust that all American physicians, who go abroad for further instruction, will go to London, where they will find medical men as honorable and clean-minded as themselves, and methods free from the taint of degeneracy, which contaminates all the so-called discoveries and inventions of Continental Europe.

The mental attitude of medical men, who can coolly infect the helpless bodies of babes and women with virulent poisons, is horrible to contemplate. Such a man rivals the unspeakable Turk in his depravity, and puts an indelible stain

upon the fair fame of medicine. If words can shock, and sear, and blister his mind into a consciousness of the awful nature of his crime, then it is the duty of Anglo-Saxon physicians to unceasingly speak those words.

The pamphlet before us contains many more shocking reports, but we must quote no more.

Such men are physicians! To such fiends do people trust themselves, hoping to be helped out of evils! By so doing they are as safe as the man who offered to shake hands with a tiger in order to escape certain death. Are these men—if men they are—not as bad as the priests of Moloch? Will not all metaphysicians join the American Humane Association in a crusade against such deliberate opening of the gates of Hell?

ANCIENT WISDOM.

SOLOMON AND SOLOMONIC LITERATURE. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co., 1899.

DAS LIED DER LIEDER. Aus dem Hebräischen Urtext in neue deutsche Reime gebracht von Hermann Rosenthal. New York. The International News Company, 1893.

WORTE DES SAMMLERS (Koheleth). Aus dem Hebräischen Urtext zum ersten Mal in deutsche Reime gebracht von Hermann Rosenthal. New York. The International News Company, 1893.

Of all grandmothers' tales, that of Solomon is the most fascinating. It has grown to vast proportions, and Solomon's name has been a token of conjuring and fortune-telling impostors. Masonic and many secret orders revere that name as the earthly designation of "the beloved of Jah" (Jedidiah), while many commentators look upon it as merely a Jahvist modification of a real name. The travellers hear legends without number and Thousand-and-one Nights' tales about Solomon wherever he goes in Palestine, Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India. The traditional Wise Man appears also in European Folktales, and especially as "the chief-spirit" and ruler over the Jinns or dwellers in fairyland. It seems that every learned man and commentator on Solomonic literature has something new to say about it which goes to increase the already enormous bibliography of the subject. Moncure Conway does his best to add to this lore, though he probably thinks that his book reduces the heap of legends and allegories. His view of Solomon is that he is a Hebrew type of Wisdom. In the remote past the type was named Melchizedek; later on the mantle fell upon Jesus,

who was the last Solomon. We cannot follow him through his three hundred pages of profound exegesis and immense learning to make this evident to the reader. The book must be studied. Our readers, must, however, proceed with caution while reading, for it is not without great significance that the book is dedicated to the author's "brother Omarians of the Omar Khayyám Club, London." The motto he gives us is also worthy of extraordinary notice. It runs thus:

"Seek the circle of the wise: flee a thousand leagues from men without wit. If a wise man give thee poison, drink it without fear; if a fool proffer an antidote, spill it on the ground."

We are not furnished with any definition of Wisdom. The author does not tell us where it is to be found, nor anything of its nature. Is it formal or positive? Is it impersonal or personal? How far is it restrictive; how far directive? What age, if any, has given the best presentation? The Omarians are Skeptics. But skepticism can be both constructive and destructive. It is sometimes merely a suspense of judgment and the opposite of optimism. The book before us may be mere sophistry, but it may also be an embodiment of the spirit of the Sophists. In the latter case it is an occult treatise and should be read with Protagora's maxim in mind: "Man is the measure of all things."

From Moncure Conway's profound but tantalizing book we turn to Rosenthal's translation and find ourselves in a different atmosphere. We are carried away on the rhythm of melodious verse and are delighted with philosophical renderings of many passages formerly so difficult to us in the Hebrew. These are the first translations in German verse of the old Judaic treasures. We say "old;" perhaps that conception must be modified. The translator tells us that Koheleth cannot be much older than about 300 B. C., and is perhaps even later. "The Song of Songs," he says, was written by a poetess, and he claims that this hypothesis will be confirmed by every observant reader from the contents of the poem itself. The reading of these verses calls to mind the astounding performance of Delitzsch, who translated the New Testament into Hebrew. Rosenthal's work is of similar nature. He has preserved the pessimistic spirit and other-worldliness of the Semitic Faust, and he has with poetic feeling and linguistic correctness translated Hebrew thought into German verse and German philosophy.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH. Being a review of the world's beliefs on the subject. By Minot Judson Savage. G. T. Putnam's Sons. New York and London, 1899.

"Life beyond death" is an anomalous phrase. "When Death is, we are not; when we are, Death is not." When we are dead, we are no more and there can be no talk about a "life beyond death." Such was the meaning of the word death, and such were originally the thoughts conveyed by the conception which lies veiled in that word. It is a great misfortune that the word death has come to mean transition from a condition of life to something, to a condition, not very clear to those who have introduced the word in its new sense, or who use it destitute of its original power. To die meant originally to lose life and drop back into the unformed, the mistiness of existence, that condition which knew not Life, Light and Love, because these three—(N. B. Three in One!)—had not been manifested while there was opportunity. Death meant the loss of opportunity; it was "bloodless," as the ancients said. The shadows in death lost their *phrenes* or organs of will and affection. Death was to be avoided by a life in strength and righteousness.

Why do so many people query about a life after death? Is it not because they do not now feel the immortal life? Is it not because they have no realization of the eternal Now? Surely they who are not to themselves a fact of the Eternal, who are not in Being, surely they are but playballs of the everlasting flux, and they look anxiously beyond the "streams of tendency" and the "vortices of atoms." And to them it cannot be proved that they are essentially immortal. They receive at best "manifestations" of presences and "communications." They hear "the Knock" but do not get the living mystery of a personal communion, hence neither *they are nor the guest*. The whole manifestation is but one of subconsciousness. The true spiritualist does not ask "the spirit" to come into this plane of life; he goes together with the spirit into another plane of existence, one which is indeed a "medium" between *this* and *yonder*. Such a meeting is possible only where Life, Light and Love have become realities, and the opportunities of existence are made the most of, because only such a life is beyond death.

The Rev. Dr. Savage seems to be near such an understanding of the subject, yet he is far from it, if he, as in the chapter "Possible Future Conditions," insists too strongly upon the identity of this life and that yonder. If these distinctions could be dropped, the intellect quieted, the anxiety for proof be removed, and the Ego stand free in its own glory, then Spiritualism would be what its name indicates.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REASONING. Based Upon Experimental Researches in Hypnotism. By Alfred Binet (Doctor of Science and Director of the Laboratory of Physiological Psychology in the Sarbonne). Transl. from the Second French Ed. by Adam Gowans Whyte. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co., 1899.

Binet's work is the result of his study of unconscious reasoning. He comes to the conclusion that the study of unconscious reasoning leads us to conclusions which are applicable to all kinds of ratiocination. The conclusions are:

> That the fundamental element of the mind is the image; that reasoning is an organization of images, determined by the properties of the images themselves, and that the images have merely to be brought together for them to become organized, and that reasoning follows with the inevitable necessity of a reflex.

The image being the psycho-physiological basis of the mind's activity in reasoning, the author naturally devotes much space to exposition of what the image is. He explains its various types, such as the indifferent, the visual, the auditory, the motor, etc. We are told that images result from an excitation of the sensory centres of the cerebral surface layers and what the properties of the images are. The next chapter is on Perception, and in a more mystical vein than we should expect from a physico-psychologist, it is declared that perceptions result from an operation of synthesis. After an exhaustive chapter on the mechanism of reasoning we are offered the following conclusion: (1) Logical reasonings have the same mechanism as perceptive reasonings. As a result of this a new arrangement of the syllogistic propositions is necessary. (2) Reasoning is a supplementary sense, and (3) reasoning is the single type of all intellectual operations. (4) Reasoning is an organization of images.

Binet's writing is fascinating and his translator helps him to preserve the charm. But where does this fascination lead us? The

general outcome or net result of our reading of this book seems to be, as also Binet states it, that

"Mental activity results from the activity of images as the life of the hive results from the life of the bees, or, rather, as the life of an organism results from the life of its cells."

If mental activity is no more than that, then we must indeed consider Schopenhauer right when he says that the great mistake of the universe is "Consciousness." We are no more, as we fondly thought, everlasting and eternal potencies, but merely puppets. Images are the realties and our minds the playground. Intelligence is a delusion and human life a misery. Such seems to me the inevitable logic of Binet's demonstrations. Let us, however, grant him the truth of his theory as regards the mechanism of mind, but let us also assert mind as cause and tell him that it is the Inner Light (though he ignores it!) which enables him to see what he has seen in the Outer, and presented so brilliantly.

JULIAN, THE APOSTATE. By D. S. Mereshkovski. Translated by Charles Johnston. Henry Altemus. Philadelphia.

Some years ago the young Russian poet and literary critic wrote in "Severni Viestnik" about human activity and divided it into two groups, (1) distributive and social, and (2) accumulative. In speaking of the latter he claimed that it was useful, not only that which by the tendencies of its productions immediately subserved public utility, but also that which, in serving the ideal beauty, augmented the sum total of æsthetic enjoyment. A statue, a picture or a piece of music, a poetic description of nature, might seem entirely purposeless from the standpoint of distributive activities, which aim directly at the public good, yet from the standpoint of accumulative activities they might be very valuable as helping in æsthetic evolution and impressionability. The best of them open human eyes and ears to new worlds of shades, forms, sensations and sounds; thus they enrich human life and enlarge our happiness.

It is interesting to study Mereshkovski's "Julian, the Apostate" in the light of these his own declarations. Has this book opened our eyes or ears to new insights, to new appreciations of that curious person, Julian, the Apostate? Do we understand better than before the New Sophistry and Neo-Platonism? What was the inner motive

power that "transformed Hellenism"? What was that renewing power which made use of the new religion for its own purposes? Does Mereshkovski's impressionistic pictures furnish "the motive" reverberating in the historic music we hear across the chasm of the ages? Are his colors realistic enough to bring out into the foreground of examination the central figure of his novel? Do we in return for the lack of dramatic action get a symbolism of emotion, an electric spark which illuminates our ignorance? I fear I must answer in the negative to most of these questions. It seems that Mereshkovski has not exerted what he himself called an "accumulative activity." Even his brilliant translator's rich, sonorous and forceful English cannot save him. Poet he is and open is his mind, but Mereshkovski is no novelist. Perhaps he lacks study of history; perhaps his mind runs away from his pen, leaving the design unfinished. Perhaps it is inexperience that is his fault. Whatever be the real cause, we are disappointed. An historical novel without more romance than he gives us is hard reading. The literatures of the world are full of examples he might have studied. Julian himself is a weightier metal than he seems to know, and the fourth Century is full of dramatic elements because it was a turning point in history.

This is a view of the book taken as a whole. If we now look upon details we shall find several real diamonds. The chapter entitled "Maximus, the Ephesian," is such an one. Maximus was an historic person according to Libanius and Eunapius. He lived at Ephesus, and it was here he initiated Julian into the mysteries of *αμογίη* Mereshkovski pictures the rites with much skill and fascination, but the reader cannot avoid the impression that Julian is hypnotized by Maximus. Instead of "seeing for himself" he is compelled to see a spectre. The object of the initiation should be a vision of self and its nature; its essential self-poise and its temporal bondage to the flux of things, or swing from one polarity to another, but the author does not make this clear. He summons "the adversary" instead of Julian's own shadow, and we are not made to see that Hercules is the soul's self-motive power. To this Maximus is attributed Julian's final conversion to Hellenism, which took place about his twentieth year. If Mereshkovski drew his information on this matter from Julian's writings, we must not judge him too severely, because these writings are confused and contradictory. Julian may have had the *δεῶ γνῶσις* he may not. He may have understood the mystery, he may not

Nobody so far has had the audacity to say the final word on this subject. Our author seems to have hinted at this mystery in the chapter "The gods are not." The same chapter shows also the abject mental misery of Julian. He who tells us he was born a sun-worshipper forsakes Helios for Maximus, and cannot allow him to depart. It is, however, no wonder that Julian is more confused than ever. Maximus leaves him with these words: "Once I blessed you, for life and rule, Emperor Julian; now I bless you for death and immortality. Go, perish for the Unknown, for Him that is to come, for the Reconciler of the two truths!" In the initiation scene above, Julian was told to do the uniting. "Serve Ahriman, serve Ormuzd,—whichever you please; but remember that the Kingdom of Lucifer is equal to the Kingdom of God." He may choose either extreme, the great ascetic Galilean or Prometheus and Lucifer. Julian stood indeed as Heracles on the cross roads; choose he could not; how to leave the roads, he knew not, and Maximus could or would not tell him.

Mereshkovski's picture of Julian's death is commonplace. He has made no use of the many magnificent, symbolical and dramatic points the occasion revealed. Julian, a philosopher by choice, an emperor by compulsion, a self-styled "servant of the Republic," a friend of the Jews, a temple restorer, and mortally wounded in battle against a people of sun-worshippers like himself is a person full of symbolism and dramatic interest. But Mereshkovski misses it all and winds up his story with trivialities.

I have often heard that no real poet can exist without the spirit being on fire, and without, as it were, a spice of madness.—*Cicero.*

The profane never hear music, the holy ever hear it.—*Thoreau.*

By husbanding the animal and spiritual souls and embracing unity it is possible to prevent separation. By undivided attention to the passions, Nature, and increasing tenderness, it is possible to be a little child.—*Tao 'tse' Tan Tey King.*

In vain we admire the lustre of anything seen; that which is truly glorious is invisible.—*Sir Thomas Browne, Christian Morals.*

Blessed are they that enter far into things internal.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The January number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE comes to you in a new dress and under a new name. This name has been selected because of its suggestiveness of the natural causes for the very general advance that is everywhere being made in regard to a higher interpretation of both law and gospel in the universe.

THE NEW CYCLE will continue the valuable work that has been conducted by THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE during the past five years and which has invariably received the highest appreciation in every part of the civilized world. The new thought is distinctly metaphysical in its nature, even though it may come under some quite different name and label, and so may at first be considered as a different species. The remarkable increase of interest in new thought has opened up many new fields in life and developed an urgent necessity for a general periodical, of the highest literary merit, to deal with the metaphysical aspects of each phase of thought as it comes before the world, no matter what subject it may relate to; and to bring forth its truth in such a manner as to gain the attention of all classes of investigators, without mystifying the subject to any of those who are not sufficiently advanced to recognize metaphysics as the true basis of occult philosophy. Most people become acquainted with the new principles under some other name, and later, learn that they belong in the realm of metaphysics; meanwhile, many are misled with the idea, frequently expressed, that metaphysics is something outside of the valuable new thought that they have acquired; whereas, it really is the scientific essence of every phase of the new thought, and the very bone and sinew of every system of mental healing not steeped in

emotion or stamped with fraud. THE NEW CYCLE will come to every class of thinker, bringing the good tidings of real truth, in ways to make it applicable to each phase of human life, and with no objectionable or obstructive feature to hinder even the superficial observer. Its teachings will be of the purest character and the highest order, but will be wider in scope, touching more varied features of human life than formerly—an advance step in the movement, made possible by the general extension of public appreciation of the fact that philosophy is a good thing in any phase of life—business, social or political; and that the principles of metaphysics really govern action whether so recognized or not.

We are now open to the broadest kind of work, both liberal and conservative, and we bring to THE NEW CYCLE the benefit of the past experience, together with the same steadfast purpose to preserve the highest and the purest of teaching, for the right development of *the best in man*, which has previously obtained in the founding, establishing and maintaining of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE—the pioneer, as well as the parent, of metaphysical teaching through periodical literature. In THE NEW CYCLE, the magazine is enlarged and improved, and new departments have been established, to enable its Editors to cope intelligently, and with convenience to its readers, with the various new phases of thought that it is intended to exploit.

It is believed that the new "Home Circle" department will be productive of the best of results, because it will give the mothers and the children, as well as other members of the family, an opportunity to think and grow along the new lines. In the philosophical department, Professor Bjerregaard will bring forward the development of fundamental principles in Art and Literature, no less than in the directly metaphysical thought of the day.

The former price is inadequate to the production of such a periodical, on which great labor and outlay must be expended, and the price named, $2.50 a year, is the lowest that can reasonably be maintained.

Subscribers now on the books will receive the new issue during the full time for which they have paid for THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

Those whose subscriptions will expire soon, and who may wish to

take advantage of a reduction, may send $2.00 now and have the subscription extended for twelve months from the date of its expiration.

Subscribers whose names have been on the list during the past five years, but are not there at the present time, may subscribe for one year, now, upon the payment of $2.00; and anyone subscribing now may send check for his own and that of one or more friends at $2.00 each. These offers hold good only for the month of January, 1900, and cannot be renewed. After February 1st, subscription will be $2.50 to everybody. *Send the check to-day*, and secure twenty dollars' worth of the best reading matter published, during the year to come.

CYCLES OF PROGRESS.

With this number we enter upon the sixth year of our magazine work. The present month is one of more than a passing interest, because, in the world's reckoning of events, it marks the end of the old and the beginning of a new period of time, in several ways. The new month is so common an event that we give it but a passing thought. The new year comes less frequently and we make more of it; and this year a new interest attaches to the annual festivities, because we shall no longer write eighteen, but begin the writing of nineteen as the century name.

Whether the new century strictly begins with the first day of 1900 or 1901, is a question which will continue to agitate the minds of different classes of people and probably will remain undecided with many; and, although the arithmetical fact would seem to settle the matter to the mathematical mind, in favor of the latter date, the fact that the Pope decrees that the former date begins the new century will practically compel its adoption and use.

The fact is, it does not matter, except as a convenience, which we accept; for time is only man's recognition of the succession of events, and the first year of the period just past was not by any means the first year of life or of action—it simply marks a point of common agreement as to the beginning of an era of thought. The actual date of beginning is still in

dispute, however, and no definite time can be positively asserted; therefore it matters little whether we reckon from one date or another. There are, however, periods of time that are more definite than this, and that are marked by other events than man's vague theories; periods that are marked by definite material changes or spiritual advancements which cannot be mistaken or their importance overlooked; and which, therefore, have been noted by observing minds as regularly recurring events, the precursors of corresponding results and the demonstrations of natural law in the universe. Such periods are known as Cycles. They are of longer or shorter duration, according to the nature and extent of the action involved.

In astronomy, solar cycles are recognized as regular periods of the movement of the sun and accompanying planets. Astrology, also, recognizes cycles of planetary movements through the signs of the zodiac, in the great circle of magnetic ether.

In this connection we quote again what we reprinted in October last from an Eastern paper on this subject:

"The year 1900 ushers in a New Cycle. From 1890 to 1900 marks the ending of a Great Cycle, at the close of which the sun passes into a new constellation in the zodiac. This occurs once in about 2160 years, and has always a great effect on the solar system. At such a time the planets are in conjunction, a position which always exerts a great influence over the earth. When last the sun entered a new constellation, according to the correct chronology, Jesus was born. According to Hindu chronology, when the sun, preceding the birth of Christ, entered a new constellation, Krishna was born. Some of the students of esoteric affairs insist that the year 1900 will find a new incarnation of the Logos, a new manifestation of God upon the earth, who will do as much for humanity as Jesus did in his day. Those who know, tell us that every 2160 years there is a new Buddha or Christ born, who arouses the world to a higher life and gives to the people the knowledge which for centuries has been confined to the few.

"When a Cycle comes to an end there are always changes and convulsions in the spiritual atmosphere, in which the physical world sympathizes. When we have learned something of the cosmogony of the universe, of the interdependence of all parts, we can easily understand

that there will necessarily be great physical disturbances when psychic changes are impending. Since spirit is the noumenon of which matter is the phenomenon, it follows that the first effect of the end of the Cycle is on the spiritual side of things, quickly followed by changes in the material world. The latter we can plainly see and feel; but they must be preceded by spiritual convulsion, since first what is above and next what is below; first what is within and next what is without."—*The Light of the East.*

All occult teaching with regard to the subtile activities of the universe, physical, mental, moral or spiritual, speaks in no uncertain language of the existence of Cycles of action, of activity, and force, under the natural action of which all important events in the history of mankind are believed to have taken place; and the occult cycle of action is a fundamental tenet of nearly all Eastern philosophy. When these matters are calmly examined it is simply astonishing to see how regularly actions of a similar character are repeated in the habits, customs and impulses of the people comprising the nations of the world. This knowledge has always been the basis of prophecy; and few realize the extent to which events to come in the natural course of universal action, may be accurately prophesied through the understanding of cyclic law.

It is generally recognized among occult scholars that the present time is a most important period of change from Cycle to Cycle, as several different Cycles are said to end with this year and with the nineteenth century. An Astrological and Astronomical Cycle of about two thousand years, during which all of modern theology has had its reign, and held dominion over the people, ends now and a New Cycle begins, under which the people may decide for themselves, and exercise their faith, in the light of freedom. The Eastern occult teachers also tell us of a Cycle of five thousand years, which always brings greater changes and further advances in ways that are of still deeper significance in human life.

The present seems to be considered a general time of change of several cycles, as well as of the century and the year, and the present state of unrest throughout the world is significant, at least. Perhaps we can investigate some of these things and learn something to our advantage. At any rate it can do no harm to be alert.

Prompted by these seeming facts and by the general awakening of interest in all phases of the new-thought movements, we have decided to broaden the work heretofore carried on through the pages of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, so as to include all phases of life and its works which have a philosophical side; and we believe that this can be done more effectually through a name not carrying the appearance of exclusiveness, so that all classes of new thought readers may recognize it, by which means, alone, can it do its full work. To this end we have renamed the magazine "The New Cycle," and it comes to its readers this month in a new dress and in form somewhat changed to meet the exigencies of the new work planned for extending its influence. Fuller particulars are given in our advertising pages.

The change has been seriously considered and carefully planned and is believed to be, as intended, entirely in the interests of advancement and increased usefulness. "The New Cycle" commences its work with the beginning of the year, the century and the cycle, of the period that bids fair to bring greater social advance than the world has ever seen; and it comes enthusiastically to the greater work to which experience through THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE has paved the way. And, as THE METAPHYSICAL has always stood at the head of the line of advance-thought publications, so "The New Cycle" will be found always in advance and always ready for a higher position, as the mists and clouds of material beliefs rise, showing greater heights beyond.

REPORT OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

TO MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

The regular meetings for December were held on the 4th and the 18th.

The meeting December 4th was given to general remarks and discussions of questions of interest in the work of the School. The subject of Altruism *vs.* Selfishness was brought forward early in the evening and received an energetic handling, both sides being considered with regard to their requirements of the individual, in human

life. As there was no stenographer present, an accurate report of the reasons given and arguments maintained cannot be rendered. Both sides were ably presented, but the preponderance of appreciation was distinctly in favor of an altruistic trend of both thought and action in the life of each individual, as desirable and necessary to both growth and progress. By some it was thought that even in the life of a seeming personal ambition, the impulse acting underneath might be in the direction of altruistic results and general good to humanity, and power to judge the actions of others, rightly, appeared to some to be uncertain, to say the least. Altruism would seem to demand charity as well as the other "good things" that belong to its composition.

At the meeting December 18th Mrs. Vera Johnston spoke fluently, and in an exceedingly interesting manner, on the subject of "Thoughts and Words." Mrs. Johnston shows, in a marked degree, the signs of Genius in her handling of this intricate subject, and she held her audience in close attention to the last word. The subject was then thrown open for general consideration and a most interesting and instructive discussion followed.

Mrs. Johnston's remarks were in substance as follows:

Thoughts and words are such a common, everyday affair, that it almost seems preposterous to speak about them. A thought is something which we express in a word; and a word is something which we use to express our thought with.

This definition seems true enough and precise enough. Yet it has been well said that the oftener we hear the name of a thing, the more certain we become that we know all about it—that we understand the very nature of the thing itself. And there are endless sides to the subject of "thoughts and words" which do not begin to be touched by this definition.

Thought and word always stand in some kind of a relation to each other. Of this there is no doubt. But do they depend upon each other for existence? Is it true, as some eminent scientists seem to believe, that where there is no word, there is no thought?

I make so bold, ladies and gentlemen, as to answer this question in the negative. Most decidedly, no. It is not true. We all know whole regions of thought perfectly accessible to us, yet for which the best of our vocabulary seems too poor and too dull. Then, again,

people who are familiar with several languages, know that there are shades of thought best expressed in French, or German, or English. There are expressions which cannot be translated even from "American" into English, let alone older and richer languages; for instance, the Sanskrit.

More than this, I for one am perfectly sure that there can be and is thought, where there is no word at all. Listen to this little illustration: One day I was walking on the shore at one of the English sea resorts and felt something tugging at my dress. I looked and saw a very small boy with unusually bright eyes, such bright eyes as I have known several deaf and dumb children to possess, and this child also, I knew for a deaf and dumb mute the moment I caught sight of him. There was also another little boy and a little girl, all of them grouped around a penny-in-the-slot machine. I asked what did they want, but the two other children held back and giggled shyly, while the dumb creature went into a long explanation with signs and gestures and wonderfully changeful expressions of his little face, and told me how he had a farthing, and his brother had two, and his sister had four—a whole penny, and they wanted some sweeties and put all their money into the slot, and shook the machine, and shook it again, but there was something wrong with it and they could get nothing. And they are three children and very small, and there is a big crowd at the confectioner's shop where the machine belongs, and no one would pay any attention. So I must walk with them and settle matters. And of all he said, I assure you I understood every word. So you see what a lot of thought and forethought, and even judgment, there was in a little child, for whom spoken or written word had no existence whatever.

They say that Lord Byron used to say with regard to the French word *ennui*, that the English had not the *word*, but they had the *thing*. And I think that the same can be justly said about any thought of any degree, from the vaguest impression to the most positive knowledge. We have them all. All that the world has ever thought, learned or aspired to, all that the world is thinking, learning or aspiring to now, or ever shall think, learn or aspire to, is ours. It is ours without any limitations and reservations; always at our beck and call; always ready to come in touch with us or at least to overshadow us.

Then what is our difficulty? Why is it that we are not consciously and confidently in possession of the universal wealth of thought?

Why is it that for most of us, it is most decidedly an effort to follow any kind of argument? Why are there so many people who are perfectly unable to catch what you mean exactly, when you speak to them?

I can see three causes for this unfortunate state of affairs.

The first and the nearest home is our extreme self-centeredness. It makes us obtuse, narrow, limited, unresponsive in all our dealings with each other. Most people, when listening to you always seem to mind, not what you say, but what is in their own minds, and are glad of an opportunity to say their own say. Most people decidedly hear what they think you are likely to say, or what they wish you to say, and not at all what you really say. Max Müller tells us in his delightful book, "Auld Lang Syne," that when a young man he was once lecturing on "The Origin of Language," and being very full of his subject was very enthusiastic, and his chief point was that the oldest language on Earth was not the Hebrew at all, as religious England believed at the time, but that there were much older languages than Hebrew—Sanskrit, for instance. When he had finished and was duly applauded and many people came to congratulate him, there was one lady who was especially effusive and she said, "Thank you so much, Mr. Müller. I am so glad you also believe that Adam and Eve spoke Hebrew in Paradise." This example of the unresponsiveness of the audience is, I assure you, not at all exaggerated.

The next cause of the destitution of our thought is that we white people in general are used to one way only of exercising our minds. We think from particulars to universals; first taking separate facts and details, and then trying to build out of them some complete system which can be applied to generalities. Broadly speaking, this is the way European thought has operated since the time of Aristotle. This is the way all of our accepted sciences—medicine, history, mathematics, political economy, etc.—operate. This is the way even such an abstract work as Kant's Critique of Pure Reason has been written, and, dealing with small matters, all the time details, peculiarities, even exceptions, we too often lose sight of the general idea that underlies them all, and get hopelessly lost among things which, in themselves, really matter very little.

Not so in the case of the Eastern mind. The various tribes and nations inhabiting India, the few representatives of thinking China that we know anything about, even the Russians, to a very large

extent, do not use their minds that way at all, and could not use them that way even if they tried. They have remained alien to the extreme development of the individualism of the Western nations. Their mind works from universals to particulars, taking in all the details in one general thought, and often substituting the various aspects of the same basic thought for each other.

What I say may seem obscure. I had better give an example. *Shankara*, the great Vedanta teacher, speaks of *Prana* as fire in one place, as imagination in another, as our ability of changing place, or walking, in a third, and so on. And why? Simply because for him all these were variations of the same *Prana*—the going out force, the great forward Breath of the *Upanishads;* the force that moves from within without; and being such, for him they are one and the same thing; the one includes all the others; the one suggests all the others. An Oriental author in general, when he has said "sight," for instance, naturally supposes that he has also said fire, color, imagination, walking; also eyes—organ of sight; and feet—means of walking. Generalities, universals, are never far from an Oriental mind. And a truly Oriental mind does not seem to be able to deal with units, individuals, details, in any other way but by viewing them in the light of something universal; either a law, or an interest, or a use. It is so in all Oriental writings, as everybody knows who has studied them at all.

Perhaps this absence of the true feeling of units and details is at the foundation of the well known Oriental indifference to death. What matters one man more or less, and what matters if that man be I?

Now let us return to the Western mind. Suppose a Western man, European or American, very clever, but altogether unprepared; and suppose that this mind finds that some author mixes up, in an unaccountable sort of way, the common image of a man's feet and the beautiful poetic idea of heavenly fires. What will he think? Surely he will think that there is a mistake somewhere, perhaps a misprint, or else that it is pure and simple nonsense. I would think so myself, if I were not half Asiatic by birth.

To be just all around, I must say that both the Oriental and the Western way of thinking have some disadvantages. Asiatic thought, dealing with universals alone, often becomes so remote and so abstruse as to have little hold on the every-day facts of our lives. Sometimes it falls short of its object and it always loses a lot of motive power.

On the other hand, Western thought cannot help dissipating its energy in the perfect image of all kinds of denominations, subdivisions, exceptions and one-sided cranky theorizings in general. It seems, for the most part, to be beating about the bush without ever touching the one essential point.

I trust and hope that it is reserved for the American thought to strike the happy medium between the two and so to solve many a troublesome problem that mortals are now suffering from.

The third cause of the limitation of our thoughts is that modern man grossly underestimates the properties and powers of the word. Words are not merely destined to express our conscious thoughts. They also have the mysterious power of bringing forth thoughts of which a man was hitherto unconscious. Words are not mere works or symbols of thoughts, they have a life of their own, they are living things.

Take any mystery teaching, whether it be the Hebrew Book of Job, the Sanskrit *Upanishads*, or the modern Light on the Path. In all of these you feel the potent living power of words, quite above their literal meaning. Even disfigured and mutilated as they are by translations, you cannot help feeling that in these books every word was assigned its place not by chance, but by strict choice. The words, as they were grouped in the originals, evidently were meant not only to convey a certain meaning, but to produce a certain effect, probably by means of vibrations and probably almost a physical effect, so as to awaken in the listeners certain trains of thought, and certain associations of ideas, the best adapted to make clear for them doctrines which their reasoning alone would be utterly unable to grasp.

A word ought to be able to evoke in the mind great numbers of living thoughts and various moods through vibration, by touching some sensitive, though perhaps not quite material, point in our brains. Instead, by disuse, the word has lost its wings; there is hardly any magic in its sound; and it has become only the husk of thought, at best only a symbol.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have two sisters. One is about two years younger than I, the other much younger, so much younger that I taught her most things she knows. One day I was sick in bed, and my second sister was to give the little one her lesson. It was geography, about the forests of Siberia, and, amongst other animals inhabiting it, an ovod was mentioned. Now, ladies and gentlemen, an ovod is only a fly, an especially vicious gadfly, which bites and drives mad. But the little sister did not know it, and asked its meaning; and the moment I heard a

certain tremor in the teacher's voice, I knew she did not know it either. But, of course, she did not want to show her ignorance before the little one; she is exceedingly quick-witted and never lacks a word. So she says, in a grave and pensive sort of voice, "An ovod? Why, child, don't you know what an ovod is? Well, it is one of these things only few people can understand, and no one can explain." I was young then and was very indignant at her ingenious untruthfulness. But since then, I have often thought that the whole occurrence was allegorical; and, more than allegorical, it was prophetic.

How many wise men, scientists, philosophers, theologians, when we go to them for help in our perplexities, answer just like that young humbug. Well, child, this is one of these things which only a few can understand, and no one can explain.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I, for one, hold that there is nothing in the world which cannot be explained and understood. As I said before, the domain of universal thought, in all its branches, is ours, without reservations and unlimitedly. But it is also true that before we can understand everything, many a thing is to be changed in us. First of all, we must shake off our narrow self-centeredness and lack of responsiveness to other people's thoughts and moods; in fact, we must grow more sympathetic to each other. Then we must change our mode of thinking, we must enlarge our thought and make able to work from particulars to universals, and, as well, from universals to particulars. And also we must learn how to use the word so that it becomes a living power again.

Miss Wilson, daughter of the President, recited with feeling and in an exceedingly able manner an original poem, which would seem to be quite beyond the average talent of her age—as the illusion of sense reckons while comparing events. Miss Wilson was well received and her effort highly commended. High ideals were expressed in the poem.

The next meeting will be held on the third Monday in January, the first, being a holiday.

Respectfully,
LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,
Corresponding Secretary.

Imagination is the real and eternal world (of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow) in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies, when these vegetable and mortal bodies are no more.—*William Blake.*

EXPERIMENTS IN MENTAL FATIGUE.

Professor Edward Thorndyke, late of the Western Reserve University, now instructor in genetic psychology in the Teachers' College, New York, has conducted a series of interesting experiments which tend to prove that the mind does not succumb readily to fatigue, but that in reality it is just as clear and active after long hours of work as at the very start.

"Mental fatigue," says the Professor, "may mean either the fact of incompetency to do certain mental work, or a feeling of incompetency which parallels the fact or the feeling or feelings denoted by our common expressions 'mentally tired,' 'mentally exhausted.' My experiments have led me to the conclusions, first, that the fact of incompetency is not what it has been supposed to be; second, that there is no pure feeling of incompetency which parallels it and is its sign; that consequently the mental states ordinarily designated by the phrases mentioned are not states made up of such a feeling of incompetency, but are very complex affairs; and, third, that these mental states are in no sense parallels or measures of the decrease in ability to do mental work. My experiments show in certain individuals no decrease in amount, speed, or accuracy of work in the evenings of days of hard mental work over mornings, or in periods immediately following prolonged mental work over periods preceding it."

Professor Thorndyke has experimented with himself and with other mind workers by working out mental problems, both when the mind had been at rest and after protracted labor, and he finds that the mind acts equally well under both conditions. But the most interesting deductions are those which the Professor has drawn from a series of experiments made at various times upon several hundred school children. The object of these was to ascertain whether the work of a school session fatigues the students mentally and makes them really less able to do mental work than they were at its commencement.

The method was to give to pupils a certain test which would

measure their ability to do mental work early in the school session, and then to give this same test to a different lot of children of approximately equal general maturity and ability late in the session, the influence of practice thus entirely obviated, the scholars not having the same sort of work twice. In order to save the results from being vitiated by differences in the general ability of the students, four different tests were used, and the pupils who had two of these tests early had the other two late, and vice versa.

The work given was a set of multiplication examples to be done in a given time, a page of printed matter full of misspelled words to be corrected in a given time, two sets of nonsense syllables to be written from memory after a ten-second look at them, and two sets of figures and one set of simple forms (*e. g.*—square, triangle), to be written from memory in the same way.

The Professor found that what difference there was between the early and late work was in favor of the latter, and from this the natural deduction is that the mental work of the school day does not produce any marked decrease in the ability to do further work. Taking together the work of all the children tested, Professor Thorndyke finds that those who had the test late made a slightly higher average than those who had it early.—*N. Y. Herald.*

JAGGLES—What do you think of this discussion as to doctors intentionally killing off incurable patients?

WAGGLES—I do not think it is nearly as important as their unintentionally killing off curable ones.

NEWS STAND ACCOMMODATIONS.

THE NEW CYCLE is kept on news stands everywhere. In case your newsdealer fails to supply it, you will confer a favor by at once notifying the publishers at the home office.

ERRATUM.

On page 32, second line, read Bayley instead of Bagley.

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THE

NEW CYCLE.

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THE WORD OF THE NEW CYCLE.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(*Bengal Civil Service, retired.*)

What follows, is not a prophecy in any sense, astrological or other; it is simply a series of deductions from principles perhaps as yet only in part understood; an attempt to apply laws of human life studied by the sages of Chaldea and Egypt, but long since fallen into oblivion among the newer races of men.

A year of the gods, said the sages, is a hundred years of mortals. This cycle of a hundred years has its months and seasons, its seed-time and its harvest; but the fields of its sowing are the lives of nations and of men. We are now at the winter solstice, the new year of the cycle of the gods. For the last quarter-century the seed-time of ideas and aspirations, of new ambitions and dimly visioned goals has filled the fields with seed, and as the great year turns, the seed stirring with the new year's tide begins to move and gather into itself the life-force. As in the harvesting of the fields, much that sprang up in the late autumn is now buried under snow, or frozen hard in the ground, to await the season of the year's awakening, the new spring-time of the gods.

The seed which has been sown is the idea of growth; growth from within outwards, from above downwards, from the Eternal to the spirit, from the spirit to the soul, from the soul downwards to the body, and so out to the natural world. This seems a very abstract

and remote key-word for the Cycle; but consider a moment, and you will see that it carries within it the promise of a mighty revolution, of a whole series of revolutions, covering every work of man, and even man himself. Let us divide the matter into three parts, not because they are really separate, but for convenience in regarding them. Let us consider how the word of the New Cycle will affect mankind in the three regions of politics, economics and religion.

Beginning with politics, we see at once that the idea of growth from within outwards, from above downwards, carries with it the highest ideal of human liberty; for it makes of every man a self-sustained world, drawing the impulses of his life from within himself, answering a higher law interpreted by his own heart and mind, and, therefore, superseding every law laid upon him from without, whether by tradition, authority, or the wills of other men. Taken in a yet wider sense, it is the ideal of nationality. Every group of men of the same race type, with the same purposes, imaginations, aspirations and ideals, forms a separate life; and for each such group, whether tribe, nation or race, the New Cycle decrees freedom; the irresistible impulse of liberty, flowing from within, and breaking down all outward barriers set up whether by custom or opposing wills of men. Every man, every nation, to have the right and power to grow according to their own genius, from within outwards, freely following their own ideals, and owning allegiance to no other man, no other nation, no other law.

Simple enough in thought, and almost vague in its abstractness, this ideal becomes suddenly concrete when we begin to put it into application. For as the world now stands, we are very far from realizing, very far even from accepting that ideal; and there are many nations, a majority of the whole world's population, who do in fact owe allegiance to other races; do in fact obey laws wholly repugnant to their national genius; do in fact live lives which violate every principle of liberty as we find it everywhere through the uncorrupted realms of Nature, and as we find it written on the tablets of the heart of man.

Let us begin our analysis with the largest power in the world, the most extensive, in all probability, that the world has ever seen. The British Empire covers nearly twelve million square miles, almost a quarter of the whole land surface of the globe. It represents, throughout its whole length and breadth, the principle of domination which is the very antithesis of liberty, which stands to freedom as Ahriman did to Ormuzd: a black and malignant shadow, turning all good to ends of evil, and crushing every free life back to the realms of death. If we take Scotland and Wales as wholly acquiescing in the English ideal of imperial domination, then we have an island of some ninety thousand square miles, peopled by only thirty-two millions, dominating the greatest world-empire upon earth. The moment we go beyond this island, we find the principle of liberty set at naught. We are in presence of a most flagrant instance of this at this very moment in South Africa. It is suggested, by people who are doubtless sincere in their suggestion, that England intervened in the South African Republic in defence of the principle of liberty; the principle that there should be no taxation without representation; and this is boldly called a righteous cause. If it be, then what are we to say of the three hundred millions who inhabit India, who are ruled by an armed despotism, who are taxed to the starvation-point, who are bled white as veal, so that at this very moment when the Cycle turns, there are five millions dying of starvation, and probably fifty millions face to face with famine?

If "no taxation without representation" justify the attempted invasion of the Dutch Republics in South Africa, then what are we to say of India? Who will invade India, to guarantee and champion her rights to democratic freedom? It is said again that the South African Republics are an oligarchy, and therefore repugnant to modern ideals; but if an oligarchy is the free expression of the national genius, then for the Boers an oligarchy is freedom. How well they are satisfied with their form of government is shown by the appearance of the whole male population of age to bear arms, in the battle-field fighting for that very form of government. And who

brings this charge, that the Boers are an oligarchy, and therefore England's legitimate prey? This charge is brought by England, which has been for centuries, and is at this moment, the strongest and most exclusive oligarchy on earth. In no land is the chasm between the "born" and the "unborn" so impassable as in England; in no country on earth are the "common people" so heartily despised by their "betters," and, what is far worse, in no country on earth do the common people so wholly acquiesce in this contempt. Only in England can the "born," the hereditary legislators, block all popular legislation, restore medieval abuses, and check the tide of progress. And this is the nation, itself dominating the three hundred millions of India, which accuses the South African Republics of being an oligarchy, and therefore condemns them to be swept from the indignant earth.

It would seem, then, as if the word of the New Cycle had a message of special significance for England; a message for that little nation of arrogant islanders who roam through the waste places of the earth, and among the feeble and backward peoples, bringing domination, and drawing from the subject races whatever they possess that can contribute to the aggrandizement of their conquerors. But we need not go to India to find England violating the very alphabet of freedom. Five-sixths of the population of Ireland are governed along lines wholly contrary to their national genius, and in direct violation of the expressed will of their representatives. What of "no taxation without representation" here? What of that finding of the British Commission, that for one hundred years, since the corrupt Act of Union, the stronger island has drawn from the weaker an annual excess sum of nearly fifteen millions, raised by taxes in manifest violation of the first principles of justice? Here again, the cyclic time is full; the British Empire is weighed in the balance and found wanting.

After the empire dominated by England, the next greatest empire upon earth is that of Russia, and here, too, we find much that must pass through cyclic change. It is not the Tsars who represent the

principle of domination in Russia, but the class of "nobles" who were, until 1861, the owners of the rest of the population as their predial serfs, sold with their land as cattle are sold. There is no more striking instance of human delusion and wrong in the whole history of the world than the phrase which was common in well-born Russian mouths at the beginning of this century, that his Excellency So-and-so lost or won at cards so many thousand "souls." But for forty years that huge abuse has been passing away, and change still hurries forward through the wide dominions of the Tsars, gradually bringing back the old social ideal of common ownership inborn in the blood of the Slavs, and the source and model of all Socialisms whatever. The Slav ideal is the family, with the village as a larger family; the principle of brotherhood introduced through the whole structure of industrial and agricultural life. These social families of the Slavs carry within themselves their own safeguards for justice and honesty, of charity for the needy, of help for the weak. For where all own all things in common, what need has any one to steal or beg, and who need go hungry, ill-clad or destitute? But here, too, grim famine threatens whole populations. And the reason, as in India, is overtaxation of the producers in the interests of the dominant class, and to pay their salaries. The polity of Russia is composite, having as its basis the most humane and unselfish people on the globe, whose ideals are even too unworldly for their well-being; these are the peasants, the producers, the tillers of the soil. Above them is a dominant class, largely of German or Teutonic blood, who live by the expropriation of the peasants. And yet in the privileged class in Russia there is far more feeling for the masses than in any similar class the world over. At the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, the landlords of whole districts vied with each other in their zeal to transfer their land to the cultivators, often beggaring themselves in the process, and forming a very marked contrast to the landlord class in Ireland, equally alien in blood, but who, broadly speaking, set their interests in direct opposition to that of the peasants, to such good purpose that what was a population of nearly nine millions fifty

years ago has now dwindled to something over four millions, and is decreasing still.

Thus Russia, too, is doubtless destined to suffer cyclic change, but such change as will leave the body of the empire untouched, and with it that form of paternal government which has grown up with the Russian nation, and is the expression of its vital genius. The undivided family owning the empire as a whole, and forming a unity under its patriarchal head; this is Russia's ideal, and Russia will doubtless adhere to it, and even strengthen it in years to come, so that between the Tsar and the people there will be less and less of that barrier of bureaucratic obstruction which bears so many abuses easy to point to, but very hard to set right.

Third among the great states in area, and first in population, comes China, with over four hundred millions of quiet, industrious and gifted inhabitants. Politically, the Celestial Empire is under a cloud, and has been since the days of Tartar conquest. The Manchus still rule, a group of aliens in the midst of the Chinese, and there is no sense of national unity and very little feeling of national loyalty among these almost countless millions. The last of the Manchu line, the reigning sovereign, is a feeble idealist, dreaming millenniums, and accomplishing nothing. But whether through the weakening of the Manchu dynasty, or through the realized dreams of this last scion of the Hordes, it is certain that China, too, will shortly see a change. The genius of that great and wonderful people will assert itself, awaking after a lethargy of centuries to a second youth, renewed like the eagle. Then the nations of Europe and America who were in such hot haste to see the door opened into China, and yet who constantly kept their own doors shut in the face of the Chinese, will wish that they had gone a little slower, and let the Eastern giant sleep on. For what, in the last analysis, is the genius of the Chinese? It is industrial and economic, gifted for intelligent toil above all nations under heaven, and with an endurance, artistic insight, and sense of the fit use of materials which no Western nation can rival.

Many a shudder has gone over the manufacturers of the West at

the thought of Japanese competition. And with great justice, for the deft folk of the kingdom of flowers, competing in open market, can undersell the work of any white nation, especially under those conditions of double profits which rise from the capitalist system. But what is dreaded from the Japanese is a mole-hill to a mountain, compared with what these openers of Eastern doors have to fear from China. China is immensely more richly endowed with just those natural products which go to build up the commerce of a modern industrial nation than is Japan; China has an intensely industrious, orderly and, broadly speaking, marvelously moral population of four hundred millions, able to live on what to us would seem a pittance, able to toil for hours that to us would seem destructive, and keeping through it all a gay serenity which is the essence of successful and excellent work. What will be the result to the Expansionist nations, and openers of doors, when the cycle of Manchu domination has run full circle, and the great Celestial nation awakes from its dream? There will be a new and revised version of the struggle for the markets of the world. This is how the evil of domination over "subject" races carries its own curse. The justice of the gods may seem to linger, but their writs are always served, and their warrants of distress never fail of execution.

This carries us naturally to the next great world-power, the United States, with its over three million square miles of territory, as against nearly twelve for England, eight for Russia, and four for China. But as the politics of the United States are almost wholly laid on economic lines, we shall speak of them later, passing on to the Continent of Europe. In France, the fifth great world-power in area, the economic problem outweighs all else. The bankers, the great owners of capital, especially the Jews, find arrayed against them two very strong forces: the army, which carries on the traditions of the old Noblesse, with much of the idealism, and unhappily with much of the corruption, which gave the old Noblesse its romantic interest. With the army, and against the bankers, stands the Catholic Church, especially that part of it dominated by the Society of Jesus.

These two showed something of their bitter rivalry, in the famous Dreyfus trial, but unhappily that fierce outburst has fanned the flames of hostility, and not relieved them. It is the interest of the army to provoke a war, in order to bring themselves into the ascendant; it is the policy of the Jesuits to support the army, relying on the support of the army in return, and with the hope of building up once more a Catholic kingdom of France.

Therefore there are three powers in France, each aiming at domination, each depending for its wealth and consequence on the expropriation of the producers; the financial power making for peace as being best for commerce, while the others, in sheer opposition, make for war. It will be very wonderful if France escapes a revolution, which could hardly fail to bring about a wholesomer and purer epoch of national life.

Germany also has her great party of domination, the old feudal fabric, with the Emperor at its head. Already the epoch of transition is bearing very heavily on the feudal nobles, who are coming under the iron heel of the Law. This is how their punishment comes home to them: for centuries they have enjoyed the right of living without working, on the work of others, endowed with that right to tax the produce of agriculture which is called the ownership of land. They have formed a hundred habits of luxury, wrought into the fabric of their nerves a hundred tastes for very unnecessary things: habits which it is real and acute misery to break, and the loss of which seems to them the loss of consideration and honor among men. The payment for all this came from the peasants, who got nothing in return except the privilege of serving in the feuds of their lords and of having their lords as leaders against marauding nobles from other districts or other lands. In this way nearly all the land in Europe has to pay two profits: one for the actual cultivator, who lives a little better than his own cattle, and another for the feudal lord, who enjoys the good things of Providence in much more ample measure, the higher reward going to him who idles, not to him who works. But no land can pay this double profit when forced to compete with land

owned by its cultivators, farmed with scientific skill, and full of fresh vigor and natural fertility. In concrete terms, the estates of Germany, like those of England, cannot pay their peasants and their nobles, and at the same time compete with the grain-producing countries of the New World: California, Minnesota, Argentina, Manitoba and the rest. Therefore the feudal nobility of Germany, and the whole system bound up with it, is doomed, and the New Cycle will see it swept away.

With the passing of the Teutonic nobles in Germany, will close that great Germanic epoch which finds its most splendid exemplar in the imperial House of Hapsburg, than which no human family has ever shed more human blood or caused more human tears. The last of the line, stricken, destitute, afflicted, awaits impatiently the hour that will bring him peace and his empire dissolution. Here, too, the genius of the Slavs will once more break through, after ages of oppression and contempt, and it may well be that the old Slav commonwealths with their shared ownership and shared profits will be able here, as in Russia and Eastern Germany, to bring the produce of their land once more into successful competition in the markets of the world. The social idea, throughout the whole of central Europe, will displace the feudal, and as the social idea is wholly Slavonic, all this means Europe dominated by the Slavs. The centre of gravity of the whole eastern hemisphere will soon lie within the boundaries of Russia and it must be remembered here that Russia and China are and always have been the best of friends; they may be counted as warm allies in any great struggle between East and West. And from all great struggles of the future the British Empire must be counted out.

The three peninsulas of southern Europe—Spain, Italy, and Turkey with its largely Christian population—have long been drinking the cup of human misery; they will soon drain the dregs, and with the last bitter drop will come the dawn of better days. Here, more than in any other lands, the cruel expropriation of the producers and tillers of the soil has reached its acme and climax. There are almost no limits to the degradation of the peasants, and to their quite unmerited

sufferings, if we judge by any human law. But under the law of the divine, they are the ore tried in the furnace, to be purged of its dross, and soon to be poured forth purified and bright, to form the material of a new and better era of European life. Something like justice will be done for these oppressed and disinherited ones; it will be very well for those who have lived on their life-blood if the change comes in peace, and not in the red terror of bloodshed. Here, too, the axe is laid at the root of the tree. So far the politics of the world. The fall of British domination, and the liberation of India and Ireland; the weakening of Russia's bureaucratic power, after rendering one great service to the world; the passing of feudalism in Germany and Austria; the upheaval of the workers in Spain and Italy, and the last trace of Turkish outrage gone from the neck of the Macedonians; this is the New Cycle's message.

When we turn to Economics, we come back to the New World. And here we find much of the darkest shadow; much that will soon bear very bitter fruit. For we find all the most robust minds of a great nation gone crazed over a wholly false ideal of life, and believing that a man's wealth lies in his possessions and not in his powers; finding the purpose of life in the heaping up of contemptible dollars, instead of in the cultivation of the genius in them, which should master Nature, which should make them at one with man, and open to them the treasure-house of the Eternal. The true ideal is something more than nobleness; it is immortal might; it is that true humanity which finds a friend and lover in every human heart, so that each enters into the life of all; it is that opening of the soul to the immortal sea which confers present divinity, and transforms the whole man into oneness with the eternal power that wove the worlds. Instead of such an ideal as this, we see a whole nation running after a mirage, and remorselessly, relentlessly crushing each other down in the struggle to overtake a dream. For what men seek in riches is nine parts envy to one part enjoyment; and even in every enjoyment nine parts of the ten are the desire to be envied. Yet envy makes no man happy, nor ever will; it rather breeds hate and fear, and contempt for him

whose possessions are coveted. Therefore the strongest, and those who should be the noblest, in the whole nation are sowing broadcast the seeds of hate, and what a reaping there will be, when the crop is ripe!

In this insane heaping up of dollars, there are two chief instruments, each more evil than the other, but both depending on one motive power. In feudal days, the "noble"—the man with the horse and coat of mail—fixed his power upon the producer by the very simple expedient of threatening to kill him if he refused to give up a part of the fruits of his toil. At the sword's point, every aristocracy in Europe was established. At the sword's point, they are upheld to-day. Bad as the principle used in the modern pursuit of wealth is, it is not so bad as that. For the nobles demanded something for nothing, while the merchant always offers something, however little, in return. The vitiating principle is this: he fixes the rate of wages by taking advantage of the worker's necessity; in other words, by the tacit threat of letting him starve to death, unless he consents to the offered terms. And that is where the injustice lies. Into the production of all commodities, there enter two elements: the fruits of past work, and the skill and energy to be applied to these. The fruit of past work is capital, whether it be in knowledge, in that command over materials which is called money, or in manual skill. Therefore the workers supply a capital which is indispensable, and are in a very real sense capitalists, quite as much as the man who provides the money for an enterprise. If we suppose that he also supplies skill and knowledge in the matter of distribution, then all parties, workers and manager alike, are giving both elements: capital and work. Then both ought to enjoy the profit. If the industry be well managed, if it was well conceived at the outset, then a steady increase of wealth should result, and this should profit every man in the enterprise in due proportion, letting each grow slowly richer under nature's law of steady increase, so that all who take part in an industrial enterprise should be certain of a greater profit year by year.

But what really occurs is this: the manager who supplies the

money so manipulates matters that, when it comes to the time for dividing profits, all the surplus goes to him. He has managed so well that it is possible for him to grow suddenly rich, while the workers remain as poor as before. But they have consented to his doing this? Yes, under the tacit threat of starvation. That is the bad principle which runs through it all, like a rotten thread disfiguring some costly fabric. Unfair division of the profits arising from joint capital and labor: that is the first vice of modern industry. The second is much worse, for like the feudal system of old, it constantly asks something while giving nothing in exchange. This is the principle of usury, which runs through almost the whole of modern commercial life. Let us illustrate exactly what we mean. Suppose a borrower gets a loan of one hundred dollars, at five per cent. In twenty years he has paid one hundred dollars, and still owes one hundred dollars. In forty years he has paid two hundred dollars, and still owes the original hundred. In sixty years he has paid his debt thrice over, and owes it still. Will any sophistry prevent that from being a manifest injustice? How is it that any man will sell his soul into bondage to a system like this? The answer, as before, is that he is goaded by necessity. The lender takes advantage of his necessity to make what is in fact a dishonest bargain; and, if he has a sufficient sum to begin with, he may very well do without working for the rest of his life, getting something for nothing, every day until he dies, and passing on the magical charm to his heirs and their heirs forever. It is the instinctive sense of this evil which lends the bitterness to the great Anti-Semitic movement, the movement against the Jews as introducers of usury, and still its arch-patrons. And how fierce in its bitterness that movement is, events in Paris and Vienna may any moment show.

But the serious matter for us is that the principle of evil is at work here, too. More than this, it runs through and through the whole economic system of the country. Every municipality hastens to put itself into the hands of the usurers, by issuing interest-bearing bonds under which even bonds redeemable in twenty years are paid

for just twice over, while those of longer term are paid for three and four times, or run on forever, never paid at all.

We must remember that these manifest evils carry within themselves the suggestion of their cure, and if that cure be accepted, then the body politic may come slowly back to health. The cure of the first evil is the ownership of tools and materials by the workers themselves, under systems of co-operation which have already been carried to such a high development, and with such excellent results, especially in England. This cuts at the root of unfair division, and therefore makes impossible the first evil road to wealth. The second remedy is not less simple; it is never to spend money until you have it; never to count your chickens until they are hatched. So simple a thing as this will bankrupt every usurer on the globe, and set them all to honest work—a consummation surely to be devoutly wished for. The sense of responsibility which joint ownership of industrial plant will bring will lead rising communities to reflect before burdening themselves with usury-bearing debts, and the more humane and gentle spirit, which everywhere comes with co-operation, will make men ready to lend their surplus money without interest, and then Shylock's occupation, like Othello's, will be gone.

But we must expect two things: indeed we are already in presence of them both. We must expect those who profit by unfair division of the fruit of joint work, and those who live without working through the principle of usury, to fight to the death with every means in their power against the liberation of the workers. All the vast resources they have managed to gather into their grasp while the workers dreamed, will be bent against the workers, in the attempt to break them, to reduce them once more to slavery, just as the feudal nobles resist to the death the discontinuance of their privilege of private taxation. This, first, and as an added element of bitterness, the competition of industrial producers who do not pay a second profit; producers who are not subject to unfair division, and who have no usury to pay. We have seen that the competition of American wheat-growing lands which practically pay no rent is

beggaring the feudal landlords of Europe. We shall presently see the feudal lords of industry in America beggared by the same cause. The competition of the vast Chinese nation may confidently be looked to, in the next generation, to undermine the sand castles of our millionaires, and this will be the distress warrant of the gods, sent in when the time is full, to pay for the domination over "lower" races. Many lovers of freedom have been stirred with indignation at the shooting of the Filipinos in sight of their own homes by the soldiers of a nation whose watchword is freedom. The Filipinos will be avenged. If their islands become, as it is evident they will, the landing-place of America in an industrial crusade against China, then those same islands will be the first to see the tide flow back; to see the output of a nation of four hundred millions of the best workers on the globe steadily sweep before it the produce of western lands, and finally return the visit of the American door-openers with a crushing competition as fatal to our feudal lords of industry as the competition of Californian wheat is to the feudal lords of Pomerania or Gallicia.

Therefore justice will come home to the economic world, bringing the liberation of the worker, the only man on earth who deserves the name of noble. Whatever work is creative, whatever adds to the wealth of man, is man's best privilege; and thus we come by natural steps to our last division: THE RELIGION OF THE NEW CYCLE WILL BE SALVATION BY WORK.

The Eternal, the great Life has instilled one secret into the immortal spirit of every man. From the spirit, that secret comes forth winged with will into the man's soul, there to be clothed in images or words. His soul tells the secret to the natural man, who shall straightway go forth into the world and carry out the message. Every good work is such a secret of the gods, wrought out. It is whispered into the soul that man shall live forever. This instinct of eternalness sets him casting forward into the future, and laying up provision against the time to come. From this instinct comes agriculture, the provisioning for the future out of nature's bounty

now. Then the soul whispers to man that there is a safe refuge from the storms and mutability of things, where he may withstand every shock from all the realms of chaos and dark night, where he may inherit present immortality. His animal self catches up the secret, and sets him building houses and homes for himself, which dimly shadow that great ideal. Then the soul shows him the vision of beauty, God's dream of creation perfected, and man, having conceived wealth, conceives art also, and sets himself to transform the brute things of nature, colored clays, and white stones, and senseless logs, into things radiant with a beauty that shall endure among men even after man, their maker, has drawn back again into the Eternal. Then to man the soul whispers of the wisdom of the Eternal, the great secret of things, and what they are, and to what end, and he conceives a science which shall be to him an image of that immortal thought and highest wisdom.

Whatever man does, in carrying out one of these ends, with a pure heart and unblemished will, is excellent and makes for immortality. It is the service of his genius, the obedience of mortal man to his immortal brother. While he does this, it is well with him, and he is full of happiness and strength. If he does these things for love of another, and with a warm and generous sense of another's life, it is doubly well. And here we come to the secret of our humanity. We are not alone, for the spirit of every one of all the children of man is with us always, in darkness as in light, hidden or seen, within the holy of holies in our hearts. For we are all the one Life, therefore nothing can really divide us from each other, however much we seem to be divided. It follows that whatever unites us, adds to our strength; that whatever divides us, weakens us. But envy and hate divide us, and the pursuit of wealth is based on envy and hate; therefore the pursuit of wealth brings a great and growing sense of weakness, so that he who has much must have more, and so on eternally. There are no such cowards as the possessors of great wealth; none so really poor, none in truth so little to be envied. For at the root of their endeavor lies the heresy of separation; they divide

themselves from the others, where they should seek unity and the splendid strength it brings. They would find instant alleviation and happiness, and a strength never dreamed of by them, if they would but throw open their hearts' doors and let the tide of life flow in; if they would but use their gifts to the end of giving, rather than of receiving.

The wholesomeness of creative work is the first part of the new religion. Our unity with others, and the strength we can gain from them, is the second part. There remains this last: the faithful service of our genius, who gives us the heart and inspiration of work, who opens to us the hearts of our other selves, and who at the last will open for us the golden door that leads to our immortality. Present immortals, inhabiting eternity, freely availing ourselves of the creative power of the divine, as we already avail ourselves freely of great Nature's powers; present immortals rejoicing in our immortality: surely that is a better idea than the lust of wealth.

When an Indian city by some secret decree of fate is left behind and forgotten, its inhabitants trooping to some other place more favored by the times, the jungle, the advance army of great Nature, swiftly comes upon that abandoned city and makes it its own. Softly, under the breath of impalpable winds, seeds fall upon the roofs of the houses, in the chinks of the walls, on door-sill and window-ledge. Then the tropical rains wet them, the strong Indian sun swells them, and the vital spark within them stirs. Soon green forest holds its sway, full of nature's living things, where were the dwelling-places of men, and the stir of the market-places is forgotten. Thus shall it be with the new seeds of life that great Time has sown; they will germinate; they will grow, putting forth buds and leaflets in their season, till the transformation is consummated. Blessed in that day beyond all blessings shall they be who have worked heartily with the creative Law. Pitiful beyond all help of pity they who have withstood the Law, vainly trying to disobey, helplessly striving to conquer the invincible. Thus shall time go full circle, till once more the year of the gods is fulfilled.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

VIBRATION.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

In a recent number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE it is asked editorially, "What is Vibration?" The question is a very pertinent one, and it is put very opportunely, as the term "vibration" has come to be used by most persons without any particular meaning being attached to it beyond that of more or less rapid motion to and fro, such as the movement of a pendulum. It is very probable, indeed, that pendular motion has given rise to the popular notion of vibration. Such a forward and backward motion, however, should rather be called oscillation, the term "vibration" being restricted to the case where the movement of the body, as a whole, is accompanied by a similar movement of the particles of which it is composed. It is true that such a distinction is not usually made by physicists. Thus, Professor A. E. Dolbear, after referring to the enormous range of vibratory rates, remarks: "There are the slow oscillary movements of swinging pendulums of various lengths, sometimes occupying several seconds for the execution of one vibration; piano strings having a range from about 40 per second to 40,000; the chirrup of crickets about 3,000." He mentions that the number of vibrations performed by a body made to produce a sound depends on its shape, its size, its density and its degree of elasticity. Referring to the steel tuning fork, Professor Dolbear tells us that, if three inches long, such an instrument "may make five hundred vibrations per second; if it were only the one-fifty-millionth of an inch long it would make not less than 30,000,000,000 vibrations per second; and if it were made of a substance like ether, it would make as many as 1,000,000,000,000,000—a thousand million of millions per second," a rate of vibration somewhat higher than that assigned to the violet ray of light.

The dependence of the vibratory rate of a body on its size is an

important fact, which may be further illustrated by reference to the law which governs the vibration frequency of a stretched string or wire. This law is that "when the length of the vibrating portion of the string is altered, without change of tension. the frequency of vibration varies inversely as the length." Thus, half the string has a frequency twice that of the whole string, the different tones of the diatonic scale being produced by difference in length of the vibrating body. A very interesting example of the operation of an analogous law is furnished by the use of a bell-glass containing water. Bells and bell-glasses vibrate in segments, never less than four in number, which are divided by nodal lines meeting at the crown. If such a glass be filled with water and a violin bow be passed over its edge, "the surface of the water will immediately be covered with ripples, one set of ripples proceeding from each of the vibrating segments. The division into any number of segments may be effected by pressing the glass with the fingers in the place where a pair of consecutive nodes ought to be formed, while the bow is applied to the middle of one of the segments. The greater the number of segments the higher will be the note emitted."* When the body, which is thus separated into different vibrating segments, has a horizontal surface, the nodal lines formed by segmentation can be rendered visible by strewing sand on the surface. The sand is tossed about by the vibration and geometrical figures are formed by the intersection of the nodal lines, as shown originally by Chladini, after whom the figures are named.

The formation of the Chladini figures is explained as resulting from "the intersection of internal nodal surfaces with the surface on which the sand is strewed, each nodal surface being the boundary between parts of the body which have opposite motions." The body is thus divided into separate vibrating segments, and it evidently undergoes internal change in the relation between such segments, those adjoining always being of opposite polarity. Probably a similar internal change accompanies motion in most

* Deschanel, *Natural Philosophy* (edited by Everett), Sec. 907.

of its forms, and it may occur even in the case of a body oscillating as a whole, although usually masked by the external movement, giving rise to tremulousness or trembling. If a long, straight spring be placed in a vise and made to "vibrate," the extent of its motion to and fro is visible to the eye, but as the oscillating portion of the spring is shortened its excursions are shortened, and therefore its movements become more rapid and finally we are unable to perceive any motion. But when the oscillation has attained a certain speed a sound is heard which rises in pitch as the motion increases in rapidity.

The sound caused by the vibration of a sonorous body is conveyed to the organ of hearing by the air, which is an elastic and ponderable medium. This medium is put into a state of vibration which gives rise to waves of air, each wave consisting of a compressed or condensed and a rarified portion, these conditions being due to the forward and backward motion of the particles of air. An undulation is defined by Deschanel as "a system of movements in which the several particles move to and fro, or round and round, about definite points, in such a manner as to produce the continued onward transmission of a condition or series of conditions." The motion "to and fro" of this definition applies to the particles of air, the expression "round and round" having reference to those of water when in a state of undulation. We are told that "each particle of water, instead of advancing with the wave, oscillates about its mean place, alternately rising as high as the crest, and falling as low as the trough." The particles thus revolve in circles, although these are seldom perfect as they are usually distorted by the interference with one another of separate systems of waves. Distinction has to be made between the undulation or motion of the wave and the motion of the water of which this is formed, and such is the case also with atmospheric undulation—"the wave, that is the state of condensation and subsequent rarefaction, travels swiftly forward; but the masses of air which suffer these condensations and rarefactions simply tremble in the line of that motion."

The explanation given of water-wave motion may be applied to magnetic currents. The generally accepted theory is that a magnet owes its magnetic properties to currents of electricity which traverse it. These currents are confined to the individual molecules of the magnet, and Ampère accounted for the phenomena of magnetic induction by supposing that currents circulate through the molecules of all bodies, but in different directions, so that they mutually neutralize each other; except in the case of steel and iron and a few other substances, in which the currents can be made to flow in the same direction, giving rise to the phenomena of polarity. This is by a process of repulsion and attraction among the molecules, which are caused to place themselves parallel to each other, so that the currents of electricity which circulate in them may flow in the same direction. What is termed "attraction" thus arises, and when the currents are flowing in different directions we have repulsion, the two opposite activities depending on the mutual relations of adjoining molecules. Whether any actual change takes place within the molecules themselves in magnetic affection is a question, but such appears to be the case in the phenomenon of heat. This point is clearly brought out by Professor Dolbear in his work, "Matter, Ether and Motion," where we are told that spectrum analysis makes evident that the atoms and molecules of which a heated body is composed are in a state of true vibration, the temperature depending on the amplitude of vibratory motion. Heat is given off by radiation of ether waves, "and the fact that such cooling molecules of a gas give out constant wave-lengths, as is shown by their spectrum lines, is proof that the vibrations that originate the waves are not free-path or oscillatory motions, but true atomic ones, due to a *change of form*." To enable an atom to change its form it must be elastic, and being elastic, the impact between two atoms, assuming them to be spherical, will cause compression, making them to assume an elliptical shape, which on the removal of the pressure will give place to a similar change of shape at right angles to the first, there being alternate expansion and contraction in the two directions. This

would seem to be true vibration, as distinguished from the translatory motion which free atoms have in space, although this may have an oscillatory character, that is, to and fro. The molecular motion of electricity would seem to be of a different description, and it is well explained by Professor Dolbear. He says: "The waves called ether waves imply vibrations of matter; and, if there be any known rotatory motions in the ether, they would imply molecular rotations for the same reason. It is conceded that in every electro-magnetic field the ether is in a rotatory motion, and in numerous books it is pictured as a whirl both about a magnet and a wire carrying an electric current. The rotation of an electric arc in a magnetic field shows it, and the twist given to a polarized ray of light in passing through it also shows it; and it has been so interpreted for years. * * * So the phenomena confirm the conjecture that the phenomenon in matter which is called *electricity is a phenomenon of rotating molecules*, in the same sense as the phenomenon called heat is a phenomenon of vibrating molecules."

Thus we see that a body, say a mass of iron, may undergo two forms of internal change, one electrical or magnetic arising from rotation of its molecules, and the other thermal due to the vibration, that is change of shape, alternating in two directions, of its particles, be these molecules or atoms. As "heat" and "electricity," which are merely names for certain atomic and molecular operations, can be transformed into each other, it is evident that the motions of vibration and rotation are intimately related. They are, indeed, the negative and positive phases of a more complicated movement. It is doubtful whether Nature anywhere exhibits motion except under a double aspect. What is called "translation," the movement of a body from one point to another, is always accompanied by an opposite motion, unless the body is impeded or stopped in its course. Circular or elliptical motion is exhibited by all the heavenly bodies, by reference to whose movements we may describe those of the particles of matter of which they are composed. It has already been stated that vibration proper is a double movement of expansion and

contraction in two directions alternately, and rotation has a similar dual nature. The wheel which revolves may be regarded as consisting of two halves, one of which has the forward impulse and the other half the backward tendency. Thus, when the wheel revolves, the push is always accompanied by a pull backwards, as in the case of the pendulum, but as the wheel is fixed on a pivot the combination of the two opposite motions causes the wheel to revolve. Hence rotation may be said to be a composition of the two opposite motions of impulsion and convergence, activities which are the dynamic aspects of electricity and magnetism respectively.

The combination of the two movements of vibration and rotation must give a motory result much more complicated than either of the activities of which it is composed. This is what is known as vortex motion, which is usually termed a whirl but is really rotation complicated by the addition of vibration, or alternate contraction and expansion, either vertical or horizontal, the combination giving a series of *spiral* movements. Vortex motion may be illustrated by reference to a series of phenomena attending the production of what are called "vortex rings." It was proved by Helmholtz that vortex rings, once formed in a perfect fluid free from all friction, would be indestructible and would revolve forever. This idea was practically applied by Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, and he was able by the use of a simple apparatus to form smoke rings, the particles of which roll over each other and execute a rotatory motion in every part of the ring, that "revolves continually round a circular axis which forms, as it were, the nucleus of the ring." When two such rings meet they act like solid bodies vibrating throughout the mass, but, as described by Professor Würtz, when "moving in the same direction, so that their centres are situate upon the same line and their planes perpendicular to this line, the hinder ring contracts continually, whilst its velocity increases; the ring in advance, on the contrary, expands, and its velocity decreases until the other has passed through it, when the same action recommences, so that the rings alternately pass through each other. But through

all these changes of form and velocity, each preserves its own individuality, and these two circular masses of smoke move through the air as if they were something perfectly distinct and independent."

Although these smoke rings, which represent on a large scale the vortex atoms which Lord Kelvin supposes to have been formed in the perfect medium which fills all space, appear to be independent, yet their conduct shows them to be mutually related, or at least capable of mutual relation. They are all endowed with the power of contraction and expansion, and proceeding in the same direction this power is exercised in such a manner that the motions of the bodies become complementary, that is when one contracts the other expands, and so on. Thus in combination they present the characteristic features of vortex motion, that is, vibration, of which expansion and contraction are the negative and positive phases, with rotation round an axis. Moreover, the rings have a motion of translation or progression. This is, however, conveyed to them by the external impulse which gives rise to their original formation. The process, as a whole, may be compared to the pulsation of the heart with the circulation of the blood. The heart may be regarded as divided into two parts, although these are subdivided and the blood passes through four chambers on every pulsation. While a chamber in one division of the heart is contracting to expel the blood, one of the chambers in the other division is expanding to admit it. In one sense, that of alternation of activity, the opposite actions of the two halves of the heart might be considered rotation. But the real rotation is to be found in the movement of the life fluid or blood, for the circulation of which the contraction and expansion of the heart is intended. Thus in the movements of the heart and of the blood combined we have an example of true vortex motion, which in Nature is always attended with a result analogous to the circulation of the vital fluid.

We have seen that vibratory motion is proper to the atoms of matter in a gaseous condition, and that it may be ascribed to the air, which is a mechanical admixture of the two gases oxygen and

nitrogen. Liquid matter, of which water is the chief example, is a composition of molecules having rotatory motion among themselves, when the liquid is put into undulation or wave movement. If the air contains much water vapor it is liable, when the temperature varies in adjoining areas, to be affected by cyclonic and tornadic disturbances, both of which partake of the vortex character. The two elements of which vortex motion is composed are particularly observable in the tornado, which takes a zigzag path, and also moves up and down, there being usually, moreover, an upward flow of air through a funnel-like aperture forming the central axis of the body, which also rotates on its axis. A little consideration shows, indeed, that all motion has a dual character; apart from the fact that vibration and rotation, the elements of vortex motion, are themselves compositions of two opposite or complementary activities. Motion implies the existence of "something" which moves, and it is found that the motion of the moving body or substance and the motion of direction are opposite in nature. In sound, for example, the motion originated by the initial concussion or explosion is propagated by alternate compressions or condensations and rarefactions of masses of air, giving each in succession vibratory motion to and fro. The motion of *direction* in sound is different. In an open space the undulations to which a sonorous disturbance gives rise run out in all directions from its source, and "if the disturbance is symmetrical about a centre, the waves will be spherical." Usually, however, condensation of the air is produced on one side and rarefaction on the other; but even in this case the inequalities tend to decrease with distance and ultimately disappear. Thus it may be said that in sound the vibratory movement of substance is attended with rotatory motion of direction. Hence it is that sound is said to be able to turn a corner.

The feat here referred to is one which light cannot perform, and hence its dual activity may be supposed to be the opposite to that of sound. As a fact, the rays of light proceed directly from the centre of propagation in every direction, and this path therefore is recti—

linear, instead of being curvilinear as with sound, a difference which is analogous to that between the circumference of a circle and its radius. But the actual movement of the air in sound is rectilinear and that of the etheral medium by which light is conveyed must be regarded as curvilinear. There are, indeed, reasons for believing the light movement of the ether substance to be spiral—that is, an elongated rotation. Hence when the undulations of light are spoken of, reference is made to the *direction* of motion of the light rays and not to its substantive movement. Ether undulation corresponds to gaseous vibration, and we shall not be wrong in looking for an ether movement answering to the rotation of liquid matter. As all motion is some phase or other of vortex motion, the particular phase of it which is complementary to undulation of the ether will be spiralization. This is the motion of direction of gravitation, which is the etheral complementary of light, and the movement of the gravitative substance, therefore, must be rectilinear. Thus "gravitation," which is a name for the principle of concentration, would seem to be the etheral correspondent of sound, in which case light may be supposed to have a similar correspondent, and this can be none other than color, tint and tone thus standing towards each other in a special and definite relation. This relation is statistically, as we have seen, that of the circumference and the radius of a circle, but dynamically that of the geometrical spiral, which when put into mechanical motion represents the vortex, and therefore the several phases of motion shown above to be embraced in that of the vortex—that is, vibration and rotation, undulation and spiralization.

When vortex motion is spoken of, its general reference is usually to physical phenomena. But every one of these phenomena has its psychical representative, and even its spiritual expression, or rather its expression on the spiritual plane. The sun is the centre of vortical motion for our system, and it is also the source of vitality for its planetary existences. Without the heat of the sun there would be no organic life on the earth; or if it existed, it would compare with its present exuberant development in the same ratio as that of the

solar light to the efflorescence of the glowworm. Every living organism is in reality an expression of the vortex activity of the sun, the organism itself becoming a secondary centre from which influence spreads throughout whatever constitutes its environment, affecting other organisms by sympathetic "vibration." This motion has, however, various forms of expression in the organism, answering to the negative and positive phases of vortex activity, and each form has its mental representative. For, mental activity is the accompaniment of vital action, which is exhibited psychically as feeling, consciousness and volition, no less than, physically, as digestion, respiration, or locomotion. Each of the chief functions of the *psyché* or soul—the Intellect, the Feeling and the Will—has its own characteristic form of organic activity. The emotions in which feeling expresses itself are vibratory in their action, as shown by their affecting the organs of breathing, although they may appear in external motion as undulation. The will, on the other hand, may be regarded as representative of the act of rotation, agreeably to its dependence on the action of the heart. When will expresses itself in response to impressions received from without, it is the result of a circulatory activity of another description, in which certain nerves receive the impressions and convey them to the brain from which other nerves convey the response, causing the muscles to give it external expression. The intellectual action of volition, which finds expression in will, has a more complex activity, which is the psychical aspect of vortex motion. Cerebral action in volition or choice is, indeed, vortical, being attended with discrimination among psychical elements and assimilation of those which are the most closely allied, the whole mental process being analogous to the physical operation of food digestion. Mental activity is dependent on the furnishing of a sufficient supply of blood to the brain through heart action, and the condition of the vital fluid is dependent again on the aerating action of the lungs, the activity of both heart and lungs being, on the other hand, due largely to that of the brain, although each organ has its own special phase of vitality and therefore of psychical expression

The organism as a whole, however, must be regarded as a vortex, and the psychic principle, which renders it organic, has true vortical activity, receiving sensory communications which are transmitted directly or indirectly to the chief nervous centre, where they are analyzed and synthesized, that is "digested," and from whence responses are made to whatever part of the organism may be concerned. This operation may be unconsciously performed, but probably before the organism had become habituated to certain classes of sensations every impression received by it was cognized, such impressions gradually moulding the organism and developing the subliminal memory, being re-cognized by it, although not actually recollected as having occurred in past experience.

Although it is possible to imagine a human being swayed by simple vibration or by rotatory action, yet as normally constituted man exhibits in his conduct the result of true vortical activity, that which belongs to the controlling organ of the body, the brain. Plants in their free movement above, although rooted to the ground below, may be said to exhibit vibratory movement, and animals, which have free movement as a whole, as well as of particular organs, in the element to which they belong, may be viewed as showing rotatory activity more especially. To man alone belongs the vortex motion which combines vibration and rotation, and exhibits the inflowing and outflowing of psychic influences, transformed by the operation of the mental vortex which constitutes his special characteristic. This covers the whole province of human life, finding difference of expression, however, according to the field in which the mind is operative.

Each individual forms a subsidiary centre within the general vortex of society, which constitutes his environment and supplies the material for his vortical activity. Action and reaction being equal, the individual vortex must return to society, directly or indirectly through other individuals, as much influence as it has received; not necessarily the same in character, as it is nearly always modified according to the organic disposition of the individual.

Society is made up, moreover, of numerous smaller associations of individuals, such as those which are concerned with education, religion, industry or government, each of which forms a vortex whose influence is felt over a more or less extended area. The general social vortex itself may be represented as the State, with its several governing bodies, the functions of which are concentrated in the head, be this President or Sovereign, who exercises, actually or by delegation, the various powers of the State, and from whom radiate the numerous activities through or by which its vortical action is manifested. The chief of a large industrial organization occupies a position analogous to that of the head of a State, and the organization itself exhibits the centralizing operation, succeeded by blending of materials, with subsequent radiation of products, which characterizes true vortical activity.

This is universal in range; and hence "vibration," which is merely one of the elements of vortex motion, must be restricted to the phenomena which are referred to above as atomic, and which, on the psychic plane, belong to the field of the emotions. It is true that feeling may be refined and raised from the psychical to the spiritual plane. But this is possible only through the substitution of a higher motory principle, the spiritual vorticality, for the vibration of simple emotion. Thus, although it may be accepted as a fact that vibration on the psychic plane appears as desire and enjoyment—where there is no incongruity, which gives pain instead of pleasure—yet it belongs to man's lower nature, that which he possesses in common with the animal, and to get above this it is necessary that vibration should give place to, or at least be controlled by, the vortex motion which furnishes evidence of man's rationality, and elevates him far above the animal plane and makes him "but little lower than the angels."

C. STANILAND WAKE.

"TAKING COLD" AND KINDRED ILLS.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

A world of guessing and speculation is devoted to the matter of taking cold. Sudden exposures and the like are generally supposed to be a principal cause. Yet the Russian peasant and the American Indian will heat themselves in a sweating oven, and then rush out to roll in the snow or plunge into the water which may be icy cold; and this both with impunity and obvious benefit.

In fact we seldom if ever take cold except when weary or depressed in spirit or in physical condition. I have in earlier years, often after rising in the morning, even in midwinter, gone about indoors and out without a coat, and in every instance it was with impunity. Yet a slight exposure of a similar kind at a later time of day or when tired would often be followed by hoarseness, irritation of the membrane of the throat, suppressed perspiration and sometimes even by a feverish condition for hours or days. I was always over-sensitive to changes of temperature, and dislike cold bathing. I detest a cold shower-bath.

Philosophic writers have affirmed that our destiny has made us what we are, and also that we make our destiny. We may make a parallel assertion that the lower temperature afflicts us with colds but that we ourselves cause this to be the case. The real trouble is with the physical condition. We insist that fatigue makes our bodies a nidus or passive receptacle for the external morbific agent. If we are all right in bodily condition every noxious agent will pass us by unscathed. Nobody ever contracted disease, or rather we should say, became diseased, till he became passive and thus was susceptible of it. To talk about prophylactics and preventives is preposterous; the individual is his own protector. If we could avoid fatigue, or could repose and refresh ourselves when we perceive a sensation of being

weary we would seldom or never contract disease. We certainly would avoid taking cold.

Dr. Franklin has given us a very significant hint, which we do well to heed. He could give himself a cold at any time, he says, by eating too hearty a meal. The imperfect digestion with which so many are attended is the cause of the incessant over-secretion of mucous in the membranes, the catarrhs and their concomitants, which go by this designation. Many persons find themselves affected in this way even in the hottest weather of summer, and even more often then, when over-feeding or improper feeding is the real source of mischief, and so they have themselves created the morbid condition. The use of coffee is a frequent cause. I have contracted cold or "hay fever" in the haying-field in summer, and when at work in a field of growing beans. This may be an idiosyncrasy.

A closer study of this matter will show us that the condition of the nervous system is at the foundation of our physical ills as well as of our well-being. This is little else, however, than saying that the state of mind itself is at the core. An experience of my early manhood has gone far to teach me this. A severe bronchial attack and "nervous prostration," as the current fad of speaking calls it, seemed in a fair way to wear away the life itself. The season was cold and other surroundings more or less auxiliary. But the real reason of the trouble was an overpowering depression of spirits resulting from external influences which I did not then understand or know how to escape or resist. Being constantly found fault with whether I was right or wrong and overborne by the cruel despotic will of another had depressed me, till the digestive and nervous functions were impaired. I think that much of the physical suffering which young persons underwent in the "good old time" was a sequence of orthodox training, an endeavoring to "break the will" rather than to develop it aright into normal activity. Much as I admire the grit, the vertebral rigidity and force of Calvinistic people, I have no grateful remembrances of the discipline and theology.

When we are cheerful we are safe from disease; when we are

depressed and downhearted we are in danger. Then, the epidemic or morbific influence in the atmosphere or exhaling from the earth is likely to find in us an "open door." The symptom known as "taking cold" is a common premonitor. There are comparatively few complaints that are not introduced with that antecedent.

Nevertheless, I believe religiously in a wholesomeness of climate and surroundings. An even temperature or well-kept apartment and cleanliness of person are blessings to be prized. When they exist many of the external causes of disease are absent. I have little confidence in the devices or the professions of modern sanitation. I have never been able to ascertain that they checked the invasion of disease or effected any reduction of the average death-rate. In some of the United States the annual mortality has steadily increased since the health officials began operations. But while I smile at the fad which is given as the reason for prohibiting a person from spitting in a car or cabin of a ferry-boat, I am heartily glad for the rule as promotive of cleanliness and decency. For years the men's side of the ferry-boats has been as filthy as a hog-sty, and we had to go to the other cabin for our own comfort at the risk of being maligned for intruding. Hence I enjoy the cleaning of streets and alleys while I discredit the "scientific" reasons which are urged.

The best sanitation consists in having a good aim in life, a hopeful disposition, a purpose to make the best of affairs, and a predilection for being cheerful and contented. We insist in short, that the origin of colds with their sequences, is in the nervous system, and that the healthful condition of the nervous system is more from mental and moral causes than from external agencies.

I do not suppose that an epidemic can be "stamped out." It is from an influence atmospheric and telluric; it has its season and then is followed by another. Many times the particular epidemic influence returns like Asiatic cholera, almost at stated periods; and there is a tendency in diseased conditions to manifest themselves in one form or another according to the epidemic influence that is preponderant. But whatever advantage may be derived from sanita-

tion and hygiene, the moral condition is foremost in its efficacy to protect.

The visitations of influenza which have been experienced are in point. So far as we have observed them, and suffered from the complaint, the attack has been preceded and accompanied by a continual worry, mental depression, and despondency which impaired the vital forces, debilitated the nervous system, and invited morbific activity. Low spirits and hopelessness always impair vitality; we may say more bluntly, they kill.

Our modern ways of living in this day of "progress" and of "Christian civilization" are such as to inflict such conditions upon a large part of the population. In Hawaii men die because their enemies "pray them to death" and they have given up all hope accordingly. In New York the many are dependent on the will of the few for the way to procure a livelihood, and so are worn out with anxiety, and their life made bitter. For charity—the holding of others dear, is not widely exercised.

Pneumonia is a frequent scourge of our climate. New York City of winters is as a hotbed to force its development. So, too, are Boston, Buffalo and Chicago. A winter seldom passes in which it does not rage as an epidemic visitation. The atmosphere, charged with moisture, is in condition to affect all susceptible persons. The complaint responds readily to intelligent care and treatment; nevertheless, from some cause a very large percentage of those who are attacked by it die. Whoever knows much of city life, its uncertainties, its anxieties which wear the spirits and powers of endurance, the hopelessness that so many suffer, must be aware that depressed vital force is a chronic condition inviting the attack. The wonder is not that so many have the complaint, but that there are so few.* Indeed, few ever suffer from grippe or pneumonia, it is safe to affirm, who have not for weeks and perhaps months before, suffered from worry, melancholy and corroding anxiety. The tedious perio-

* Francis Galton affirms that cancer, which is now so rapidly on the increase is chiefly due to mental shock and depression of spirits.

of debility which remains after the violence of the attack has abated, and the uncertainty which, with influenza, exists in relation to actual recovery are strong, not to say irrefutable testimony that the cause of the distemper is as much mental and moral as due to climate, weather, and exposure.

Soldiers, and especially prisoners of war, are subject to disease far beyond persons in the common walks of life. They in fact suffer less in active service. The bullets of the enemy are far less dangerous than the monotony of camp-life. Hence an army is always liable to epidemic disease. No sanitary device or expedient has yet kept off typhoid, smallpox or dysentery. Perhaps we shall have to wait till the period that the Hebrew prophets dreamed of, when nations shall not learn war any more, for these diseases to cease to afflict human beings. Cleanliness can do much, sunshine is better by far, and exercises have a healthful tendency, but the necessary crowding of men into close proximity, the homesickness, the hopelessness and the recklessness that is engendered, are more than any precautions that are not substantially moral.

The condition of the nervous system regulates the temperature of the body. When we are hopeful, or actuated by strong motive, we are warm enough. The affections in full play keep us in tone. This may be called the result of excitation, but it is a wretched way of explaining. That scientific knowledge which consists in a vocabulary of names for phenomena, outside of their causes is a sorry affair.

Plato in the *Kharmides* tells of incantation or music as a mode of cure. "Our King Zamolxis who is a god," his Thracian declares, "says that as it is not proper to attempt to cure the eyes without the head nor the head without the body, so neither is it proper to cure the body without the soul; for when this is not in a good condition it is impossible for a part to be well. For all things proceed from the soul, both the good and the bad, to the body and to the whole man, and flow from thence from the head to the eyes. And he added, that the soul was cured by certain incantations; and that

these were beautiful utterances; and that such temperance or self-control was generated in the soul, which, when generated and present, can impart health, both to the head and to the rest of the body."

In short, the best preventive is, as has been already suggested, a cheerful mind, firm conviction and purpose inspired by principle. Firm resolve alone often drives away disease. It is one's salvation to refuse to be worried. The passive, negative condition, the drifting habit is next to inoculating one's self with a virus, and should be got rid of as we would refuse infection from any cause.

We do not by any means repudiate pure living, hygiene, cleanly habits, and all such things. We are for them all, with an abundance of sunshine superadded, as excelling them all. The words of Jesus may be parodied to express our sentiment: "You tithe the mint, and the rue and every kind of herb, and omit the divine judgment and charity; these last things one ought to do, not leaving the former ones neglected." It is well to observe the proper requirements of good living, care for health with its conditions, which are negative virtues; but before them all the inner life with its full force of will and intelligence should be brought to bear. Minor things may be regarded but also neglected in straits; but the weightier matters, never. The true laws of health do not consist simply in food and drink, but in the positive things of life. It is mind that rules there as elsewhere.

Medical men have erred by ignoring the relations of moral fault and disease; the new Healing Art will not merely embrace but consist of moral therapeutics.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRUDGERY.

BY HENRY NELSON BULLARD, M. A.

A good deal of attention is being paid, just at present, to the question of the influence upon the individual of what we commonly consider the lower occupations of life. In certain kinds of work we find a decided tendency toward the deadening of those instincts in man which would naturally urge him to progress. Among the peasantry in portions of Europe we find the level of the class lowered by the lack of impetus to change. The passage of generations has increased the tendency to acquiescence. Year after year of the same dull routine, without any ideal to lighten the inner life, day after day of struggle for a bare existence, has not only affected the individual, but has prepared a terrible inheritance for those yet unborn. The history of the lower classes in France during the last century shows how their condition continued to gain more and more momentum. This meant that year by year a greater power was necessary to start the change, but once begun, the advance was irresistible. In our own land certain walks of life seem to lead directly and almost unavoidably to the rumshop and to the most active agencies of degradation. The result is that we have a problem to face which is not only tremendous in its effects but deep in its philosophy.

For a long time intemperance has rightly been considered to be one of the most dangerous of the evils which threaten this class of men. Agitation has been constant, often misdirected it is true, but with most valuable results. Many consecrated lives have been given to studying this question and to enacting and enforcing laws. Such labors deserve the highest praise for what has been done, but in attacking the liquor habit these reformers have not penetrated far enough in their examination of conditions. Their greatest success has come where they unconsciously based their work on a greater principle.

Of late years far-reaching agitation has arisen under the name of socialism. Coming from the lower classes it demands attention, and

has received it. In spite of the excesses of the socialists and kindred agitators, in spite of their selfish and thoughtless demands and decisions, the growing interest in these questions has hastened the development of the study of sociology. A great deal has been done toward the realization of the magnitude of the problem and in the way of ameliorating conditions in certain localities, but still the root of the matter has not been unearthed. Sociology deserves even a higher place than it has yet gained among the sciences. It has before it more than is now behind. Its best work is to be done, both subjectively and objectively, in the future. When the reasons for the present unsatisfactory conditions are discovered, then sociology will find its greatest opportunity in building upon new and firm foundations. The superstructure of a regenerated society must stand on bedrock.

These and similar great movements of thought are of more value than is generally admitted, yet the permanence of their effect is dependent upon the underlying principle. It is in the field of experiment to try various remedies to see whether they will work, when the diagnosis is not clear. Until some tangible causes are found the great question will not be settled. Present conditions and tendencies are results, not causes. It is true that the use of liquor has again and again brought men down from a high level to sin and destruction; and the great battleground where intemperance wins its most signal victories is among the degraded, unhappy, sin-sick souls who know not what joy and peace really are. Intemperance is not the primary cause of their misery; it is rather a result. If every saloon in the United States were closed misery would be greatly diminished, but crime would not be appreciatively decreased unless the plans of the reformers go deeper into the problem than that.

It has often been suggested that the man who has been coarsened by drudgery has reached his present state and continues there because he is without chances which are due to him as a man. Philanthropy steps up to him and offers the advantages deemed his right. The success of this method is claimed on the evidence of cases where the object of interest has climbed to a higher station in life. A failure

to fit into the new surroundings is always branded as base ingratitude. This principle is wrong, and the favorable results proceed from other elements which enter into the new relations. Of itself the change of surroundings is utterly insufficient to change the nature of man. Under certain conditions the new surroundings will make the desired change possible, and these conditions must be examined and understood before our formulated methods can avail to radically modify existing conditions. We find cases where the Indian who has been educated in our learning and surrounded with the highest advantages, lapses back suddenly into his bloodthirsty habits. Our Southern negro, furnished with American culture, finds himself, with but few exceptions, lacking the American impulse. He is not an American white man; he is only a negro above his own people and looking down upon them. He can no longer sympathize with them and he is not able to breathe freely in the mental atmosphere of his teachers. Many a boy from the slums finds that intellectual training serves only to teach him how to use the unscrupulous powers which his early life has developed. There is no power in increased knowledge and improved surroundings to do more than adapt previously formed habits and accomplishments to the new method of living and the higher strata of society. Taken by itself education will not change anything but the outside, nor will environment. A man may be forced by public opinion, in a new place of residence, to give up certain habits which he has formed elsewhere, but he is the same man and capable of exactly as much evil as before. Monsieur le Bon, in his "Psychology of Peoples," has justly criticized the tendency to believe that national character can be changed by education.

There are two methods employed to-day in reaching those who hold the lowest positions in the army of workers, which have in them elements of success, because they are more philosophical in their treatment. Education, which is mainly industrial, seeking not to raise men above the level of their race or class, but to fit them for useful work in their place, is logical in its philosophy. The best known instance is the work with the negroes of America. The

schools which are sending out graduates who are fitted to do honest work and, at the same time, have gained interests which give them pleasant occupation for their hours of rest, are successful. Temptation is greatly lessened for such men and their lives find a happiness which was not possible before and which gives them an inspiration. Such schools are founded on the principle that it is not enough to remove evil influences from a person, but that good thoughts and purposes must be given to him or he will find the evil. Here we are working not to destroy institutions, but to build up men. Professor Shailer Mathews emphasizes the need of individualistic methods in our work for these classes. They must be fitted along the lines of their strength to take their places in the line of battle. On that basis, sociology may well study how to better the condition of those whose lives have been narrowed by continual drudgery.

But there is a step further which we can take. The principle on which this work rests is correct, but it is incomplete. Not only must the surroundings of a man be bettered and his mind filled with new purposes and plans, but these new purposes must be of the sort that will last. If we could all take the next step and admit that the training necessary to make a permanent change must be a religious training, then the solution of the problem would be simple. If, in connection with mechanical, classical or higher education, the germs of true religion are planted in the slowly awakening heart, there will be no longer any danger of raising the man above the level of his natural associates and developing a feeling of disdain.

All the world over there are peasants, mechanics, traveling men, railroad men, who are broken in spirit because of the narrowness of their lives and the contracted horizon of their vision and their society. Again, we find men in the same lines of work who are not in the least disheartened and crushed. The external conditions are the same; the difference is within. We may rejoice that there are not a few, even in the lowest grades of world-service, who have in their lives something higher than the material grime and dust of their ceaseless and changeless toil. When a man or a boy is taken from a

life of drudgery and placed in new and clean surroundings, if he drop off the deceit and dishonesty of a past career, it is not because of the new light and warmth without, but because of a new light and warmth within. The solution of the social problem of to-day lies in the study of the heart of man and not in the study of his surroundings. When we can find how to reach within and set forces to work which will give him new ideals or often ideals where there were none before, then we can help him by our attention to his surroundings. Often external changes may awake the needed desires, but we must study these external elements in the light of the inner nature of the man and not in themselves.

There have been many times in years past when those who were beneath have risen to right their wrongs when the drudgery became too severe. Anarchy followed inevitably. In breaking the bonds that galled them, bonds often of their own forging, they destroyed forms of government which they did not understand, being utterly ignorant of where the cause of their condition lay. To-day we realize that, through ignorance, a multitude of our human brothers are dwarfing their intellects, stultifying their God-given powers and missing the happiness that might abound. Never was there a better opportunity for us who are above to anticipate the ill-aimed and destructive efforts of those below and help them, rather than strive to repress by force the uprising which, if it comes, will be terrible in its destruction.

There is a philosophy of drudgery on the principle of which all true theories must rest. The rise of sociology as a science has been wonderful in its rapidity and thus has dazzled many an eye. Not a few mental microscopes are so delicately adjusted to view that subject that its relations are neglected. Sociology should be related to the philosophy of character as psychology is to pure philosophy. We see clearly the effect of drudgery upon character. When we can know the reasons and can see where the difficulty lies, then we can formulate the correct plans for modifying present conditions.

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DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

EGYPTIAN NATURE, ART AND GARDENING.

If one wants to indulge in the depth of human feeling for nature, let him go to the most ancient Hindu poetry and its religious symbols. But if one wants to touch that feeling in its historical form, let him go to the Valley of the Nile. In that valley is to be found the oldest known forms of a national art, and moreover it is a thorough picture of the psychic life of the people. It does not exhibit so great contrasts as the Hindu art because the Egyptian landscape is not so full of contrasts as that of India. All life and all art in Egypt, one can almost say, turns upon and around the Nile, "that gift to Egypt." Even this our age of discovery is not quite sure of the origin of that river. Molten snow, we are told, starts it, but we do not know much of the process beyond the legend which tells that "on a certain night when the spring sun has melted the snow on the high mountains, a drop of dew falls from the clear nightsky upon the melting snow and ice and causes a stream to start. That stream is the Nile." That night the Egyptians spend out of doors, either on the roofs of their houses or in the free and open country. They enjoy themselves and watch eagerly for the stream to rise. It is a New Year's feast. Later in the year, in July, when the heat lies heavy upon the landscape and the lotus sprouts and blossoms, they know for sure that the savior of the land has been born. When the sun is at his worst (as they feel, but dare not say) the river has reached its highest. Then

the people dig canals through the dams and open all sluices to let the waters overflow the lowlands. Soon the land is submerged and only the cities and high places rise above the stream, and, upon this are now seen numerous boats and floats of all descriptions on which the people live and communicate with each other. In September the river sinks and the lowlands are full of the most fruitful mud, in which they sow the seed and without further labor furnishes them a life support. Already Herodotus has told us, that there is no land in the world in which the people live on easier terms. They neither plow nor spade nor reap with hard labor.

Of the river Herodotus tells us, that he never met any one who professed to know its sources, except the treasurer at the temple of Neith at Saïs. He told Herodotus that the sources of the Nile rose between the two mountains Crophi and Mophi and that Psammitichus had proved these to be bottomless by letting down a rope several thousand fathoms long and not reaching the bottom. His description of the extent, current and meandering of the river is too long to be given here and it is unnecessary. If the reader is to profit at all by this geography, he can readily picture the flow of the river the moment he has discovered what the two mountains Crophi and Mophi signify. The whole story of the Nile is a myth. It is true enough in the main features to actual geographical facts; and for that reason it serves so admirably the purpose of the myth, the object of which is to teach a correspondence between the configuration and meaning of certain parts of the human body and the great universe. Can the reader discover the meaning of the riddle? All Egypt's art depends upon it, or rather, is of a similar nature. It is like the Sphinx, half brute and half human; like the Nile, half fancy and half fact; and truly it is as one of the Hermetic books declared "wholly incredible to later generations." This "half and half" is a sign of its profound meaning and not a defect. It is correct symbolism of the actual facts of existence.

The Egyptian conception of art was that it should be an outer, sensuous expression of the inner conceptions formed by mind. This

symbolism has often been pointed out in their architecture and their religious designs, hieroglyphics, etc., but rarely has Egyptian gardening been studied as an expression of their art ideas, and yet gardening, of all arts, is the most expressive of a man's and a nation's mental and moral worth. It is rather singular that this study should have been overlooked, especially by those who desire to show us what the garden of Paradise really was *and is*. Some of these students have come near that which seems a true solution, yet they never mention the Egyptian symbol of the stream and Egypt's gardens, nor all the conceptions which sprung from them.

A garden is a "between-ity"; it is a part of heaven and a part of earth. In the garden the two poles are mediated. Beauty is there "half-concealed and half-revealed"; it has therefore been said that it is "a memorial of Paradise lost and the pledge of Paradise regained." A garden was to the Egyptian a miniature of Egypt, and Egypt was "the cradle of the world." In the garden the dweller on the Nile learned practically the lesson of the temple. What the priest taught inside of stone walls or on temple platforms under the open sky, that the common husbandman and gardener saw directly before his own eyes: the mutability of things, but also their immortal growth. He was no worse off than the priest, painter or architect. His material possessed motion, theirs did not; and that was a tremendous advantage over their arts. He was also better off than the musician and the poet, for he had color and form before his eyes, while they had to create them before they could use them. The daily vision of the garden's fruitfulness suggested to him that man was "he who sprang up like a flower." The Greeks may have learned that from the Egyptian gardener, for they too called men *ανθρωπος*. Generation and re-generation, child-mystery and Messiah-mystery are the lessons of the garden. But there is another side of gardening besides the natural. Walter Scott truly said that "nothing is more the child of art than a garden," and another has called it "the white man's poetry." We make the garden what it is; it is our "pre-established harmony" revealed, hence we show our friends into the garden; the beloved

maiden takes the lover there for solitude, for fragrance and for poetry. In the garden we dine and we seek the cool shades in summer with our book or the warm nooks in winter to bask in the sun and to be sheltered against the cold winds. A perfect garden has a well and from that spring we drink and think our waters fresher than any other water. If *we* do not do this it is *our* fault. Great men have done so and still do so. Epicurus, Bacon, Cowley and Pope together with Virgil and ancient Kalidasa sought inspiration in gardens. All the Sufi poets speak and dream of nothing so often as of gardens. Thoreau, however, solitary and *un*-human in so many respects, considered a garden "but nature debauched, and all art sin." He preferred nature's "unpremeditated art" and could not understand the deliberate, contrived thing, the garden, which is so much the more singular, as he looked for symbolism everywhere.

Plant life and plant forms from the Nile Valley and from the garden and its surroundings are seen everywhere in Egyptian decorations. It might be said that all Egyptian architecture, especially in the later Theban period, is a reproduction of nature forms. In the old kingdom of Memphis the lotus is seen everywhere, and there is nowhere any *one* symbol more expressive of a garden than the lotus. This symbol is seen on architectural surfaces as far back as 2,300 years B.C. Next to it come the papyrus and palm as symbols. Especially at Edfu and on the island of Philæ do we find Egyptian art to be true to nature.

We possess illustrations of Egyptian villas and their gardens. The garden at Nakhtminan's villa is entered through a monumental brick gateway, but the main entrance is only opened on state occasions. The daily "going in and going out" is through a portal direct and it is planted with trees. The garden itself is full of flowers and their essences. Says Maspero: "As soon as the threshold is crossed one comprehends why the pious Egyptian hopes that his soul, as its supreme felicity, will return to sit under the trees he has planted." In all this there is an evident symbolism and we can see how it has sprung from an enthusiasm, which, as Emerson has remarked, is the

origin of all art. The art of gardening and the love of the garden has its root in man's enthusiasm for the woodland world, the sweetness and color of flowers, the contour of the land, the music of leaves and waters and home-feeling that come with these influences.

The Egyptians did not develop a subjective art, hence their paintings are decorative and very realistic, but that the poetic sentiment was not lost is evident, for instance, from a love song found on the Turin papyrus. A lover has planted a sycamore and describes it to her lover, saying:

"It is charming and attractive; its leaves are greener and more lovely than those of the papyrus; it is loaded with desirable fruit and is redder than ruby. It has leaves, the color of which are [light] like glass and its stem is like opal. Its shades are cooling."

This essay, or these notes rather, are symbolical because the subject of Egyptian art is symbolical. Will the reader please bear this in mind while reading? C. H. A. B.

THE DECADENT DRAMA.

It is a sign of hope that a man like Clement Scott dares to say what he thinks on so important a subject as the drama. In a world so full of signs of decadence and degeneration one feels refreshed by reading what he said the other day in the New York *Herald's* Sunday edition, and one rejoices that at least one newspaper will open its pages to so solemn a protest. In the drama of to-day, he says:

"Patriotism of a true and noble kind has taken the place of jaundiced pessimism; enthusiasm and energy have given the slip to the culture of affection; sentiment is no longer laughed to scorn. Poetry and passion, and honorable deeds and humanity, and the love and devotion of good women and the chivalry and bravery of strong men, will come back to us when the smoke of gunpowder and the hideous din of battle have blown away the divorce court dramas, the 'ménage à trois tragedies, the degenerate and decadent plays, the snap-shot impressionist pictures of unhealthy life, the cheap, false epigrams and the morbid anatomy and physiological studies that have superseded a healthier, purer and truer drama."

My only objection to all this is that Clement Scott says that the New *is* here. I cannot say that that is true of America as yet, though I hope it soon will be true; nor is it quite true as yet of England, though there the signs of a renaissance are seen more clearly. With him I hope that the present crisis England is passing through shall purify the atmosphere and show us artists who represent a grander purpose, a nobler mission and a truer life, because the public mind shall have been purified and men's hearts shall have been set upon higher things. A long and profound peace, too great riches, want of action and certain anæmic phases of civilization have been the cause of the present decadence. Superficiality and artificiality have taken the place of deep feeling and true estimation of life; hence we have seen so much unloveliness and grim repulsive realism on the stage. Real comedy has given way to burlesque and the tragedy is condemned as sentimentalism, foolishness, and is said to be bad for the nerves. It is to be hoped that soon a system of moral sanitation shall be introduced and that plays shall be acted which show that vice and crime must meet with grief and punishment, while the good shall triumph. We call for a sound optimism to drive out the hopeless, despairing and pessimistic scenes that pass over the boards. We pray that the mask may be torn from the face of all that impurity which parades as art on our stage. We demand that the human figure when exhibited in its natural form be represented by fine and high-class models and that *simplicity* take the place of *suggestiveness*. We do not want flashlight exhibitions of nudeness, but the full and free, open and honest human nature. Instead of sensuous music at all times we want sometimes to hear tones "from above" and be lifted by vibrations of pure melody. Some of us could spare the red lights and would prefer the white or colder blue rays thrown upon the stage from time to time, when the opportunity is there. Altogether when we leave the modern theatre we feel too hot in the head and have too much fever in the blood. Who shall save us? "Watchman, what of the night?"

C. H. A. B.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

A SYMBOLISM.

Eros awoke. It was morning and it was spring. The roses opened their eyes and exhibited a glorious countenance, not rivaled in brilliancy by the plumes of humming birds flying about. He was but a child. He spread his wings and arose above the flowers and their fresh perfume. He sang, but his voice was weak.

The day arose to fuller power and the sky deepened its blue. Eros left the dewy roses, and, the humming birds at the distance looked only like firelights. He flew towards countries of the mid-day sun. He grew silent and meditative. His flight was feverish and hasty. He pressed his hands against his breast and seemed to swoon. His mother, the golden Aphrodite, saw him from the snow-covered tops of Olympus.

"Oh, my child, my child—is he sick?"

Then the grave Themis made answer; she, the unchangeable goddess of fate; and her smile froze as she spoke: "He seeks his brother, but he does not know it."

Aphrodite pleaded: "Oh, Themis, Themis, let him go!"

But Themis laughed silently and pointed her finger towards Eros. Eros opened his wings fully and flew off swiftly like an arrow shot from the bow. Vaguely he guessed that far off a winged elf came to meet him and he cried aloud for joy. His wings were now no more like delicate pink rose-leaves; they were large and strong and his flight was audible. He winged his way towards his brother—his young brother, Anteros. His brow grew darker and a furrow disturbed its peaceful contours. His eyes grew deeper and thoughtful. He left the sphere of the earth behind him and ascended through clouds as one walks through a garden.

Anteros! Anteros! he cried loud and with outstretched hands.

Anteros! Anteros!

But only the evening wind answered him and whistled by his ears

I long for thee, Anteros! Will you not answer? Anteros!

—Eros!—answered the echo from afar. Hear, oh hear, he answers! Anteros! Anteros!

—Eros! Eros! came again the answer.

But it was night now and an icy rain fell in torrents. Eros did not care. His own inner warmth supported him. Suddenly he came upon an immense rock and was obliged to change his course suddenly, lest he be dashed to pieces in the dark night and against immovable Necessity.

Anteros! Brother Anteros!

—Eros! —Eros! Ah! There he is! and eagerly Eros flew into the dark cave, whence seemed to come the sounds and the brotherly answer. But he cut his wings against the icy sides and an impenetrable darkness enshrouded him. On the rock in the innermost part sat a great unhuman figure, wrapped in fog, with empty eyesockets and open, grinning mouth. It was Anteros!

Anteros! cried Eros.

This answer came upon the echo

—Eros! Eros fell down dead.

(Translated from the Danish of Harold Kidde in "Tilskueren"—September, 1899—by C. H. A. B.)

Without spiritual insight there is no real science, but rather a scientific eclipse. Even our acts, when directed by considerations from such science, lead to ill results.—*Wieland.*

Words are simply the signs, they are not the vehicles of thought. Like signs, they convey nothing; they only suggest. One man having a certain mental experience, hoists, as it were, a signal like ships at sea, whereby he would make suggestion of it to another; and if the mental experience of that other be somewhat akin to this, which, by virtue of that kindred, can interpret its symbol—then only, and to the extent of such interpretation, does communication occur. But the mental experience itself, the thought itself, does not pass; it only makes the sign.—*D. A. Wasson.*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMAN.

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMAN. By Laura Marholm. Translated by Georgia A. Etchison. Herbert S. Stone & Company. Chicago and New York, 1899.

Laura Marholm writes well and frankly about woman and certainly elucidates much of woman's psychology by her own methods. But I fear to enter upon a discussion with her on so profound a subject. I, for my part, know so little on the subject, and it is itself only so recently explored, that it would be wise to wait awhile. In the meantime, I may entertain the reader by extracts from the book. They are both characteristic of woman at large, and also of Laura Marholm in particular. Here are some examples of style, observation and reasoning:

This is the first attempt at a Psychological Study of Woman which has been laid before the public by a woman. That such a work is undertaken from the feminine side might of itself be well taken as a contribution to the psychology of woman, and will doubtless, by earnest and competent critics, be so considered.

THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

And the women of to-day? The women who are now in their prime; the women at the two great turning-points of woman's life—the woman of thirty and the woman of forty years; the woman in whom, but a short time before, that great musical symphony of love was first intoned, and the woman of forty, in whom this music rises once more like a foaming cascade and then slowly sinks and ebbs and dies away?

To comprehend the woman of to-day in her typical and at the same time perfect development, to grasp her in the most prominent phases of her existence, to read the secrets of her inner and concealed experience, to observe the pulsation of her blood and the vibrations of her soul, to watch the activity of her organs behind the rigorous corset of convention and training, to see how her personality gradually outgrows and bursts this corset, and how the individual demands break the thread of society's puppet-play, and the woman bursts forth from the lady—that were worth our pains! * * *

But how read this hidden writing?—how open these concealed and locked chambers?

Woman leads a life of concealment. Her whole education is nothing

but a concealment of the woman from herself. The mother hides from her little daughter the girl within the child; the school hides from the growing girl the woman within the maiden. Formerly maidenhood was considered a mystery; now it is a mystification. Formerly the girl growing to woman's estate knew everything which she could understand, and her own maidenhood set very clearly the limits of this understanding. In this day of benevolent humanity and saving education she must, of all things, know the least of that which she instinctively understands; the great human and educational problem of all girls' schools in the rearing of women to sexlessness.

It must not be overlooked that Laura Marholm is a European, a German, and naturally expressed the psychology of Europe.

About men she says much that is pertinent at the present day, also in this country. This for instance:

The most frequent masculine types of the present are the barbarian and the decadent. The barbarian—the un-complex, great, strong, healthy, good fellow, with the heart of a child and the nerves of a buffalo, takes note of nothing—it is his peculiar characteristic—and therefore generally tumbles into his love affairs. If he is fortunate he marries a mop, rusticates with her, and begets many children who also rusticate; but if he is unfortunate he gets caught in one of the many outstretched devil-fish arms of the détraquée.*

The détraquée is altogether "the great attraction" for the man of to-day. In the race for the man she has only one rival—the correct and formal beauty, with the pure line and expressionlessness of a Greek statue and the temperament of a prize cow. This rival, however, is pleasing only to the barbarian; the decadent can make nothing of her. To call his jaded manhood into activity, impressions more direct and exciting are needed than the large passive beauty can bestow.

The détraquée supplies all this. Her wanton curiosity, her constant longing, inflame the decadent and appeal directly to his sensuality; but her cowardice and disinclination to satisfaction drive her ever from attack to flight, and no sooner has she retreated than she stretches forth her antennæ and gropes for him again. To see man burning—that is what she lives upon; if she cannot have this atmosphere about her she becomes sallow, hollow-cheeked and hysteric. And the more localized the sensuality of the man, the more does this kind of charm

* Disordered; unbalanced.

work upon him. The détraquée is never beautiful, seldom pretty, but "she has something about her;" we call her "piquante" and we meet her in all assemblies and in all classes of society.

Of the men we hear her say again:

* * * there is nothing more frequent, in our very modern life, than the union of these two types in one person—the barbarian-decadent; the man who in his perceptive faculties has still the barbarian's lack of delicacy, but who, so far as women are concerned, reacts only upon decadent stimuli. We meet him in private and in public, and in modern literature he is typical.

The man of this unfortunate mixed type, who is not content with himself and therefore at one time reproaches woman and at another the social conditions, is so frequent among our great and small "great men" that the fortunate, fully developed individual seems not to come under consideration at all. The larger part of the literature of the day dealing with sexual problems, the struggle between the sexes, the dissatisfaction with women, the mysterious, sphinx-like characteristics of woman, has—with a very few exceptions—attained to no greater depth than the level from which the decadent, be he poet-barbarian or barbarian-poet, draws his bilious pessimism, and to which he himself is held fast by his personal limitations.

Frau Marholm's delineation of "the grande amoureuse" and the type "the cérébrale" of woman are strong and to the point. They are, however, more frequent in France than in the United States.

La grande amoureuse suggests not, as in olden times, boundless devotion, what Stendhal calls the "love passion"—l'amour passion—but the instability of love. La cérébrale is for them the woman who loves with her head and not with her heart, the woman whose sexual sensibility needs mental consent, who must have reasons for loving. In the word détraquée, they understand those who show a perverted instinct, the minute, hidden beginning of perversion. This interpretation of these words is somewhat local—Parisian; something is breathed into them by use, by the disposition of the French people, which they lose as soon as they are transplanted to other soils.

The cérébrale is a very frequent type among "intellectual" women. She is the clever, cool, irreproachable wife, with an atmosphere of distinction, purity and fresh cleanliness about her. She is the young girl with the intellectual expression and frank, open, friendly features.

She is the widow who, after the death of her husband, grows younger, brighter, more graceful, looks happier and yet does not take a step beyond the limits of widowhood. She is the ripe maiden with the mute glance which does not reciprocate, and lips which speak good, sensible, unprejudiced things. As mother, she is the lady who is completely engrossed with educational cares for her children, and who takes her husband into consideration chiefly as the father of her children and the holder of a position.

This is love-wisdom and heart psychology:

The more heterogeneous and unsettled a civilization is, the more difficult becomes the realization of love, for woman. Every civilization inculcates a definite ideal of feeling and action.

We have sought for nearly a hundred years to develop in our women a false womanliness, not only outwardly but inwardly, physically and psychically.

In consequence, love has become less and less a blind instinct to which woman yields without conditions or exactions. For the cultivated woman of to-day, love is no longer a compelling force. By her "culture" she is thoroughly saturated with all sorts of men's ideas, and has thereby imbibed something of masculine judgment and criticism of men. She has in addition her own instruments of instinct, and with these she quickly perceives which man among men stands upon the level where for her man and love become possible.

I must come to a close. Let me do it by an extract on happiness:

"We wish to be happy!"—It is the cry of the age. * * *

We, like the ancients, seek enjoyment and sensation. Mankind has never done otherwise; we have never had in our unconscious consciousness any other cause for existence. But in this century something new has been added, something which was never before so openly avowed, never set itself up so insolently and self-assertingly; this is the declaration—We will be happy!

This is something different from the old, intermittent, noisy desire for pleasure and excitement, with collapses and inertia, allowing every yoke to be put upon its neck through long periods. This is something always awake, something integral, something which no momentary satisfaction can appease; which demands a satisfaction entire and constant, a lasting condition, and which pre-supposes awakened personalities.

I will be happy! That is the cry of modern individualism, and it was not raised till now. To be happy—it never occurred to our grandfathers nor grandmothers to demand that! Their creed was expressed thus: "One must thank God if he is not unhappy." Unhappiness was for them the positive, happiness a negative thing, which only now and then took fleeting shape in some stroke of fortune. * * *

The yearning for happiness, for personal, individualized, richly variable and permanent happiness, intones itself at the close of this parting century in millions of souls, upon a deep ringing sounding-board of the durability of happiness. And as a general broad, swinging wave always precedes the single vibration, so the idea of the durability of happiness must first rise in millions of hearts and swell to a wave mountain, ere it can break in a single poet-soul and roll out in a great song of Life in Happiness.

This conception of a happiness which is not covered by the ideas of enjoyment and sensation, is now penetrating all classes, and wherever it appears it causes a condition of gnawing dissatisfaction with all that now is, accompanied by depressed vital energy. It is the longing for unity that leaps forth, and meeting nothing but disunion, withdraws again. The craving for happiness is the source of our disgust with life; the hopelessness of creating for themselves a unified existence drives thousands to suicide. In this desire for a condition of happiness is manifested an individualized inner life which was formerly unknown, an intensely personal soul-absorption which we do not find earlier than the close of this century. Formerly life was a struggle with circumstances, with many adventures and happenings; or a mental dog's sleep with automatic performances—this latter being especially the daily life of women. Now man strives for an inner coherence of his ego, for a continuous satisfaction of his whole personality, for a more lasting, more tranquil, richer comfort within himself; and out of this springs his longings for a happy condition. And as woman always follows at the heels of man and differentiates in his footsteps, there arises in her also the desire for a state of happiness. * * * * * * And in millions of women's souls rises the silent, unconscious cry: "Give us the happiness to live out our woman nature; that is for us the one, the only happiness!"

Aloud, they say—"Give us the right to play an active part."

C. H. A. B.

THE BRONZE BUDDHA.

THE BRONZE BUDDHA: A MYSTERY. By Cora Linn Daniels. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1900.

It might be said that the main idea of this book is not entirely original; at any rate it resembles very much Lessing's drama, *Nathan the Wise*, and through that Boccaccio's story of *The Three Rings*. Sylvia Romaine has undertaken to search for the Bronze Buddha. She inherits from her father a ring which shall prove to her when she has found the true Buddha, and that Buddha is an image of the Enlightened one and is lost from the subterranean cave under a temple in which the priest kept it as the magic power which gave them riches and honor for their temple. Prince Mihira, who is a cousin of Sylvia, without her knowledge, has also a ring, and it is given him by the Highpriests, and is said to be the ring that can find the Buddha. It is, however, a duplicate. He searches as vigorously as Sylvia for the Buddha because of the promise that "such shall become the ruler of the earth" who possesses the image. Only the right ring leads to that power and the proof of the right ring is found in the fact that the face engraved on it fits exactly counter features "underneath the hand of the image which holds the scroll." This is the ring story of the Bronze Buddha. Now hear the same story in Lessing's rendering: A devoted father had three sons, to each of whom he in secret promised his magic ring which had the power to make the owner master of the earth and ruler over the other brothers. Before he died, however, he hid the true ring and gave in secret to each son a duplicate. The true ring was lost, and, when he died each of the three sons produced their rings claiming power and sovereignty. None of the rings appeared to have the promised power and the judge, before whom they brought their dispute, sent them out into the world to test the power of the rings, declaring that the true one would fit exactly to the circumstances of the case and give the owner the highest powers on the earth. He also gave it as his opinion

that the true ring was lost. Lessing uses the story for controversial purposes. The three rings signify Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism, three imitations of the true religion, which is lost.

The author of the Bronze Buddha has keyed the story in highest and purest notes. She describes only pure lives and gives them a Buddhistic-idealistic setting. It is, however, not at all clear why the personalities of the story are Buddhistically inclined. The prince might as well have been a Catholic Italian or Spaniard; instead of the Bronze Buddha we might have had a Bronze Madonna, and if the religious sayings had been taken from some Catholic book of devotion, the plot and its development could have been exactly the same. Literature of the highest order requires that form and contents shall harmonize; that they shall shape each other by inner necessity. This is not done in the Bronze Buddha. There is certainly no Buddhistic world renunciation connected with the search after the Bronze Buddha. Sylvia and the prince both want the image for "an inheritance." If our author failed on this important point, we can forgive her because she has said so much which is true about love. She teaches that true love enlarges and broadens nature and lifts life into something, and, she has understood that there can only be love where there is *sameness* of nature. Love is the expression of the *sameness* of two souls. Affinity is a term which expresses a fundamental similarity. Such teachings are frequent in the book. In these may be found the reason for the subtitle of the book: a mystery; there is no other. C. H. A. B.

Discriminating observation must comprehend that *Eternity is a fact of our moral life;* and being so, the lovers of the good in this world ought to grasp at the opportunity to propagate this doctrine. It is not only the truth, but a salvation. It not only draws away from barren intellectual application, but it constitutes an element of the elevation of mankind. Whosoever takes delight in this, whosoever feels Eternity in himself, ought to rejoice, and not oppose the halt and uncertain utterance of faint conviction to the encomium and earnestness of forcible persuasion.—*Lindorme.*

The Home Circle.

OPEN COLUMN.

Edited by Elizabeth Francis Stephenson and Eva Best.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

REFLECTIONS.

Dear People, did you ever stop to think how much the world is like a looking-glass? Stand and confront it and it reflects your moods, be they bright and amiable, or dull and morose.

Look upon it frowningly, and it fails not to frown back at you. See no good in it, and it reflects only evil. Raise your hand to do it battle, and it lifts a threatening fist. Curl your lips scornfully, and haughty and disdainful is the glance it gives. Turn your back upon it, and it shows you utter indifference.

But face it gaily, and it laughs with you. Wreathe your lips in smiles and it shows you its merriest dimples. Hold out your arms to it, and it stands ready to embrace you.

See no evil in it, and it reflects purity and goodness only, and

every sunny look, every gracious action is caught in its bevel's prisms, and turned into flashes of light agleam with the richest hues of the rainbow.

Be glad, and gladness comes. Make manifest the divinity within you, and you shall see the glory of all that is good put to rout the illusions of blackness and despair.

Let your light shine, and the radiance which is your own will reflect itself upon you from those about you upon whom its lustre falls.

Be fearless, be bright, be glad, be good, with that goodness which is the God within you, and the world will not only reflect the State of Being upon yourself, but upon those who are your brothers.

For what else are you good? For what else are you glad—for what else are you living? Your brother is yourself and for him and his needs you exist. For him you do the world's work; for his elevation you climb to heights, which he, in due time, must gain. For him you face the foes of peace; for him forget self. And in him, no matter what his condition, you see and recognize yourself. In the errors from which he is now suffering, you discover those into which you, yourself, once fell. In the crystal mirror the world spreads before you, the mysteries of your own life stand revealed.

The same human heart—ignorant because of its innocence; wise because of its experience filled with good; filled with evil, the same human heart beats in the breast of mortals. There is no separateness anywhere. You are part and parcel of the vast economy of nature—closely akin to all that lives—one with each living entity.

But as the grosser is thrown off, as illusions meet before the Truth, as the real object of life comes into view, you learn by experience how to win the fairer, finer reflections from the world's broad mirror, and comprehend ever more clearly the divine force and mystery of Love. E. B.

Those only are to be termed philosophers who attach themselves to the contemplation of the essential principles of things.—*Plato.*

THE KINDERGARTEN AND NATURE.

Far from the haunts of men, away from strife, confusion and tears, there is a Happy Land where life and beauty are immortal, where every action springs from joy, where riches and poverty are unknown, and peace forever reigns. The gates of this beautiful country are never closed, no frowning sentinel meets the weary traveler forbidding his joyous entrance, yet few have entered; for in the outer world the ceaseless noise and the babbling of foolish ones have filled the air, drowning the voices of the singing birds and the sweet chorus of opening blossoms, which are only heard by the simple hearted and the little children.

"Ever green in fair dominion,
  Yonder hill top I survey;
Thither, could I find the pinion,
  Thither would I wing my way.

Hark! I hear the music ringing
  Harmonies of heavenly calm,
And the gentle winds are bringing,
  Breathing, bringing down the balm.

Yonder, fruits are golden glowing,
  Beckoning from the leafy shade;
And the blooms that there are blowing
  Never doth the winter fade.

Beautiful must life be yonder,
  Suns eternal there to see,
Airs that on the mountain wander,
  Oh, how healing they must be."

So sings the poet, longing for realization; and the little ones, the misunderstood, how shall the children reach the eternal city—who will be their guide? Through the centuries One has been calling, "Come unto me,"—"Suffer little children to come unto me." But men having eyes saw not, and having ears they heard not,—till a heaven-born child appeared, the chosen one of the many who were called. Day by day he walked in loneliness, with his face ever

turned toward the light. Nearer and nearer sounded the welcoming voice of the Master, till in a glorious moment of self-forgetfulness he found himself within the gates, alone with Nature and her God.

The boy, Friedrich Froebel, had attained to the stature of man, but in his heart lay the image of the eternal child, fresh from the Creator's hand. Safe within the portal, the pure heart of the child satisfied at last, he turned his illumined face toward the dull, ignorant world through which he had journeyed. In his outstretched hand he held the knowledge of the spheres, through his voice sounded the pæan of the birds, and in his soul was peace.

Froebel's call was to the universal child, and gladly the child ran to greet him, with light step and glistening forehead. Men mocked and laughed at the child-man, and many detained the little ones, but the true tones of the great Mother, Nature, fell from his lips, quickening their stolid understandings, until in time the so-called great, and the wise, sat at his feet learning the wonderful story of Nature's work. So it has come to pass that men and children meet together in the Kindergarten, since it is there that Nature tells her story in truest, simplest language.

The normal child is joyous and happy, and its every action demonstrates the principle of life, seeking for more knowledge which shall broaden experience and add to happiness.

One of the first truths that Nature revealed to man was her abhorrence of a vacuum; the second, impenetrability,—two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If *truth* is not sown in the busy, plastic mind of the child, its opposite will rush in to fill the void, and once seated is never dislodged save through pain and sorrow.

The Kindergarten calls the babe to the free use of its activities by supplying in concrete form the basic principles of all the sciences slowly and carefully graded. These objects are in the form of beautiful playthings, presented in the spirit of play; the Kindergartner being simply a play-fellow who voices Nature or responds to the truth as it springs from the innocent heart of the child.

The sad weight of responsibility that attached to former methods of study, the consciousness of effort in attaining to a certain result within a given time, has no place in the Kindergarten. Joyousness, freedom, unity are all that the child is conscious of. Truth once presented and faithfully followed by the teacher, is the only key necessary, for the child, to unlock the mystery and gladness of creation. Each tiny seed and crawling worm becomes a thing of beauty and interest as its mission and place are revealed beneath the watchful eye of his healthful, uncontaminated thought. In the heart of Nature the abused and misconducted faculty of imagination finds legitimate, unending employment. The seeds once laid away in the fruitful earth are never forgotten, and the looked-for appearance foretold by the teacher is pictured and enjoyed in anticipation until the reality arises and unfolds before his sparkling eyes. The mysteries of the flora are opened to him, their loveliness is his everlasting gift. The ugly caterpillar is clothed with glory as the story is told of his silken palace wherein he sleeps so long, to awaken in freedom and beauty. How carefully he is watched, and his cocoon laid by in the treasure trove, till that happy day when his immortality is proclaimed in the dainty, fluttering butterfly. With bounding, trusting steps, the child follows the teacher to the mountain top, where the bright rain drops, falling, make the bubbling spring that dances down the first gentle slope into the widening land. He pauses at the brookside and listens to the prattling of the water as it passes over and around the shining pebbles, and walks beside the stream as it flows into the river to lose itself at last in the deep blue ocean. The contents of the sea, its coral reefs and myriads of living inhabitants, await his questioning search.

No eager question is left unanswered, and every part of this moving, breathing world is presented in picture or actuality.

The times and seasons of the fishes, their comparative anatomy and special use, are brought out by the child's questions, while frequently he answers his own queries. For, from the moment when the child's eyes open upon this busy world, impressions are recorded,

and the Kindergarten is his opportunity to tell of what he has seen, whether right or wrong. Here error is displaced by truth, and knowledge is added thereunto. The earthy caverns open their doors, none so deep or dark that the child may not fearlessly enter.

The miner's home and work is talked about in pleasant story, and objectified in colored pictures and freehand drawings.

The passing breeze, the rushing cyclone, the gentle shower and feathery snow; day and night, the sun's work, the grasses, mosses, lichens,—each in turn is presented for analysis.

How ardently the birds are studied,—their pretty nests and careful brooding. Why they leave us in winter to return in summer; why they choose their dwelling places in the rushes or in the tree-tops,—all is answered and illustrated in the graceful games and happy work of the Kindergarten.

Superstition, fear, and falsehood fly before the heart of him who enters life guided by the voice of Nature. He who has penetrated to her heart knows no evil; with the prophet of old, he sings: "All her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

EMMA DURANT.

PERPLEXING.

An old bedridden fisherman at a Scotch watering-place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical waistcoats which button behind. The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply. "Are you sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me." The old man seemed to hesitate and at length, with a faint return of animation, said: "Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't." "Believe me I am most anxious to comfort you." replied the clergyman; "tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you." "Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly; "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit."—*The Argonaut.*

DO UNTO OTHERS.

Along Life's broad highway we journey together
  All bound for a heavenly, radiant shore;
Through joy's happy sunshine and grief's gloomy weather,
  Each pilgrim must pass ere his journey is o'er.
By the rich and the poor, by the meek and the lowly,
  The milestones of each mortal life must be passed;
By paths that are sinful, and ways that are holy
  We'll each of us reach the broad river at last.
And if they should falter, your sisters and brothers,
  In paths that are untried and new,
Oh, stretch forth your hand then and do unto others
  As you'd have them do unto you!

By the roadside of life we may none of us tarry,
  Though heavy and hopeless the burdens we bear,
And so weary are we that the loads that we carry
  Seem weightier far than should fall to our share.
But looking around we find many a neighbor
  More heavily burdened with sorrow than we,
And who may not rest from his toil and his labor
  No matter how heart-sick and sad he may be.
So, if they should falter, your sisters and brothers,
  In paths that are untried and new,
Oh, stretch forth your hand then and do unto others
  What you'd have them do unto you!

For thus we may lighten the load that oppresses
  Our own weary souls as we travel along,
For Love, thus bestowed, while it comforts and blesses,
  Will keep us, the helpers, from sorrow and wrong.
For every kind impulse will strengthen the spirit,
  And smooth the rough stones from the pathways we tread.

And when death approaches we'll joyfully near it,
  Nor look on its coming with terror and dread.
So, if they should falter, your sisters or brothers,
  In paths that are untried and new,
Oh, stretch forth your hand then and do unto others
  What you'd have them do unto you!

The path of progression leads up the steep mountain,
  Beyond the sweet verdure we pilgrims must go,
Beyond the cool drip of the beautiful fountain
  That quenches our thirst in the valley below.
Up, up the steep heights, along chasms no plummet
  May measure, we carry our faiths and our fears,
Our goal the white Truth shining clear at the summit
  Beyond mortal sorrow, its griefs and its tears.
And if they should falter, your sisters and brothers,
  In paths that are untried and new,
Oh, stretch forth your hand then and do unto others
  What you'd have them do unto you!

Oh, lighten the way of your comrade, my brother,
  Be never afraid it will add overmuch
To the burdens you bear, stretch your hand to that other
  Who needeth so sorely your comforting touch.
Oh, cheer those who find the rough paths all too dreary,
  Who see not the mountain-top's radiant goal—
Oh, lend your strong arm to the weak and the weary
  And give of the manna that feedeth your soul!
And if they should falter, your sisters and brothers,
  In paths that are untried and new,
Oh, stretch forth your hand then and do unto others
  As you'd have them do unto you!

EVA BEST.

COLORS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Purple, the amethyst, stands for the mystery of suffering, especially when surrounded by pearls—or the amethyst set with pearls (tears) in the shape of the cross.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was of jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald.

"The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst."—Rev. xxi., 18, 19, 20.

The 12 stones the walls of the New Jerusalem, jasper and sapphire and chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx and sardius; chrysolyte, beryl and topaz; chrysoprasus, jacinth and amethyst. See this crimson that lies at the beginning; it is the color of passionate suffering. Out of the crimson we climb into the blue that is truth and calm. Beyond is the white, glistening chalcedony for purity, and next flashes out the green—the hope of glory. There they mingle and alternate, the tenderness and the pain and the purifying—it is the varied sardonyx, stands for the life story. The blood red sardius is the sixth stone—the whole triumphant love that contains and overwhelms all passion, the blessedness intense with its included anguish! It is the middle land—the supreme and central type—crowning the human, underlying the heavenly!

Then the tints grow clear and spiritual. Chrysolyte—golden green, touched with a glory, manifests the blending of a rarer, a serener blue, the wonderful sea-pure beryl. Then the sun filled rapture of the topaz and chrysoprasus, where flames and azure find each other the joy of the Lord and the peace that passeth understanding.

In the end the jacinth—purple and pure amethyst into which the rainbow refines itself—at the last hinting—at the far distance of ineffable things, for it is the story of the rainbow too. Jasper and crimson the first refraction, when the divine light falls into our denser medium of being—the foundation stone of the heavenly building. The beginning of the atonement, till through the angles, and tenderer, more peaceful tints, our life passes the whole prism of its mysterious experience, and beyond the far off violet, at last, it rarifies to receive and to transmit the full white light of God. ADELIA C. COVELL.

THERE'S MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

Did you ever listen, brother, to the music of the rill,
As it sang in happy cadence, dancing gaily down the hill?
Did you never stop a moment just to catch its little song?
If you haven't, you have missed it; stop when next you go along.

Have you ever heard the tender little ballads of the rain,
As it sang them, playing softly on the shingle and the pane?
Did you never hear the chorus as they joined in mighty shower?
If you haven't, listen for it when again the rain doth pour.

Have you never heard the music as you strolled beneath the trees?
Grander far than mighty Handel with his glorious harmonies;
Did you never hear the love song of the forest to his bride?
If you haven't, stop and listen when again you chance to ride.

Have you never heard the soft diminuendo in the grain,
When the breezes played upon it Autumn's light and happy strain?
Have you never thrilled with pleasure as you stood amidst the corn,
And heard its sweet bravuras on a clear September morn?

Did you ever think to listen to the diapason grand,
When the Storm King sang in thunder, as he swept across the land?
Have you never caught the throbbing of his mighty, angry soul,
As he struck his harp electric? Have you never heard its roll?

Have you never paused to listen to the music of the spheres?
Such soul-stirring strains of melody ne'er greeted mortal ears;
When Orion, with Arcturus, and sweet Luna and old Sol,
Head the choruses of Heaven, and the angels prostrate fall?

Have you never listened, brother, for the music deep and grand,
That is swelling all around you on the water and the land?

Have you never caught the music that the little zephyrs play?
Why they make of *you* their spinnet, when they meet you day by day.

Let me tell you, O, my brother, if you haven't learned to hear
All the music that is swelling daily round you year by year;
If you haven't caught the melodies that *Nature* plays and sings,
You are missing all the music of *Jehovah*, King of Kings.

All this music, O, my brother, O, my sister, is for you,
Will you not then listen for it, as your journey you pursue?
It will fill your life with sunshine, it will banish pain and care,
If you only catch the music that is swelling *everywhere*.

FREDERICK ABBOTT.

The difficulty of discriminating between the first and third persons has been amusingly illustrated by the late Lord Iddesleigh, who used to be fond of telling Devonshire stories. One of his favorite ones was of a Devonshire farmer who was a witness in a horse-stealing case. "Tell us what you know about this case," said the prosecuting counsel. "Well, zur," was the reply. "I zeed the prisoner and I zed to he, how about that 'oss, and he zed he didn't know nort about the 'oss." "No, no," the counsel said, "he didn't say he knew nothing about the horse, he didn't speak to you in the third person." "Beg your pardon, zur," said the witness, "there wasn't no third person present, only him and me." "You don't understand what I mean," was the counsel's petulant reply. "He spoke to you in the first person." "You'm wrong agen," said the witness. "I was the fust pusson as spoke to he." At this point the Judge intervened and put the question himself. "You saw the prisoner and you said: 'How about that horse?' and the prisoner answered: 'I know nothing about the horse——'" "I beg your pardon, my Lord," said the witness. "He didn't mention your lordship's name at all."—*Westminster Gazette.*

The philosophy of Bruni gave the world a broader conception of religion and the intimate relation subsisting between the All in All and the universe—that the universe is sustained by an all-pervading Intellect, and if this should be withdrawn, all would be dissipated.—*G. A. Fuller.*

ALPHABETIC HINTS.

Acts form the strongest language.

Better to lose your money than your manhood.

Count no effort toward good as lost.

Demand no more than you are willing to give to others.

Envy is a bad companion.

Fair words are as easily spoken as foul.

Gentleness in a man is never taken for weakness.

Have the courage to meet sarcasm with silence.

In case of doubt defer your decision until you have slept.

Judge of the worth of a brother man by something other than his coat.

Knavery is sure to fall lame in the long run, and lose the race.

Love is a sacrifice, not an indulgence.

Master your own temper; then command obedience.

No man who fears the sea of failure will ever reach the shores of success.

Obey your conscience, and be happy.

Pull with a will upon the oars of honest endeavors.

Quit habits of evil while yet you blush at their committal.

Refrain from every act you would not have made public.

Step by step the loftiest heights are gained.

Take time to go out of your way to aid a brother man.

Usages of polite society cannot well be disregarded.

Vice reigns to-day; virtue eternally.

When tempted to judge others, examine your own motives.

You will lose fear as you gain knowledge.

Zealous striving strengthens the soul.

EVA BEST.

WEBSTER'S ORATORICAL POWER.

Where a man's mere physique is so magnificent that it is two-thirds of the battle, why should he make a long speech? Why shouldn't he present what he has to say in the simplest possible manner? And that magnificent simplicity gave him (Webster) a large portion of his power and saved him from the necessity of rhetorical flourishes—almost too much. When my old schoolmate James Russell Lowell—one of the most brilliant and penetrating of Americans—after Webster's death, was to write a critical essay on him, I remember he was surprised in reading over his speeches to find what a commonplace man he was, and he said that if anybody but Webster had said those things they would have made little impression.

Once, at a Phi Beta Kappa oration, which Edward Everett was giving at Cambridge, in the midst of one of those elaborately and exquisitely balanced periods, there suddenly swelled up a subdued roar of applause among that cultivated audience, and I looked up to see what had happened. There I saw Mr. Webster coming from the background, with his majestic figure, strong, solid, massive, with great luminous black eyes, and a face of such massive strength and power that you felt the mere presence of it was enough to applaud. And as this applause hushed the words of the orator, who was speaking of the influence of the Greek and Latin classics in the world and their continued importance, he looked up, saw Mr. Webster, and said: "Tell us, sir, if this is not true, you who know better than anybody else." And the "god-like Daniel," as they used to call him, simply inclined his head a little. I don't know whether he heard the sentence or remembered a word of Greek since his college days, but when Webster simply nodded assent it was like the nodding of Jove.—*Lecture by T. W. Higginson at Lowell Institute.*

Were man personally finite he could not conceive of infinity; were he mortal he could not think immortality.—*Alcott.*

He who believes that the spirit can kill or be killed is wrong in judgment. It neither kills nor is killed. It is not born, nor dies at any time. It has had no origin, nor will it ever have one. Unborn, changeless, eternal, both as to future and past time, it is not slain when the body is killed.—*Bhagavad Krishna Gita.*

AWAKE!

Of all the frail words of pen or tongue
That cripple the will in old or young,
That fill us with cringing, paltry fear,
That make of us cowards now and here,
The one of all we should most detest,
Since ever it keeps us from the best,
Is "can't"!

Have you a work that you wish to do?
Be sure that a "can't" won't take you through.
Is there a height that you wish to scale?
Don't harbor "can't," 'twill make you fail.
'Twill stand twixt you and your wished success—
'Twill make of you ever less and less—
This "can't"!

Awake to the truth, ye sons of Light!
Lay hold of your burdens, left and right!
Within you have strength from the Living Source—
A wondrous, unfailing, mighty Force.
Know well that each height your eyes now scan
Can be reached by the simple words, "*I can!*"
"*I can!*"

ELEANORE SEE INSLEE.

This is honesty: To fulfill the requisitions of thy own nature, to render to the Eternal full interest for the genius, the aptitude, or even the single talent which has been lent thee. Honesty is the truth of the heart, and the truth of the lips; it is the true heart-feeling poured forth in true utterance whether of word or deed. The life of an honest man is harmonious. The honest integral heart is a strong and sound rock, on which men may build securely. A. W.

ACCOMMODATING.

Lady (sitting for portrait)—And make my mouth small, will you, ever so small? I know it is large really, but make it quite tiny, will you?

Artist (politely)—Certainly, madam. If you prefer it, I will leave it out altogether.—*Tit-Bits.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

EDITORIAL FACILITIES.

In perfecting our plans for serving our readers through the columns of THE NEW CYCLE, we have considered the varied needs of each department and the versatility of talent that will be required to maintain the established standard of excellence. The same standard will be required for all the literary lines which we have adopted, in our effort to familiarize the public mind with the importance of metaphysical principles in the final understanding of all subjects common to human life.

While, fundamentally, we believe in actions rather than words, as evidence of ability and power, yet the frequency of inquiries about our plans and facilities, suggests that a short explanation now will be a means of satisfaction to some.

The Metaphysical Magazine was established for a purpose and with definite ideas as to the needs of the people in metaphysical and philosophical lines. Although there have been some variations of policy as to the handling, caused chiefly by differences of opinion between minds, as to the business requirements of the enterprise, there has been no change of policy and no marked change of ideas with the originator, as to the needs and the importance of the work. All this increases as time goes on, and our policy, in the changes inaugurated with the January, 1900, number, is to bring a more varied teaching before a greater number of people, by reaching more groups of minds, and in such form as not to bar out any who are liberal of view and willing to entertain advancing ideas.

THE NEW CYCLE will be continued under the Chief-Editorship of Mr. Whipple, who for the past five years has had entire charge of *The Metaphysical Magazine*, of which he was the founder, as well as originator of the idea and purpose.

Mr. Whipple's work during the past five years is familiar to our readers and may be judged on its own merits; our chief statement being that the one purpose has been conscientiously adhered to, *i. e.*, to advance the cause of truth by constantly presenting high ideals, in varied forms, to meet the requirements of the many classes of thinkers that are open to advancement but are not well supplied with suitable material for thought, and with rules for practice. Mr. Whipple has personally selected all the material that has appeared in *The Metaphysical Magazine*, passing judgment upon and preparing where necessary, each production, as regards its metaphysical character and its literary qualities, and for the greater part of the time editing all MSS. and reading all proofs. Valuable assistance has at needed times been rendered by others on the mechanical work, but each production and every page of proof has always been separately approved by the Editor-in-chief, before use. The same careful oversight will be continued with THE NEW CYCLE and the original purpose maintained, with the added feature of variety in application of high principles to ordinary life.

The valuable philosophical work of Professor Bjerregaard, in review of the progressive thought of the day, meets a want that no other seems to supply. And, indeed, few minds are so well fitted for this sort of analytical work. As previously announced, his mind is to have more free scope in the new department now created for this peculiar thought-work, and we anticipate giving our readers a continuous treat in intellectual matters. To our regular readers the qualities of his work are so well known as to need no further comment. Quality and power are assured.

It is with pleasure that we announce the completion of arrangements whereby the editorial abilities of Dr. Alexander Wilder have been secured for our readers. Doctor Wilder's powers are well known

to the readers of *The Metaphysical Magazine* through his writings which have appeared chiefly in the Essay department. He is, also, well known as a mature thinker and writer on varied subjects, both scientific and occult, and for many years he has stood among the foremost of American minds in advanced thought-work. Dr. Wilder's work will be general in character and may appear in any of the departments, according to the character and teaching of the production itself. We may confidently look for strength and helpfulness from this directing of his energies in our work.

Mrs. Elizabeth Francis Stephenson, who now takes editorial charge of The Home Circle, though not so well known, in name, to our readers, is thoroughly familiar with our work and its purpose and in full sympathy with our ideas and views. As editorial assistant she has been actively at work on *The Metaphysical Magazine* during the past four years, and as editor of *Pearls*, for the few months that it was issued, some of our readers have been in touch with her thought and work. Mrs. Stephenson has both a critical and an appreciative mind, with high sensibilities as regards the mental requirements in home life, the needs of mothers in the important field of training of the minds of children and the adaptation of the principles of metaphysics to development in life; we may expect, therefore, good judgment in the selection of material and an active interest in the progressive work of the Department.

Mrs. Eva Best who has recently identified herself with THE NEW CYCLE and whose work will be mainly felt in The Home Circle department is peculiarly fitted by nature and by experience for the delicate and important work undertaken.

Mrs. Best has for many years been known as a writer of merit, and her work as editor of *The Detroit Free Press Household* has endeared her to the hearts of both mothers and children in thousands of homes, where we trust her continued work for the refinement and elevation of the mental forces, through the columns of THE NEW CYCLE, will be still further appreciated. It is intended to give the rare qualities of this refined and progressive mind full scope in the suggestion of ideas

which we believe will assist the budding mind of the child and comfort the thoughful mother—two elements most essential to the maintenance of the progressive home.

This arrangement of forces and varied talent enables us to speak confidently—albeit modestly—of our expectations as well as intentions, in the line of a progressive work of general good. With this brief explanation we leave our editorial fate in the hands of a critical public.

REINCARNATION—AN INQUIRY.

PALMYRA, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I would like to ask how believers in Reincarnation account for hereditary traits of character and personality? For instance, a child manifests the physical and mental peculiarities of his father. If, as Theosophy claims, the soul inhabiting the body of that child has already lived successive lives on this earth plane, perhaps thousands of years before and in different nationalities, how is it that this same soul has the same predilections and traits as the soul of its immediate earthly progenitor?

This is to me the query which is a stumbling-block I find unable to surmount in accepting that most beautiful and reasonable belief, Theosophy. Apart from this one thing it appears to be the one great truth the earth has waited long to learn. If you or any readers can give me light on this point or refer me to some work by which light may be obtained you will confer an inestimable favor upon

AN HONEST SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

This inquiry is a common one to hear, and while perfectly honest in intention it yet is one-sided and has its inception in a first glance at the subject. The illustration cited must receive the same criticism If *all* children born into life bore exact or close resemblance to and showed the same personal characteristics as their material parents, the question would be well-nigh unanswerable; but as a matter of fact they do not, and in many instances the difference is very marked, while in some it is radical.

The difference in both physical and personal characteristics between parent and child is frequently so great as to be incomprehensible to those who accept the theory of direct inheritance. The powerful man in any line of life nearly always springs materially from exceedingly modest and almost unknown parents, neither of whom

ssess any of the qualities that mark the life and powers of the ild. The Genius never has a "Genius" for either father or mother! hy not, if the theory of direct inheritance holds good?

The fact is, this, like many other questions of its kind, has very ep ground and its solution involves many problems and numerous ientific facts usually overlooked. There are many legitimate reasons hy a child may show some or even many of the characteristics of ther or both of its material parents and still have lived before in itirely different surroundings. No child is a duplicate in *all* ways of s parents, and if such were a law, the human race would in a few nerations look, act, and be, alike throughout. A child may look id appear ever so much like its parents, yet if you look at the palm of s tiny hand you will find a series of nerve lines quite different from ose of either parent, bearing a distinct characteristic, and which, if u are learned in Palmistry, will give you a clearer insight to the ture of that particular child than comparison with any other person ill do.

If you erect a mathematical figure showing the relative positions of e planets of the solar system at the moment of the birth of the child, u will find a figure almost entirely different from that of either of e parents, and an accurate judgment of the horoscope will exactly scribe the man-to-be, whether he is like or unlike his parents.

Every soul is born into this life under certain conditions which lor its personality, physically and mentally. These colorings may received from, and consequently resemble those of his physical arents, or they may proceed from other causes, reasons and sources d be unlike them. It is in this realm alone that one ever resembles his arents, and not always even that. The *soul* of the individual, wever, never shows any of these colorings and is always stamped ith its own individuality, often to the sorrow of its self-made rents, who, perhaps, lay claim to ownership, and grieve to see eir vain hopes overthrown by one who will not, because he cannot, as they are or do as they do.

On this ground of observation the individuality of the Soul is early demonstrated and a previous life (or lives) for development to e present stage is not so difficult to recognize. L. E. W.

No writings, revealed or secret, are so authoritative and final as the achings of the soul.

MATTER, CONSCIOUSNESS AND POWER.

It is not so very certain that conditions have limits which may not be overpassed. We may justly question whether the quantity of matter in the globe or anywhere else is precisely determined; the dimensions certainly are not. It may also be asked whether matter truly ever became or ceased to be matter, and whether the "elements," as they are usually denominated, do not undergo transmutation. The analogies of nature do not sanction the notions of perpetual sameness in its various departments. We have not the warrant for asserting that gold is always gold, silver always silver, iron always iron. The affinities of chemical "atoms," as they are termed, and their variableness indicate the elements to be composed of simpler material, and if this is the case there can be but few primal substances —barely enough to enable the evolving of the phenomena of polarity. Life, it may safely be affirmed, is the principle behind, that makes them what they seem to us. We witness this in nature. The air-plant creates potassium, for it is not found in the air or rain; the snail, the oyster and the coral, produce lime by their vital functions; the diatom makes flint and iron. The notion popularly attributed to the Alchemists is thus realized.

We have no valid excuse for the endeavor to dodge around the Supreme Being by the hypothesis of force in matter. If there was not life behind, there would be neither force nor matter, neither created thing nor energy. Every molecule of matter must have a life peculiar to it, and that is the polarizing principle which we denominate "magnetism." The universe is alive all the way through; even the earth, stones and corpses. Anything that really died would cease to be in that very instant.

The vail that seems to be interposed between the temporal existence and the life which we are now living in the eternal world, is more in the seeming than in fact. The clouds that hide the sun from our sight are not placed in the sky for that purpose, but are produced from the earth beneath us. If we did not ourselves drink the Lethean draught, if we did not ourselves project the sensuous obscuring into the sky above our heads, we might even now behold clearly the Real, which is both the ideal and the Everlasting.

The Bo-tree rooted in the earth and branched into the sky; the ash tree, ygdrasil, rooted in heaven and branched into the earth.

The truth is that which is—the essential nature of things, known in the mind; and this knowing in the mind takes its rise in the consciousness of the thing or subject known. We cannot know that of which we have no consciousness. A. W.

The repudiating of ancient learning, especially of Grecian art and culture, by our universities, and the restricting of the curricula to modern science and discovery, may not be a stealing of the cattle of the king—the lesser luminaries of the sky, but it is an attempt to deprive Apollo of his lyre and bow. There are too many who would fain remove the sun from the meridian and exalt stars to supreme honor. A. W.

In China the parent is patriarch in his household and the religious worship consists of veneration, piety and good action. The highest duty of religion and government is the instruction of the people. They have no lawyers. The ethics of China will not tolerate a profession that is promotive of injustice, quarrels and animosity between men, these being regarded in the Chinese ethics as supreme immoralities. There is no priestly caste, but worship is entirely a civil function. All may pray and invoke the spiritual powers, but the rites of particular divinities are performed by special officers of the government. Everybody is fraternal and tolerant of religious beliefs; all flourish peacefully side by side. A. W.

Thought
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
Reason, Imagination, cannot die.
They are what that which they regard appears,
The stuff whence mutability can weave
All that it hath dominion o'er—worlds, worms,
Empires and superstitions. What has thought
To do with time, or place, or circumstance? —*Shelley.*

To speak truly, there has been in the world but one religion, which is the aspiration of man toward the Infinite.—*Coquerel.*

Thus while the mute creation bends downward man looks aloft and with erect countenance turns his eyes to heaven and gazes on the stars.—*Ovid.*

PRESENTIMENT.

The faculty which our souls have of Foresight manifests itself by such extraordinary effects that it must strike us with astonishment. The perceptions and representations which foresight produces are sometimes so abstruse and wrapped up in the essence of the mind that we are not conscious of them. The soul, however, draws very exact conclusions from them, and the image of the future presents itself clearly enough to convince the mind of that perception. It then forms conjectures and presages without knowing how it has been led to them, and in its astonishment often mistakes them for inspirations.

This is what is called Presentiment: When, without being able to account for the way in which we foresee a future event, we have, notwithstanding, an idea of it, more or less clear. It should be here observed, however, that presentiment is in its nature a representation much weaker than Sensation; therefore it cannot be distinguished when the senses and a heated fancy put the soul into a violent agitation. But when the soul is calm, presentiments are more clear; hence it is that they take place chiefly in the silence of the night, in sleep, and in dreams. At such times man is often raised above himself; the veil which covers futurity is drawn from before his eye, without his knowing how it was done; and he can speak of future events, while he is scarcely able to see those which pass before his eyes.

A multitude of facts prove beyond a doubt that the Soul has the faculty of sometimes foreseeing the future, and he must have a slight acquaintance with Nature who will deny a thing merely because it appears extraordinary and inexplicable. This secret and unknown emotion, which warns us sometimes of what is to happen, really exists in the essence of our souls; and History is so full of examples of this that we cannot possibly deny them all. Few persons have arrived at a mature age without having had such presentiments.

The Pythagoreans believed that no one lived to adult age without having beheld a dæmon.

The Soul has the power of representing the Past as well as the Present; why, then, may it not have the faculty of representing the Future also, and even contingent events? It may employ for this purpose means similar to those which it uses to represent the Past.

By the law of refraction, in an analogous mount, the Sun is seen below the horizon in the morning several minutes before it has actually

taken that place at sunrise; and again, at night it appears above the horizon some minutes after actual sunset—coming events, indeed, "cast their shadows before."

Provided the soul has been informed of past events, it can represent them as if they were present, and why should we consider it impossible that it should be informed of future events? In the universe there are millions of intelligences superior to man, who may reveal to him some part of futurity; or there may be in the human soul a certain power hitherto unknown which enables man to foresee distant and future events. EPHOROS.

PSYCHIC CONSCIOUSNESS.

A prominent lady of this city, who spends much of her time abroad, says: "A few years ago I was tarrying a few weeks in Paris, accompanied by my maid, who had been in my service many years. One morning she came to me with her eyes red with weeping, and I asked her what was the trouble. She replied that her mother had died the night previous, in Philadelphia. 'How can you know that?' said I. 'During the night,' she explained, 'my mother appeared to me in a dream and told me that she had just died. I saw her as plainly as I see you, and I know she's dead.' I was attached to the girl, who had faithfully served me, so having assured her that it was silly to believe in dreams, I promised that in order to convince her that her mother was alive, I would send a cable of inquiry to Philadelphia. I did so, and the reply came that her mother was alive and well. A few months later we returned to America, and, leaving me in New York, my maid went over to Philadelphia to see her people. And what think you she discovered? Why, she discovered that her mother had died on the identical night of her dream and that when she felt that her end was approaching she made her family promise that they would not let her daughter in Paris know of her death. 'I'll tell her myself,' said the mother, 'but if you cable her or write her she may leave her employer and come home, and I wish to spare her that useless journey.' Therefore—the family explained to my maid—when your employer sent the cable message we felt that justice to your mother's request required us to tell a fib." This story as I have related it is absolutely true in every particular. I wonder if the Psychical Society has anything in its records which eclipses it?—*New York Mail and Express.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

PHILOSOPHIC NUGGETS: Selections from Carlyle, Ruskin, Amiel and Charles Kingsley. Compiled by Jeanne G. Pennington. Cloth flexible, gilt top, 167 pp., 40 cents.

This little volume is well named, and the compiler was inspired with more than a happy thought when she gathered together into so compact a shape these truly golden nuggets. With a fine discrimination she has selected and brought to one's hand, paragraphs of deep metaphysical truth—a collection full of suggestion to the student, and a delight to the admirers of these eminent writers. A portrait of Carlyle adorns the title page and gives an added attraction to this charming little volume.

OCCULT STORIES. By Chas. W. Close, Ph.D., S. S. D. Cloth, 38 pp., 50 cents. Published by the Author, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

Those who are interested in psychic experiences will find these little stories very pleasant reading. So many people are brought in touch, more or less close, with these phases of existence, that it is only the unthinking person who would ignore them. The experiences of the Soul are in such sharp contrast to the every day, matter-of-fact life of the average human being, that a certain development of the higher self is necessary in order to recognize the higher laws which govern being.

If those interested in these lines will read Dr. Close's inspiring little book, and take to heart the lessons taught, it will fulfill its mission. Its dainty white and gold binding is alluring to the lover of pretty things.

EVERY LIVING CREATURE, or Heart-training Through the Animal World. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth, 40 pp. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

This is a book we would place in the hands of parents, especially mothers, and all those having the training of children in charge. Its true humane teaching is most valuable and uplifting, and Mr. Trine strikes the keynote when he says: "We must always bear in mind that every kindness shown, every service done, to either a fellow-being or a so-called dumb fellow-creature does us more good than the one for whom or that for which we do it. The joy that comes from this open-hearted fellowship with all living creatures is something too precious and valuable to be given up when once experienced." The injustice to the budding soul of the child in the flagrant selfishness of so much of the home education, is a theme that must stir deeply the hearts of mothers, who will welcome with most hearty support a work with so noble an aim as this. Other points crying out for needed reform in the social life of women, are touched upon with a firm hand, and we think will meet with a cordial reception.

HEALTH GERMS. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. A charming booklet in handsome dress. Paper, 15 pp. 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ills.

TWELVE ESSAYS. By Frederic W. Burry. Paper, 67 pp., 25 cents. Published by the Author, 799 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Canada.

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THE SYMBOLS OF THE BIBLE.

BY DR. FRANZ HARTMANN.*

"Ἀλλὰ λαλοῦμεν σοφίαν θεοῦ ἐν μυστηρίῳ, τὴν ἀπεκεκρυμμένην, ἣν προώρισεν ὁ θεὸς πρὸ τῶν αἰώνων εἰς δόξαν ἡμῶν."—1 Corin., ii., 7.

Some one once asserted that God wrote the Bible and the devil published it, and if this assertion be taken in the sense in which it was meant, it is probably to some extent correct, for the True comes forth from the Truth and does much good in the world, but the misunderstood truth becomes, in effect, falsehood, which bears only mischief. The Bible is, for those who understand its deeper sense, a scientific book, in which are laid down the highest truths of the philosophy of religion; which relates, however, to spiritual and divine, not to visible, external and material things; and those who conceive the matters therein contained in the external and verbal sense are thereby led into error. It was originally written, not for the masses, but only for those who possessed spiritual knowledge —*i. e.* (as Shankaracharya says), those who were able to distinguish the enduring from the transitory. Therefore, St. Paul says (1 Corin., ii., 6, 7): "Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to naught; but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery,

* Translated from the German by Myron H. Phelps.

even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory."

The Bible is in fact a text book of occult science, which can therefore only be intelligible to the occultist.

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." The divine secrets in nature are not manifest to the external senses; they are only known through the spirit of God in man. The stories of the Bible are in great part so childish and incredible, and relate so often, as is the case with other tales, to things which, according to experience, must be held to be impossible, that it is a marvel that educated people can still to-day be found who believe, or imagine that they believe, in the prodigies related therein. And still there are thousands who do not dare to doubt the credibility of the verbal accuracy of such tales and fables. The life of many such men is a combat between superstition and reason, in which oftentimes fear comes to the help of superstition and suppresses reason. But mankind, as a whole, has outgrown the clothes of its childhood, and gives to the tales which the nurse relates to it, and of which the sense is not apparent, no more faith. Did the nurse know the meaning of these tales and seek to make them comprehensible to the children, then would one learn to value the tales, instead of rejecting them. But as it is, the children have no more faith in the nurse herself, and so the church has lost its influence over the hearts of men, because it has lost the key to the sanctuary in which the secrets of God are hidden. This key Theosophy offers to it.

The books of the Old Testament are more scientific in character and are addressed rather to the intellect, while those of the New Testament are addressed rather to the heart. They are as pictures. He who knows the object which they represent, recognizes the representation; he who knows it not can wander into speculation, and is easily led astray. Many hold the frame of the picture for the real thing, and see not the picture itself. Further, an incorrect translation of Bible passages is often the cause of error. Thus

through a perverted apprehension, sense becomes nonsense, while the correct apprehension always agrees with reason.

Taking for example the story of creation, it is written in the translation: "In the beginning God made heaven and earth." Now here the intellect, superficial and judging according to external things, forgetting the all-presence of God, represents God as some extra-cosmic being, existing in space or above the stars, who made out of something which is not God, a material earth and a phantastic heaven. In the Hebrew text the matter is more clearly expressed: "Bereschit bara Elohim, ath aschamain onath aoris," *i. e.*, "the head" or Wisdom, created (out of himself) the working powers from which spring the Kingdom of the Ideal, and finally corporate matter. So, too, in an entirely similiar way, man creates his thoughts out of that which is contained in his spirit, without being conscious thereof, and forms therefrom his objective thought-world; and these pictures he could invest with living bodies if he were in possession of the necessary magic powers of will. So, too, he creates this world out of "nothing"; for something whose being has not come to his consciousness is for him a "nothing"; but it is not nothing in itself, for it is really present, and through the fact that he becomes conscious of it, that which rests unconscious in the depths of his soul becomes for him a something, a thought-world. The not-manifest is non-existence, the manifest is existence.

So, too, a man each time that he awakes enters anew into existence. As one on awakening becomes conscious only of the things which are present in himself, so also the world-soul, at the beginning of each world-period, produces nothing else than that which is contained in its own being.*

Still more clearly is the origin of the world set forth in the Evangel of John (Chap. i., 1-5): "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God. The same was in the begin-

* At the beginning of each creation-period the collective manifested all proceeds out from the Not-manifested, and it disappears in him who is called the Not-manifested, at the commencement of night.—Bhagavad Gita, viii., 18.

ning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." Here, indeed, it is said that all which is was called into existence out of his own being by the all-present God, in a similar way as a man brings to representation this or that idea contained in his soul. God, himself, is the "word," the life and being of all things; his creation is from within; it takes place through manifestation and growth from within and not through manipulation from without; and it takes place continually, because the power proceeding from God is contained in all things in Nature, and outside of God nothing exists.

Further, the story of creation says: "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Now if the earth was "without form and void" the earth referred to cannot be a corporeal earth such as we know, but only invisible and incorporeal matter (the ether ?); it was empty, for there was nothing therein formed or set together. The "deep" or the "abyss," is the limitless space (in man, the soul). But as the perceiving spirit of man is superior to the movements of his soul, so also the spirit of God is higher than the soul of the world. In the Syriac translation it is said: "God fructified the waters"; and in a similar way also, the soul of man becomes fructified by his higher intuition and perception. So long as this intuition does not permeate his thought-sphere, no spiritual thoughts appear therein; only through the influence of the light of truth that which is truly rational makes its appearance.

It is an easy thing to solve the riddle of the Bible if one only considers himself within, and studies the things which take place in the soul of the world in that which takes place in his own soul. But he who judges the procedure within the universe, and apprehends the symbols of the Bible, in an external, material sense, apprehends them inverted, for the external, sensuous world is the inverted impression and the deceiving reflection of the inner.

Considered in the right light the teachings of the Bible perfectly tally with the teachings of science, in so far as the latter rest upon

truth, only they proceed far beyond the science of the learned of this world, because human science has not yet raised itself to the standpoint from which it can recognize the control of the divine spirit in nature, and therefore ascribes everything to blind nature-forces without recognizing the source of the laws which rule these forces. Thus science, through external observations and comparisons of natural phenomena, wearily arrives at a knowledge of the action of the laws of nature, while the mystic, to whom the law is manifest, knows through his own perceptions the action of the divine primitive power in all its ramifications.

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." The Infinite does not create this light from without; it was contained in his own being. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." This light is the light of true knowledge and of the immortal life; the external light and the life-activity in nature is only a reflection of this divine light. The human mind is the darkness. "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." Yet this light strives now, as thousands of years ago, after manifestation in man, and if a man, through victory over the material, attains the power to let the light come into his heart, then is repeated in the little world that which happened in the great world, and light comes into his soul.*

The great difficulty which prevents the human intellect from arriving at true knowledge is, that with its limitations, it cannot grasp all ideas at once, and therefore is compelled to make differences where none exist. Therefore the true knowledge of that which is exalted above all human ideas and representations, can only enter when all these ideas and representations cease, and one cannot describe the same otherwise than by symbols and analogies. Eliphas Lévi (Abbé Constant) says: "A single spirit fills infinity. It is the spirit (breath) of God, which has no bounds or parts, which is all

* "Of lights also this is the light. It is declared to be beyond all darkness. It is knowledge, the object of knowledge, and that which is to be attained by knowledge. It dwells in the hearts of all."—Bhagavad Gita, viii., 17.

in all and over all, which permeates every atom and which nothing can exclude. Created spirits, *i. e.*, individualized centres of consciousness, would not be thinkable without the ensheathing forms, which make possible for them an individual (separated from the whole) activity, but at the same time limit their circle of action. These sheaths protect them against dissipation into the Infinite (into all-consciousness). Every being has therefore a form which corresponds to the relations of the sphere in which it dwells."

Every being is therefore ultimately spirit and a condition of the All-consciousness of nature; every being has a soul, *i. e.*, a life, which moves within determined limits (its sphere of being), and the corporeal appearance is nothing but the external bodily portrait of its characteristic qualities in the visible world. So is every sun-system, every world, every star, every creature, down to every atom, a being for itself, a soul permeated by the spirit of God, which is the life of all, and, so long as it possesses individuality, it is also an individual spirit and possesses an individual consciousness, even if this is different from our human consciousness and for us is unimaginable.

The Elohim, which sprang from the creative will, are considered to be the souls of the worlds and their regents, who do not, indeed, rule according to caprice, but in such manner as is suited to their nature; for from all beings spring the natural laws which control their organisms. They trouble themselves just as little over the fate of the forms of their worlds as we trouble ourselves over the micro-organisms which inhabit our organism, and know just as little of their existence. What cares the spirit of the earth that an earthquake swallows a hundred thousand helpless men? The earth spirit knows no pity and listens to no prayer; we are much too little to attract its attention. But among themselves these Titans carry on the battle of existence; also among them rule love and hate: "attraction and repulsion" says science, as though there could be such powers where there is no consciousness or sensation.

The infinite space is the great metropolis where suns meet and exchange light-greetings, traversed by restless souls called "comets,"

while the planets circle about their mother, the sun, attached by the bond of love.

Every being, and therefore every planet, has a soul, which permeates its entire body and imparts its characteristic qualities to all of its inhabitants, as well as sends its influence to its neighbors. Is the spirit of the earth moved by anger, there are wars upon the earth; is its soul shaken, convulsions of the earth-surface take place; is its organisms poisoned by the bad passions of men, epidemic diseases appear, which thereafter spread themselves through the medium of external circumstances. Every planet represents certain states of soul peculiar to itself, and it imparts these to its brothers and sisters. Thus the sun gives us life, and the moon excites the phantasy.

This view of the universe frees us from a complication of unconsciously working mechanical powers, and introduces us into a universe full of life, consciousness and intelligence. Through this view we can attain to an understanding of certain religious symbols. Then, at once, the story of the "Patriarchs" takes a wholly new significance. We see that it relates, not to the family affairs of a man long dead, to whose history we can bring no real interest, but that it is an allegorical representation of world-moving powers. How can it concern us whether Hagar left her mistress, or that Jacob deceived his father? Such things still happen every day, and the taking of Paris in the year 1871 has for us certainly more interest than the fall of the walls of Jericho. But, if the secret sense of these symbols and fables be understood, we find the deepest religious truths hidden under the garb of a tale, and it is asserted that in the allegories of the books of Moses the principal features of the history of Evolution are contained. Many of these secrets are explained in the works of Jacob Boehme, and also, much more in detail, in the "Secret Doctrine" of H. P. Blavatsky.

The single circumstance that God, according to the account of Moses, caused day and night, morning and evening, to be made long before he created the firmament and the sun, the moon and the stars,

on the fourth day, long after the earth had brought forth grass and seed-bearing plants, should be sufficient to excite inquiries among thinking men, and to suggest the thought that a mystery lies behind.

In fact, there were required several evolution-periods ("days and nights"), each of which contained millions of years, before the earth was prepared for the reception of a being such as man. Nature, still immature, produced monsters and misshapen creatures, bodies not suitable to serve as dwellings for the heavenly man, and it is not strange that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart" (Gen., vi., 6).

With regard to the true significance of the Bible names, the Kabala gives us information. Each one of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet corresponds to a certain number, and the combinations of numbers which the Biblical names present correspond to the ordering of the universe. If, for example, we consider the word Jehovah, we find therein the number relations of 10 x 5 x 6; that is, the number one, the All, united with naught, the unsubstantial; five, the number of man, and six, the number of the sensuous, or illusion. Further, Jah (Jod) signifies the masculine, and Hevah (Eva) the feminine, and the word Jehovah represents to us the universal man, a conception which, at least, corresponds more nearly to the dignity of the "holy writ" than that of a "superhuman" being who walks with Adam in paradise and afterwards punishes him. It would indeed be remarkable if in our time of striving after explanations, a religious system could long hold its place whose basis is the verbal interpretation of the Biblical fables.

If the hidden sense of a tale is not known, and the verbal exposition of the same contradicts the intuition and the sound human understanding, it is to the superficially judging critic only too easy to declare the whole thing nonsense, and to consider it no further. In so doing he "pours out the child with the bath," robs himself of the symbols whose just consideration could lead him to the true faith, dishonors religion and sinks into error.

There are to-day, probably, few educated persons who take liter-

ally the story of the seduction of Eve by the serpent in paradise, and the eating of the apple by Adam. Incidentally it may be remarked, that in lands where there are no apples the fable exists in another form; as, for instance, in Brazil, where it is a banana which Eve offers to Adam. Considered in the proper light, this story is an excellent presentation of a world-process which is historical and also continually repeats itself; for so long as man has not reached true self-knowledge he will again and again be seduced, in accordance with the desire for sensation represented by the symbol of the serpent, to bite into the sweet apple of earthly existence, which in the end has a very bitter taste. The Biblical story introduces to us the heavenly (paradisiacal) man, whose essence was etheric, and in whom the masculine principle, the intelligence and the feminine principle, the will (love) were present in one person and undivided ("Male and female created he them"). But as man, and with him the earth, ever became more material, and he could no longer reproduce or propagate his kind out of himself alone, the woman was made from Adam's rib; *i. e.*, the two-sexed men became the one-sexed; men and women, intelligence and will, were in part externally divided one from the other. The "Tree of knowledge" is experience of good and evil, and the apple thereon is the fruit which it bears. The heavenly man, seduced by desire for personal knowledge, turned his will to material being and became himself material. He must descend into the kingdom of sensation in order to learn to know evil, and through the mastery of evil to become participant in the knowledge of good.

Material science limits itself to the material. It searches after the evolution of the form-world, and so its activity is limited to a part only of the knowledge of truth; it sees not the chief thing, the spirit. Further, its investigation can only extend over a period of time, which, in relation to the great world-period, is very small. It knows nothing of man before he appeared upon the earth clothed in gross matter. It pursues the evolution of material forms, but these are only the visible shells which the heavenly man inhabits. The

Bible says: "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose" (Gen., vi., 1). But by this nothing else is meant than that, after the period of monsters and monstrosities was past, and the earth brought forth manlike creatures, whose organisms were fitted to serve as dwellings for heavenly man, the latter incarnated therein. Thus was the spirit, capable of the knowledge of God, united with the earth-born intellect (the flesh), and there were born "mighty men, men of renown."

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Then the bad Karma of mankind reached its highest point, and there came the great flood, rightly called in German the *sünd* (sin) flood, in which all "flesh" was extirpated from the earth.

All this is found in the many ancient Vedas of India, and, therein moreover, much more clearly described; so that the scriptures of the "heathen," instead of contradicting the Bible, serve rather for its interpretation.

But it is not our intention, in this place, to penetrate deeper into the details of the secret doctrine, nor do we intend to explain all the symbols of the Bible; but it is rather the purpose of these lines to call the attention of the reader to the secret sense of these symbols and to incite him to make his own researches. Should these symbols be exactly interpreted, so that every one could learn their signification by heart, they would lose their value, which consists precisely in the fact that their sense is hidden, and every one must seek for it himself; for that truth which a man finds of himself, takes up into himself, and by which he is permeated, is his own; but not that which he blindly holds for true, or which is asserted by another.

Further, it should be remarked that every one of the symbols of occult science is capable of at least three expositions; one external, which, as all that is external, only concerns the appearance; one

internal, which relates to the inner man; and one spiritual, which describes events in the macrocosm. So, *e. g.*, the word Noah signifies in nature speech* "end and beginning," and the Biblical Noah is the symbol of the destruction of a universe and the beginning of a new one, both in the soul of man and in nature. The "ark" is the supersensuous world, in which the ideas of all things are contained, and from which these ideas can, even if all embodied forms have been destroyed, reincorporate in matter whenever the necessary conditions are restored. But in man the "ark" signifies the higher nature, which does not perish even if all in him which is earthly succumbs to death. The raven which Noah sends forth is the earthly intellect, which can find no firm ground in the celestial realm; the dove is the symbol of faith, which returns with the olive branch of peace.†

But the theoretical knowledge of the significance of the symbols of the holy scriptures serves little if we do not bring that which we teach to practical application in ourselves. In what does it benefit us that we stand in wonder before the altar-picture which represents the victory of St. George over the dragon, or that we edify ourselves over the tale in the Bhagavad Gita which describes how Arjuna, with the help of Krishna, conquered the enemy, among whom he recognized his nearest blood-relatives and friends, if we do not arouse ourselves to conquer the dragon of selfishness in ourselves, and to battle against the bad desires, passions and prejudices which are our loved playfellows? Theory is the preparation for knowing, but only through actual willing does one attain growth. The beginning of growth is the act.

(*To be continued.*)

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* See Jacob Boehme's Mysterium Magnum, xxx., 3.; also H. P. Blavatsky's Secret Doctrine.

† Jacob Boehme, Mysterium Magnum, Cap. 32.

COURAGE.

RESOLUTION, FIRMNESS, FORTITUDE.*

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

The constantly changing features of personal life, bringing, as they do, many varying experiences, with the element of uncertainty as regards results always prominent in its advanced movements, make courage an early necessity to each individual. The seeming separateness of persons and of things, at once brings forward the apparent necessity of looking out for oneself; and this thought, indulged by man for awhile, forces the opinion that both persons and powers are against him, and that to survive he must meet them aggressively and fight for his rights. The first result of this opinion is to develop the thought of self-defence against fancied wrongs; its later development is aggressive action against others, for personal advantage and perhaps for gain in worldly possessions. The steps between these stages of personal aggregation of values and of powers are so short and so easy to take, that the thoughts seem to come simultaneously and the conditions to blend almost in one continuous necessity for forceful demonstration of one's physical powers, and for the display of Courage in the conduct of worldly affairs.

Our purpose, here, is to examine this seeming necessity, and judge its claims according to the laws of the universe and the nature of our personal requirements; and then to learn what Courage is and how it may be legitimately employed in order to confer a real benefit upon the individual. If possible, this benefit should apply equally on all the conscious planes of existence, rather than be confined to one plane to the exclusion of the others.

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*Ninth Essay on "The Ethics of Metaphysics." Read before The School of Philosophy, New York.

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Courage, more than any other of the emotional qualities, is estimated by worldly thinkers as a physical faculty and associated with the sense nature. Physical courage, as it is frequently called, is appreciated by these thinkers almost beyond any other virtue of the mind. This, however, is not the pure meaning of Courage, because it refers only to its external application for the enforcement of self-wishes. Courage has higher meanings and purer purposes than this, and can bring us greater and more enduring benefits.

Courage can never be physical, alone, because it represents action both forceful and intelligent, and matter never performs any voluntary act. Matter never moves except in response to some operation of force having its motive impulse outside of material body, and it never exhibits intelligence in any degree whatsoever. That which is designated as physical courage relates to the animal nature, is of the same sort as exhibited by animals, and is exercised entirely for the aggrandizement of the body and its senses. All other exhibitions of courage belong to the higher nature, and are the purer aspects of the soul's high purpose to perform its acts of life according to what it knows to be right. This form of courage is the chief ally of the higher aspirations and operates energetically to carry those purposes into effect. Although forceful, it is just in action and quiet in demeanor. Animal courage in the human being is noisy, boisterous, and egoistic, in its self-assertive demonstrations of boasted prowess; and like personal-sense in any of its operations, it is prone to the "much cry, little wool," system of action. On the other hand, true courage is quiet, calm, resolute, and steadily meets any seeming difficulty for which duty calls, with no thought of self, but only with the purpose to maintain what is right. These are purposes and actions which denote the qualities of the soul; and, insomuch as they relate to external life, they indicate the highest faculties of the mind. In their exercise the chatterings of Sense are usually passed by without notice; and even its warnings of danger are of no avail to turn the soul from its pure purpose of "right for right's sake."

The English word, "Courage," is derived from the Latin *Cor*,

meaning heart. In its origin, therefore, the idea courage relates to the qualities of the heart, rather than to the sense-emotions; and to the spiritual, rather than to the animal, nature. Its highest as well as quietest aspect is defined as "fortitude."

Fortitude is the steadfast quality of courage, which encounters difficulties in firmness of spirit, holding always to its right purpose and never yielding to any weakening influence. It is the kind of courage that is seldom heard from in advance of its necessity, but when a difficulty arises its sufficiency is at hand. The greater the difficulty seems to be, the more firmly does it occupy its place of duty. The more imminent the supposed danger, the more stoical it stands in its protective position. Such courage as this is the fortitude of the soul; the animal nature is incapable of it. It is a spiritual quality, the product of the consciousness of right; and nothing can divert it from its purpose *to maintain the right.*

Animal courage is based upon the desires of the senses and its purpose is to enforce gratification of sense wishes. Its first thought is of its own physical necessity. It is not inspired with a consciousness of the eternal right, and lacks the moral support of that conviction. Its thought is, first its own necessity, and next its chances for accomplishing its purpose. Its motto is "Might makes right" and in its estimation possession signifies "nine points of the law." In the indulgence of these propensities man has the kind of courage that belongs with such convictions.

This, however, is the exact reverse of true courage; and while there may be certain circumstances, which in our present state of development we do not always know how to avoid, and which may seem to call for the exercise of this inversion of moral courage, we should not encourage the mind to rely upon it, or evolve our ideas of life in such ways as to make it seem just or right; because, in supporting the sense-nature it strangles the heart, and tends toward animalism in all views of life.

In all lines of reasoning, courage is closely associated with power; and a "weakling" is not supposed to be especially courageous. The

common failure to recognize both sides of the subject and comprehend the two kinds of courage, however, leads to many a mistake on this score; and frequently, one who is physically weak and seemingly incapable of great action on that plane, displays a degree of genuine courage that astonishes the beholder, and proves the individual a hero when only the powers of an ordinary person would have been expected of him. This is the courage of the soul, which is not dependent upon a body, but which makes an instrument of the body to carry out its spiritual purpose of right; it seldom stops to weigh or measure the possible powers of the body or any of the physical limitations or obstructions, but calmly proceeds, in confidence, to fulfill the law of right and justice.

The powers of the soul are always a surprise to the mind of sense, which invariably underestimates them because unable to comprehend the fact that power can exist without matter as its substance. For the same reason, the natural courage of the soul is also overlooked by this class of thinkers. Spiritual things are not seen with the eyes of Sense, neither are spiritual powers recognized except through the exercise of the superconscious sense of Spiritual Intelligence—the faculty through which man judges and estimates real things, ideas and principles. Courage that is based upon the understanding of principles, is an element in life that can be depended upon under all circumstances. It knows, and, in consequence, is fearless. It understands, and nothing can interfere, because wisdom guards its path and intelligence lights the way.

Nothing so establishes the mind in courage, to meet even seemingly insurmountable difficulties, as the FULL CONSCIOUSNESS OF RIGHT. Even the *belief* of "being in the right," when, actually, the cause is a wrong one, sometimes encourages one to effort which demonstrates the powers of animal courage to a high degree. The mind, also, may be intellectually misled so as to believe the error, equally with the sense-nature; then, adding the forces of its intellect to the animal impulse, it may generate a marked exhibition of valor and gain the applause of the world for Courage, even though it be in a wrong cause.

But even this, which is the highest form in which the element of courage can be demonstrated in strictly material affairs, is not what we mean by "fortitude," which is the courage of the soul; the confidence of spiritual intelligence. When this is called into conscious operation, the intellectual forces and the determined action of the sense-mind are reinforced by the psychic powers of the soul-mind, operating on both planes, in the full consciousness of actual knowledge of all the facts in the case, both physical and spiritual, and in absolute certainty of the ultimate right of the cause espoused. This degree of spiritual assurance, involving, as it does, all the forces of the intelligence, allows of no mistake in judgment and admits of no doubt in the question, making the ultimate result for divine right, a certainty, no matter what obstructions may temporarily occupy the path. Regarding the unreality of things and affairs that are only physical, the awakened intelligence sees no real danger in that which alarms the sense-mind. With its longer range of vision it comprehends all the facts and knows that the soul is safe, realizing that if it calmly maintains its position for the eventual right, the haven of Spiritual Reality will be safely reached; and this even though physical interests may seem to be sorely in danger of injury, destruction and loss. In this combination of all the faculties in one operation, the full powers of each are evolved, and the spiritual man directs all action in pure intelligence, according to the infinite laws of divine reality. Such power as this is entirely beneficent in its action and certain to produce right results; there is no power in the universe, either above or below, in comprehension, that can interfere to prevent its pure operation for the divine right.

The spiritual man, whether operating internally or externally at the time, is always conscious of these facts of the laws of his own being and moves in harmony with them. He is, therefore, always conscious of the ultimate right as a necessity of every law, and capable of full and just judgment of any action that appears before him. Under this degree of knowledge the spirit of courage in the presence of what, to others, may seem imminent danger, amounts to

absolute fortitude, as the world views the act. It is the quiet courage of a contented confidence that right will prevail, whether we can see clearly just what is right, or not.

Only the real man, possessing spiritual intelligence, can exercise this kind and degree of courage, and only he who is *conscious* of the possession of its higher powers can realize *conscious courage* to the degree of fortitude.

In the trifling affairs of life the lower mind holds sway, and the exhibitions of courage are such as relate to externals, seldom calling for more than a moderate degree of control; but when some unusually important affair comes forward for consideration, involving the deeper emotions, and presenting extraordinary circumstances which suggest great dangers, the soul or higher mind takes the helm and steers the ship into clearer waters; this is accomplished, usually, with a degree of calm courage that is incomprehensible in sense-judgment. This, again, is the fortitude of the soul—the confidence of a knowledge of truth. Would you possess it? Then cultivate your higher faculties which are naturally freighted with the powers of spiritual intelligence, and you will find that you do possess it. Encourage these higher faculties by turning to your inner nature for guidance on questions that come before you for decision, and you may be surprised to see how readily they will respond and what reliable suggestions will come to you in response to your willingness to know and to obey the higher leadership.

Willingness to receive, and to be guided if we do not consciously know, is the first requisite; meekness, to enable us to rightly comply and follow the leadership presented, is proportionately important. With proper exercise of these, *Resolution* becomes the first element of courage to do that which is pointed out as right; and the resolve must be made with no reservation to self, else it will be weakened by just so much as it brings in of self-desire. Having seen the truth presented, and, in the meekness of true spiritual appreciation of the right, resolve to accept and follow it, come what may, man has already exercised within his own heart a far higher degree of courage

than any sense-mind is capable of producing, even when operating to the ultimate of its power.

A just resolution, therefore, is the beginning of Courage. Without it there never would be an exhibition of true courage. The resolution comes first; the courageous act follows as a natural sequence.

If the danger be recognized as unusually great, or the action necessary to conquer the difficulty be protracted, another feature of the thought involved becomes necessary or the act which would be interpreted as courage may never culminate. This feature is the state of mind known as *Firmness:* "to be firm; to stand unmoved; to remain constant." Unless the mind remain firm in its purpose, resolution would be of no avail and courage would never mature. Firmness, therefore, is an element of courage; without it there could be no courage, in action. It is easier to resolve than to remain firm in the resolution; but both these elements must be well in hand, with the mind which would make its courage of practical value in the world.

Resolution and Firmness are mental elements, necessary to bring the mind on to the higher ground of Courage, where the more spiritual element of Fortitude prevails in all actions of forceful demonstration. Resolution and Firmness unite and combine to produce the act of Courage; but, in its ultimate, Courage is described as Fortitude—the calm and steadfast assurance of the soul, based upon actual knowledge of truth.

In the limited action of daily self-life, where the gratification of desire is the chief object, brute courage, or animal determination to do what is decided upon, answers the common purpose. It calls out the same selfish element from other animal minds, however, and does not always succeed in its undertakings because of the opposition which inevitably arises in the mind of the one whose own desires are interfered with by the act.

Wherever the animal will comes in, blindly forcing its way with its own selfish determination, the opposition thus established may

engender conflict. The art of opposing a desire with self-determination is sometimes falsely called Courage; and if the operator is especially blind and fanatical, disregarding what is ordinarily termed danger, especially to his own person, his act is praised as extraordinary courage, valor, heroism, etc. This is commendable on its own plane and in its own terms, but it is not the courage of the spiritual nature of man and does not lead to the same order of results. It has its own reward.

This sort of courage is mainly the determination of self-will. It includes only so much of reality, and, consequently, is capable of only so much of good in its results, as it may possess of the inner consciousness that it is right to accomplish that particular purpose. As the activity of the real man is always back of the action of the external man, though inverted in all its methods and purposes, so the real courage of the soul is back of the determination of the personal self, else it would contain no shade of power for action. When we observe these external actions and recognize their errors, we should aim to reverse them in the thought-action involved, and trace back from the limitations of these to the limitless reality behind them, and, at the source of intelligence, learn which is right and true, regulating our external actions accordingly. In this procedure the animal instincts will be held in abeyance and true courage will develop in our comprehension, taking its permanent position among the powers of consciousness.

Following the animal demonstration of courage the next feature for consideration is its group of mental qualifications. In these the mind takes a more serious view of the element, considers it in the sense of right, and yielding its own wishes to the higher influences of intelligence, allows the better of its emotions to prevail and develops courage in the cause of what it recognizes as right. It then stands by its accepted principles, even to the death of the physical form. This is the highest order of courage that the world in general recognizes; even then the people do not fully or rightly comprehend it.

In estimating mental courage the animal will is usually given

more prominence than is strictly just. True courage is strongly impregnated with the soul's inspiration of spiritual truth and is spiritual in essence, though mental in its outward operation. In the transaction the mind operates both consciously and subconsciously, and, from its higher gronnd, the will is brought to bear upon the subject, to execute the decision of the reason and the emotion combined. This feature of Courage in life begins in Resolution of will and continues in Firmness of demeanor. When prompted by the right emotions and continued in just reason, it soon carries the mind to the plane of intuition, where, if any mistake has been made in the earlier stages, it is corrected by means of the clearer insight now obtained into the intricacies of spiritual activity; then the soul takes the field of operation, using the mind, the senses and the body, for the purpose of properly expressing spiritual qualities on the material plane.

The Stoics were examples of this high element of moral courage; and its influence upon the people, for good, has always been of the best order. The noblest characters of history, in all ages, have belonged to that class which developed its reason and its emotion, unitedly, and stood firmly by the decisions thus made. Any of the serious affairs of human life can be trusted to the minds of those so trained and cultivated. Although still trusting the lower faculties somewhat, these are not allowed to rule; and when the emergency arises they are set aside almost entirely, while man, moving through the finer qualities of the mind, guided by the soul in its recognition of outward life in mental action, rises to the occasion, fearless and strong in the conscious opinion that he is right and doing a good deed —then the world pronounces him a hero. And, for once, the world is right. In this state of action, while operating as mind, man is sensitively aware of the danger to which he is subjected, and knows well its cost and its external consequences; but, in the just reasoning of the higher phases of his mentality, which are now being exercised, these are given their right place and the sense of duty fully takes the place of pleasure and personal interests of every sort. Such an act

calls for courage which includes both *resolution* and *firmness* to the highest degree; and, as an act, it is deserving of credit—even the best that we can give; because, the personal self is sacrificed to the higher nature, deliberately and knowingly, in the face of probable loss of that which the mind has been in the habit of considering as seriously important.

To the one who is so dull as not to feel and appreciate these facts, the effort to carry out a purpose in the face of a physical danger is not nearly so much an act of heroism, as it is to the one fully conscious of the circumstances, conditions and probable consequences. The moral element, so high in the one instance, is missing in the other. The one is the true man, doing good because it is right, and contentedly taking the consequences for the good of others; the other is the false and inverted man, doing as he happens to want to, for self alone, and taking everything he can get, for his own personal satisfaction. He thinks everything of self, blindly risks everything for self and loses the whole—his own soul included. But he is not a hero; he comes nearer to being a fool. His act was one of blind determination, put into effect because, in its success, he saw *everything* for himself; money, lands, goods, love (of himself), self-glory, notoriety, worldly gain of some sort is ahead, or he is not on hand. With the personal object missing, the courage does not materialize.

With the other case how different all of this—in fact, exactly the opposite in every respect; the results, also, will be equally in advance of those produced by the other method. These two sorts of courage are to be seen in daily life, everywhere, at all times. While we live the life of sense and expend our forces in seeking its gratification, we shall remain in the ranks with those who fail; and, our courage, if called upon, will prove of the waning order, unless, under the emergency, the soul-nature should come forward and assume control. It is never safe to take this for granted, however, indulging self-propensities meanwhile, for the lower self is weak and sense is invariably a coward; when the time comes to act he will fly from the responsibility, every time. If we trust the external sense-nature to

perform our duty in courage and confidence, we may be found with no conscious resources whatever.

The proper exercise of courage on the mental plane, prepares the individual for higher operation on the spiritual plane, where the mind, recognizing the true source of its own powers, willingly yields itself to the soul and becomes a strong ally in extending the soul-powers to the mental plane.

The soul is the real man operating in the individual life, and is spiritual in nature, in substance, and in all its activities. Its demeanor toward others and toward all laws of the universe, is based upon knowledge of all the facts of the case; realization of all the laws involved; a just judgment of all the circumstances; and a consequent intelligent comprehension of the outcome. When called upon to support its own or another's position, it at once brings all these powers to bear upon the case, and exhibits the courage that nothing can move from its purpose—the FORTITUDE OF ABSOLUTE CONVICTION. The Martyrs exhibited this kind of courage, to its ultimate, and the world has always been unable to comprehend it. It rests upon knowledge of the real and is the inevitable outcome of the full consciousness of right, judged by the standard of universal truth. It can be obtained in no other way, and in this degree of soul development it is a sure acquirement.

We all possess, fundamentally, the power to realize, and to know the essence of the divine right; the rest becomes a matter of development. As regards decision and action, this is always in our own hands. In our action in the world, we may become either giants or pigmies. In our relations to, and transactions with others, we can be either heroes or cowards. Both the heaven and the hell of human consciousness are open to us and we are neither bid nor forbidden to enter either of them; it remains with our own judgment and we alone must take the consequences, for either one is but a state of conscious thought, within our own minds, and relating to our own deeds. The seed that we sow will determine the crop. Shall we anticipate the harvest?

In order to maintain personal rights, as regards the individual, the family, the group, the state, the nation, or the race, the matter of a seeming necessity for recognition of the physical requirements of life, to the degree of aggressive action, either with or against others, requires attention and close analysis; because, the physical necessities of life, and the aggressive features of human nature, are so continually brought before our notice as to absorb the most of our thought, and interference with worldly plans disturbs the emotional nature almost regardless of the philosophy of higher things which we entertained during our thinking periods.

Must we cultivate aggressiveness in order to obtain our rights in this life? Is it necessary to fight in order to live? Is he who does not so maintain his rights a coward, and he who invariably meets a blow with a stronger one and a wrong with a greater one, a hero? These are serious questions because they involve the growth of the soul, the expansion of the moral nature, the development of the mind and the proper estimate of the sense powers. In this, as in other questions of material life, the definite laws involved in the operations of the mind must be considered, or we can render no just opinion.

Aggressive action, whether offensive or defensive, is put in operation through physical means and seeks to overcome matter with matter; force with force. But the mind must act before the body can move, and is invariably the aggressor. It is always the mind that takes offense and forms the purpose to act against another, even though the action be levied against the body, and with intention to do bodily injury, or produce a physical result. In any event the action is mental before it can be physical, and the physical act or material result is subservient to the mind in all respects. This being true, it is clear that the natural operations of the human mind must be considered, in order to establish rules for action that shall be effective in regulating human intercourse without friction and contention.

It must also be remembered that no mind can, for any purpose,

operate entirely independent of other minds; because, by its very nature, the picture formed in one mind reflects to others, the reflections becoming images there, and again passing to others, in the same manner as an object reflects in the mirror and that reflection in turn becomes an image to another mirror, and is reflected there just as clearly as though from the original object. And, as one object produces its reflected counterpart in all the mirrors presented to it, simultaneously, and each of those reflected images is reproduced, also, in all of the mirrors present, an almost inestimable number of pictures may be produced from one object, all equally clear, and difficult to distinguish one from another, if not absolutely identical in appearance. The minds, also, of a family, a group of people, associates or a community, act and interact with each other, transferring and reproducing their images among themselves, in exactly the same manner as the object and its reflections transfer in the mirrors; for minds are mirrors to each other, and every worldly thought has a form which makes it a mental image to the sensitive plate of the understanding of another mind. The reflection in the mirror will, of course, be exactly like the object from which it reflects. If you place a snake before the mirror, you will have no possible excuse for expecting to view a turtle-dove in the reflection. With the operations of the mind, the law is precisely the same. Whatever the thought indulged, its resulting image will bear the same character. That image must inevitably reflect in every mind that comes in intellectual contact with it, and the nature of the reflection is predetermined by the character of the original thought; not even the Almighty can change its course—the *law* must be fulfilled.

In order to perform an aggressive act we must first think an aggressive thought; in order to avenge a fancied wrong we must first picture in mind a revengeful act. These pictures must reflect in other minds; there is no escape from the natural law of mental operation. The reflections cannot be different from the thought-images formed by the thinking intelligence, and the resulting influences on the minds of those receiving the impressions *will* bear

the seal of the original intention, tempered only by such degree of the higher spiritual intelligence as may be consciously active in the minds of the receivers. The influence on others, produced by the operator, is entirely in the direction of the thought formed by the original intention.

If this inviolable law of mental action be fully comprehended and its inevitable consequences considered, the uselessness of meeting force with force—of attempting to undo a wrong by perpetrating another wrong—will be apparent; for every act of revenge, no matter what its colorings in the line of so-called "righteous indignation" will call forth more of the same element from all minds indulging that grade of understanding; and as the smell of burning gunpowder incites the animal instincts to battle, the influence will incite weak minds to more indulgence of self-will. Thus every attempt to control others by physical power, applied in the aggressive attitude, or to defend one's supposed rights, through the exercise of will, demanding, though it may, the strongest demonstration of animal courage, thwarts its own purpose, because it invariably produces another crop of the same element of action, which will react upon its originator, in just fulfillment of the natural law.

The senses give no evidence of this procedure in lawful action, and the mind, while occupied with sense affairs, does not suspect it. When the results are met in experience they are usually attributed to other causes, or to chance, or are considered fresh cause for other action of a similar order. And so the wheel goes round. Like produces like; and if we would have the right result in harmonious action from others toward us, we must learn the lesson of truth, resolve to follow its guidance, then stand firm in the resolution, having the courage of our convictions, and comply with the law of equal rights and justice to all. Then in the distribution of rewards each will receive his share.

It requires more genuine courage to refuse the evidence of sense, and to resist those promptings of self-will which lead us to avenge the fancied wrong and give to another his seeming due, in material

measure; or the personal temptation to take the part of another for a similar sense-purpose; or to withhold from carrying out a self-purpose that promises gain in worldly possessions, than it does, in the blindness of passion, to face a supposed physical danger in what the world so often applauds as heroism. The true heroism of the higher mind is never recognized by the sense mind, and the fortitude of the soul can only appeal to the spiritual intelligence of the real man. In the consciousness of spiritual truth every man is a hero when occasion requires; and in the intelligent comprehension of the fundamental principles of Reality, each individual soul obeys the inviolable law, with fortitude born of realization of the wholeness of all the activity of the Unit of Being—the pure and perfect Courage of the Spirit, when exercised in the support of the ETERNAL RIGHT.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

RENUNCIATION.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

In the estimation of the coming ages, the world's greatest characters will not be judged so much by their glorious deeds as by the motive which impelled them. The selfish ambition for glory is not the heroic quality of man's nature; it is rather in the valorous struggle that uplifts others and sinks self in seeming oblivion. From this point of view, we realize that the struggles of Moses, Buddha, Socrates or Christ, far outshine every vain-glorious march of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar or Napoleon.

By this analysis of character, we can easily understand wherein true heroism is found, the one element of greatness in character—the sublime and the beautiful—it is in the spirit of renunciation. In this phase of life, ambition does not eat away the heart; the purpose of life is rather to make happy and be happy.

Emerson has said: "All that Cæsar could, you can do"; but Christ proclaims: "All that I renounced, you also can renounce." Consider this well, for all that is in life, is thus expressed. Superficially, the latter thought sounds like a negation, but experience demonstrates that it requires an infinitely superior effort of the will to successfully renounce, than it does to succeed in the greatest fields of action. It was knowledge that said: "He that ruleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city." Action and the aim will absorb a man's life until his ambition is his very being, Renunciation is forever a striving against the impulses of the heart, a battle against the influences of the world and the instincts of nature; while its motive, though altruistic, is too often vague in its conception of honor and purity.

That self-denial is not rewarded by externals is because it renounces them. The mistaken idea that purity does not pay in a sensuous way was realized ages ago; it gave the motive to the

greatest epic of human renunciation—the Book of Job. The realism of this drama records with bitter emphasis the modern, as well as ancient, doubts, the conflicting impulses and emotions, the agony and solitude, which every spirit undergoes when he stakes his principles and soul on Truth. It is to repudiate the opinion of the world; it is to wrestle with all that seems to be in life, while one's very intuition will question his understanding of Truth and the purity of his purpose.

In her prime, the secret of Roman power was patriotic renunciation. The spirit of Quintus Curtius, who could plunge into a chasm to save Rome, was the spirit that made Rome great. The sacrifice of a Scævola was but the development of the sublime denial of a Regulus. When Rome lost this spirit, though still powerful, she was not truly great. This indomitable restraint for others, is the force that wins in the world's greatest struggles.

With the Greeks, the principle of renunciation was personified in the Titan Prometheus, who, for bestowing on mankind the spark of civilization and not betraying his fore-knowledge, suffered in exquisite agony the preying of the vulture upon his liver. He was a fitting prototype of Christ.* Of his Christ-like atonement, Lowell aptly wrote:

> "Therefore, great heart, bear up. Thou art but type
> Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain
> Would win men back to strength and peace through love."

The soul that has the sensitiveness of genius, generosity and greatness, suffers precisely in this solitary agony, with no recompense but tears.

Socrates was probably the first spirit in the Gentile world to appreciate the sublimity of renunciation; although not expressed in

*Mythology conceived Prometheus to have been one of a trinity of Titans; a son of a god and woman; one who loved the world; who was tempted of Oceanus and who suffered in propitiation for his gift to man. Prometheus acknowledged his gift would bring suffering in conjunction with blessing. Æschylus foreshadowed Christ when he made Prometheus say of men: "I caused to dwell within them the innate hopes."

so many words, the purpose of Socrates was to live and suffer for no other reward than the consciousness of virtue and to impress its divinity upon his fellow beings. Relinquishing his birthright of immortal fame and knowledge to Plato, his almost divine soul breathed through the strangling draught of hemlock, an inaudible "Virtue is its own reward."

"Virtue," sighed Voltaire, "is a word easy to pronounce, difficult to understand," and we would add, even though understood, harder still to embrace. Virtue is most eminently described under the figure of Love (1 Cor., xiii.). It is not a negative quality, yet he who can attain this character of generous altruism, must first renounce self and all that is dear to him, excepting mankind and deity. The elements of Virtue are Love and Restraint—a dualism of perfect harmony. Christianity recognizes it; but an age that inwardly considers the denials of Christ as fanaticism and the characters of his disciples as an out-of-date necessity, lacks the element of true religion; for we should feel with Jean Paul Richter, that "we desire immortality not as the reward of virtue, but as its continuance. Virtue can no more be rewarded than joy can. It is its own reward."

To him who lives for this life alone, restraint is an unpleasant duty. To him who lives for all time, in the hope of immortality, renunciation lies enveloped in his heart as the chrysalis of perfection. Pessimism is the state of conscious realization of this truth, but which lacks the courage and will to embrace it. It was this dissatisfaction that led Euripides to cry, "Life is called life, but it is truly pain." Yet the soul that indulges in self-satisfying pleasures seems justified, but there are moments of passing, yet vital, intensity, wherein he feels that his life is wasted, that if there is a spark of divinity within him, he is dishonoring it. In his heart he knows that to satiate his individuality in mere physical comfort, is not accomplishing the purpose which this highly organized being intuitively intimates.

Renunciation is repudiation. Musical genius feels that the acme

of perfection lies enfolded in this; an intellectual mind must realize it, and a spiritual mind recognizes that in this element the secret of perfection is laid bare. As this truth dawns upon the soul and is accepted as inevitable, one finds it does not require a superhuman will to make the denial. The Flagellants were fanatics, but their penance was an exhilarating influence against the prevailing licentiousness. So it is of the Puritanical spirit; it is of that alone to-day which, inherited, preserves to us freedom of thought, political liberty and intellectual virility.

To give one's life to-day for an opinion is considered fanatical and rightly so; the highest degree of martyrdom is not in death. In this century, it requires infinitely more will-power to renounce death, than it did in Leonidas to sacrifice his life and that of his army in the crisis of Thermopylæ. We must recognize that in the present altered conditions of life, to suffer, to faint and to bear; to bleed, to give and to live for the love of the race, its mental and spiritual advancement, represents a higher patent of nobility than voluntary death for the greatest of thoughts. Death that was once courageous, in these *fin-de-siècle* days is cowardly; for, too often, underlying the motive, is a desire to avoid the responsibilities of continued existence. Renunciation is not the giving up of life, nor is it the bane of happiness; it is rather only in true renunciation that true happiness can be found. Happiness is not to be found in the ambitions of power, fame, wealth or pleasure, nor in anything that is not purely altruistic, even though it is simply one's comfort. In the higher eithics of true Christianity, these desires are lacking the finer principles of spiritual morality.

All deeply thoughtful minds are sensitive and susceptible; and the conflict of their opinion with the world's at times disarms them Circumstances of small importance will change the whole tide of a life. To forfeit all that is transitory and follow the eternal principle faithfully, necessitates a torrent of will and an inflexibility of purpose Max Nordau has expressed a very lamentable condition, but too truly, in his *Malady of the Century*. A young idealist, whose life for

thirty-five years was untainted with folly, whose idealism promised to be of a practical benefit to mankind, when he encounters the temptation of the world-soul in a beautiful woman, becomes drowned in supersensualism. It is pathetic, but in life it is the secret history of the majority that attempt the higher purpose of being.

The old Judaic prophets had the same world-principle to contend with, as the prophet of the twentieth century will have. The Hebrews proclaimed renunciation to those, who could only be threatened. Will history repeat itself, and the Carlyle of the next century also be misunderstood? The last John the Baptist will cry in the wilderness of the world's heart: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal." (Not so much for length of life, as intensity.) Will the voice be heeded?

"There will always be men like Palissy," wrote Higginson, "who will starve self and wife and children, if need be, for the sake of their dream." Their dream may be vain and unworthy of their mettle, but it takes this spirit of persevering renunciation to move the world. That the men like Palissy have not always had the right purpose is the reason that the world has not risen to the place it is worthy of attaining. Nordau has hinted that the capable men think they have fulfilled their mission if they have filled the stomachs of the poor. There is an ideal above this to which the lowest of us may aspire; it is rather to fill the minds and hearts of the lowly.

The impulse that led thousands of lay Christians, in the third and fourth centuries, to a life of celibacy, could not have been fanaticism. A fanatic does not attempt the great achievements nor the sublime. At that time, the heathen world placed the institution of the vestal virgins in contrast with the renunciation of the Christians. A vestal was rewarded with the richest material emblems and her purity commanded the whole nation's respect; but the sentence of living burial for broken vows could not at any time keep the institution complete or continent. On the other hand, the asceticism of early Christianity was so genuine, that the religion would have long since

been self-exterminated, had it not been for the esteem with which this restraint was met by the true thought of the great Roman world. The principles of Christ were set forth in their truest light in the sacrifices of asceticism, and we to-day would not partake of the fruits of civilization, had it not been for the proselytizing influences of early Christian renunciation.

The impulse that led the child Christ to forego all that we do not forego, is recognized by every one to be a divine attribute. Yet when we strive to be like him and do not renounce the pleasures that he renounced, do we think he can unhesitatingly receive us into his heart of Love? He may do it out of mercy, but if we can renounce successfully, we must feel that his great heart will throb in gratification at our effort. May it be the prayer of the closing century that the grace of renunciation will bring peace to the hearts of the living millions and unborn billions.

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HERMAN ROSENTHAL.*

It is a remarkable and well-known fact, exhibited by the history of civilization, that numerous false ideas take such a strong hold of even representative minds and spread with such irresistible rapidity over the great masses of humanity, that it requires a long time to discover their spuriousness.

It is a popular notion that the Russians are great linguists, while at the same time it is well known that out of the 128 millions of inhabitants about 100 millions of Russians can scarcely read and write. This idea of Russians as linguists originated in times and places where Russian nobility and officials spent their money only too freely. The Moscovite counts, princes and common landowners who lived on the incomes from the hard labor of their serfs, had the privilege of spending their fortunes in foreign countries, the same as some of the American barons are now beginning to do, and were flattered by the greedy hotelkeepers on account of their extravagance. Hence their reputation as linguists.

Since the serfs have been freed, the landlords have been obliged to struggle for an existence like any ordinary human being.

Taking the proportions according to population, I find that the percentage of linguists in Germany, Switzerland, and even in the United States, is greater to-day than in Russia. The late Professor Whitney, for instance, has contributed largely to the science of language, and American linguists of to-day have done much in the field of Assyriology. The Russians have left the hard work of etymological research and discoveries even of their own language to

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the Germans and to the Austrian Slavonians Jagich and Miklosich. There are nevertheless some linguists in Russia to-day; they can be found among the University Professors, among the high aristocracy, the statesmen and among the writers, but especially among the translators and reviewers of foreign books. But who translates all the French, German, Spanish, Italian, Polish and Russian novels for the American readers? and who writes the reviews on foreign books for the *Post*, *Times* and the many other good papers and periodicals? I happen to know many of them; they are spread all over the Eastern States and are to be found even in the South. I have also met many American travelers in Europe and in the Far East who could converse very well in German, French and Spanish. Concerning the Latin, I think that even too much of it is taught in our female colleges.

"*Non scholæ, sed vitæ discimus!*" "Not for the school, but for practical life should we learn," says Seneca. A little more cooking school for our college girls would benefit the country more than too much Latin.

Another illustration of the paradox mentioned above is furnished by contemporary Russian critics and reviewers, who, speaking of current Russian literature unanimously attribute its supposed downfall to the hard restrictions of censorship and general pressure from above, under which Russian authors have to labor. According to the complaint of these critics we find in the new belletristic productions a refutation of Heine's words:

"*Neue Vögel, neue Lieder,*"

the new Russian birds singing old songs. In reality this fact is due, not to the pressure from above, but rather to the materialistic tendency of the times. I shall even go further and state that in Russia of to-day there is no such poverty of literature, and the complaints are due rather to the high standard held up by conscientious critics, who always take a respectful stand in regard to the opinion of their intelligent readers. What would these critics have

to say if they should have to pass judgment upon the hundreds of lifeless and colorless trash novels of known American writers published every week by well-known American publishers? And this is the most liberal country in the world; there is no censorship here and no pressure from above. In the last number of the Russian bibliographical monthly magazine, *Knizhny Vyestnik* (Book-Advertiser), we find a complete list of the periodicals of the whole Russian Empire for 1899. From this list we learn that there are in Russia 1,000 periodicals in the Russian language, 101 in Polish, 53 in German, 12 in Lettish, 11 in Esthonian, 6 in French, 6 in Georgian, 5 in Armenian and 3 in Hebrew; which means 1,197 in all—that is, less than in the city of New York and not much more than half as many as in the State of New York, which, according to the *Tribune* Almanac of last year, had 2,018 periodicals. In the entire United States there were published in 1898, 21,360 periodicals. When we consider that Russia has a population at least twice as large as that of the United States, this makes, statistically, rather a poor show.

The Russians translate all good works from all languages and literatures. Bret Harte is just as popular in Russia as Gogol. George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Longfellow, Draper, Bancroft are certainly read more by Russians than Gogol, Shchedrin, Dostoyevski, Pushkin and Lermontov by Americans. Nevertheless, New York City alone publishes more books than all Russia together. In 1870, according to the census of the United States, there were published in this country 6,055 periodicals. Comparing this figure to 21,000 of 1898, we have just cause to be proud of the progress of the press in this country, compared even with such countries as Germany, France and Switzerland.

On the other hand, if statistical results could be taken as a measure of intellectual progress in general, there should be great hope for a better Russia in the future, for the reason that, in 1870, that Empire possessed only a few dozen periodicals, and the increase for the last thirty years has been more than 1,000 per cent.

But all these facts, and even the progress of a country, have little

to do with the real value of its literature in a given period. The question is: How many of the vast amount of volumes of fiction thrown every week on our book market will remain in the Universal Literature? Comparing the American and some of the other modern literatures with the Russian, I arrived at the conclusion that the development of nations may depend on constitutional freedom as far as inventions, commerce and industry are concerned, but not in respect to thought and ideals as expressed in art and literature.

What is Universal Literature? Schopenhauer said somewhere that there has been at all times two literatures, which go side by side like strangers; one is only apparent, the other a real one. The one is carried on by people who live *by* science or poetry and hurries along with great clamor and noise of the participants and produces annually many thousand works. But in a few years the question is asked: Where are they? The other one is carried on by people who live *for* science and poetry and goes seriously and quietly, but very slowly, and produces in all Europe and America hardly a dozen works in a century. They, however, remain. These remaining works we call Universal Literature. The works of Shakespeare and Goethe belong to them; some of the works of Tolstoï and Turgeniev also belong to them. I should not undertake now to answer the question how much of the American literature of the last half of this century belongs to the Universal Literature. As long as I don't see such works as the "Memoirs of a Hunter," "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "Crime and Punishment," produced in this country, I may be allowed to assert that the Russian literature of the last forty years has produced fewer in number but more lasting works than the literature of the United States.

It is not so easy to assign the reason for it. Some of the historiographers assume that the American genius has been absorbed in more practical science, with inventions in the line of agricultural machinery, telegraphy, steamships, railroads, electricity, etc. Others think that the great power of the American press has lowered the standard of the ideal, has spoiled the taste for art and beauty. There

has certainly been very little done here in the sphere of art and music; but we have to-day in New York four great Russian musicians, Paderewski, Pachman, Pechnikov and the much promising young Hamburg.

The main reason for the remarkable development of Russian literature of our times, lies in the fact that the Russian reading public takes a more vital interest in the works of their writers. The average circulation of the monthly magazines is not much over 10,000, but they are all sold by subscription only, the readers belong to the most intelligent classes, and the writers have to work very hard to please the taste of the fastidious readers. The best works of the best writers first appear in the monthly magazines. The novels and the short stories of the "young Russians" are published in *Russkoye Bogatstvo* (Russian wealth) and in *Zhizn* (Life), one edited by Korolenko, the other under the guidance of the circle of writers of the young Marksistic school, with Maksim Gorki as their most prominent collaborator.

This highly talented and original young writer of the modern Russian school has a fondness for picturing the types of tramps and all kinds of vagabonds. He may become one of those who remain and who make Universal Literature.

Scarcely a year has elapsed since the name of Maksim Gorki was first mentioned in Russian periodicals, and yet he is already recognized by the best critics as the most prominent writer of fiction of to-day. The second edition of his "Novels and Sketches," in three volumes, has just been published, and his larger novel *Foma Gordyeyev*, which appeared in numbers February–September, 1899, of the monthly magazine *Zhizn*, is pronounced to be last year's best literary production. It is long since an equally grand picture of contemporary real Russian life has been painted with such bold strokes and in such vivid colors. Gorki's peculiar talent, becoming more and more pronounced with each new sketch, here attained its full significance, enabling us to predict the future great master destined to create a new epoch.

Without entering into the details of this novel, I shall acquaint the readers with some interesting facts of its author's adventurous life.

Maksim Gorki was born on the 14th of March, 1868 or '69, in Nizhni-Novgorod, in the family of his grandfather, the painter, Vasili Vasilyevich Kashirin. Gorki's father, Maksim Savatiyev Pyeshkov by name, was a tapester or upholsterer from Perm and died when Maksim G. was five years old. After the death of his mother a few years later, the orphan boy was hired out in a shoe shop. With the help of a prayer book, his grandfather had taught him to read. The boy ran away from the shoemaker, became the apprentice of a draughtsman, again ran away, came to the workshop of a manufacturer of images of saints; afterward he worked on a steamer as cook's boy, then assistant to a gardener. In these various occupations he remained to his fifteenth year. At the same time he was a diligent reader of "classical productions of unknown writers," as for example: Guak, or the Invincible Faithfulness; Andrei the Undaunted; Japancha, Jashka Smertenski, etc.

Now let us hear Gorki's own account of his adventures:

"While I was on board the steamer as cook's boy, the cook Smury exercised a lasting influence over my education. Guided by him, I read 'The Lives of the Saints,' 'Eckarthausen,' 'Gogol,' 'Uspenski,' Dumas père, and numerous little books of the freemasons. Previous to my acquaintance with the cook, I had a pronounced antipathy against any kind of printed paper, the 'Passport' not excepted. After my 15th year I was seized by a wild desire for knowledge and therefore went to Kazan, supposing that knowledge is distributed gratis to those who thirst for it. However, this proved to be not customary, and I therefore went as a common laborer into a bakery, on a salary of 3 rubles per month. Of all attempted work this was the hardest."

In Kazan, Gorki peddled apples, worked on the dock, sawed wood and carried heavy burdens. How difficult it was for him to make a living we can judge from the fact that in 1888 he attempted to commit suicide.

From Kazan, Gorki went to Tzaritzyn, where he obtained the position of watchman on a railroad. Soon after, answering the call for military service, he returned to Nizhni-Novgorod, but never became a soldier, since such "tramps" are not accepted. Therefore he started a business with Bavarian "kvass," a kind of white beer, and at length the much-tried member of the "Painters' Union" became the assistant secretary of the well-known counsellor-at-law Lanin. A. J. Lanin took a lively interest in him, but Gorki's vagabond adventures did not end here. His tramping brought him to Tiflis, where he was employed in the workshop of a railroad, and where he published his first novel in the paper "Kavkaz." Soon after, he returned to his native shores of the Volga and began to publish his sketches in the local papers. In Nizhni-Novgorod he became acquainted with the well-known writer Vladimir Korolenko, who exercised a lasting influence over his career as a writer.

Thus, the unrivaled poet of the "Bossaya Komanda," the Russian proletariat, became the favorite of the Russian reading public, and it can scarcely be doubted that his fame will soon spread far over the boundaries of his fatherland. Gorki is his pseudonym. His real name, as he informs me in a letter received from him on the 5th of February, 1900, is Aleksyei Maksimovich Pyeshkov. He is now working on a novel, which will be called: the *Muzhik* (the Peasant).

True to the conditions of real life, combined with an inner spirit of higher idealism, is the characteristic of the Russian fiction in the works of Turgeniev, in some of the works of Tolstoï and in many of the young Russian writers. A little more of this virtue is required in the American novel, and then we may expect some works which will remain in the Universal Literature.

HERMAN ROSENTHAL.

THE GLORIOUS DAWN.

Awake, my Soul, it is morning!
We have traveled far in the night—
From trouble and woe in the valleys below
We've climbed to the Hills of Light!
The star of the morning 's shining;
The storms of the night have ceased;
In gold and rose the glad light glows
Away in the brightening East!
Awake, my Soul, and listen
With quickened sense that hears
The glorious song that rolls along
In the wake of the flying spheres!
And, to this heavenly anthem
In which the worlds rejoice,
My Soul, be glad that thou may'st add
The music of thy voice!
Awake, my Soul, no longer
Illusion holds thee fast
In its grim chain of doubt and pain—
Thy freedom's come at last!
Shake off thine earthly fetters,
Spread wide thy wings of light,
Up Life's rough steep no longer creep,
But fly to Truth's fair height!
The paths that seemed so cruel—
The night that seemed so long—
The burdens and woes—the trial that rose;
The lessons of right—and wrong—
The desolate hours of waiting—
The ages of stress and strife;
Are passed and gone in the glorious dawn
That bringeth the Real Life!

EVA BEST.

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

JOHN RUSKIN AND THE IDEA OF HIS ART-CRITICISM.

The telegraph has reported that Ruskin is dead. Is that possible? No! Ruskin never dies. A certain human form has passed away, but the influence, the character, the art-impulse of Ruskin is immortal. It will renew itself as it already has renewed itself many times before. Ruskin was no phenomenon, he was a titanic nature; terrible and fearful at times, but always representing the fundamental force of existence. His art, at times his own and ephemeral, was on the whole a revelation, a manifestation of that great and beautiful world of which Nature shows so many transparencies and which art is forever endeavoring to interpret. There was the dew of Hybla upon his brow and his pen was dipped in the waters of Crotona. An infinite love lifted him into that plane where the great creative principles are seen; where

> Blissful Nature's playmate, *Form*, so bright,
> Roams forever o'er the plains of light.

The art of Ruskin may well be defined in the words of Edward Cook, who said of his art-theory that it was a gospel of glad tidings. In the preface to the second edition of "Modern Painters" he defines himself substantially, as he was and remained all his days. He attached to the artist the responsibility of a preacher and demanded that he should kindle in the general mind that regard which such an office must call for. Ruskin said he wanted "to bring to

light, as far as may be in my power, that faultless, ceaseless, inconceivable, inexhaustible loveliness which God has stamped upon all things, if man will only receive them as He gives them. Finally, I shall endeavor to trace the operation of all this on the hearts and minds of men; to exhibit the moral function and end of art, to prove the share which it ought to have in the thoughts and influence on the lives of all of us." He was much criticized for this endeavor. It was claimed that art existed for art's sake and for no other end. But, on the whole, he was right, for as he says: "The ideas of beauty are the subjects of moral, but not of intellectual, perception." The trouble with his opponents was that they did not understand or appreciate what Ruskin meant by the word "moral." They judged him by the old standards and did not see that he himself was a new standard. His views have prevailed and we now judge beauty from the standards of freedom or inner-life. The new art canons are those of the Mind, of the *Uebermensch*, the Over-Man. This, the Superior Man, is the prose-part of Nature and not the impostor, who forces selfish and limited ideals upon us.

Beauty is, according to Ruskin, "the expression of the creating spirit of the universe." Some philosophers would say that the expression of the creating spirit was truth. Ruskin did not mean to convey this idea. "The fact is," he said, "truth and beauty are entirely distinct, though often related. One is a property of statements, the other of objects. The statement that two and two make four is true, but it is neither beautiful nor ugly, for it is invisible; a rose is lovely, but it is neither true nor false, for it is silent." For this reason he also said that it was an error to suppose that Greek worship, or seeking, was chiefly of beauty. The principle of Greek art is not beauty, he taught, but design or truth. The Dorian Apollo-worship and the Athenian Virgin-worship were both expressions of adoration of divine Wisdom and Purity.

Ruskin taught that beauty consists (1) in "certain qualities of bodies which are types of what is *divine*" and (2) in "the felicitous fulfillment of function in vital things," both of which definitions have a

distinct ethical character. He comes near Plato and Plotinus in these ideas. All three look upon beauty as a symbol; the two ancients defining it intuitively and philosophically, the modern art-critic doing it experimentally and with an overwhelming amount of illustration. But symbolic beauty is of objective realty to Ruskin; it is no mere figure, and though he calls the æsthetic faculty the *theoretic* faculty, viz., the faculty of vision, it is no mere subjective feeling. Typical beauty, "whether it occurs in a stone, flower, beast, or man, is absolutely identical," and that external quality thus called typical "may be shown to be in some sort typical of the Divine attributes." To apply the word beautiful to other appearances or qualities than those two just mentioned is, said Ruskin, false or metaphorical, as, for instance, to the splendor of a discovery, the fitness of a proportion, etc. He also dismisses with scorn four "erring or inconsistent positions," viz., that the beautiful is the true, that it is the useful, that it is dependent upon custom or dependent upon association of ideas.

The reader will see the force of Ruskin's definition of one form of beauty, viz., that quality of body which is a "type of what is *divine*," when I call attention to his essay on the moral of landscape. Ruskin has mentioned Goldsmith, Young, Milton, Bacon, Byron and Shelley; has passed over Wordsworth and Scott and their relation to nature. He then says: "But there also lived certain men of high intellect in that age who had *no* love of nature whatever. They do not appear even to have received the smallest sensation of occular delight from any natural scene, but would have lived happy all their lives in drawing-rooms or studies. And, therefore, in these men we shall be able to determine, with the greatest chance of accuracy, what the real influence of natural beauty is, and the character of a mind destitute of its love. Take, as conspicuous instances, Le Sage and Smollett, and you will find, in meditating over their works, that they are utterly incapable of conceiving a human soul as endowed with any nobleness whatever; their heroes are simply beasts endowed with some degree of intellect; — cunning, false, passionate, reckless,

ungrateful, and abominable, incapable of noble joy, of noble sorrow, of any spiritual perception or hope." Take this as a single instance of Ruskin's manifold demonstrations of the moral effect of communion with nature. It emphasizes his lesson of Beauty as the greatest teacher and that Beauty is nowhere found so richly and directly as in nature. Indeed the beauty of "a stone, a flower, a beast or of man is absolutely identical" and is "a type of what is *divine*."

Ruskin said of himself: "I possess the gift of taking pleasure in landscape in a greater degree than most men." This art-criticism sprang from that love and gift. His veneration for mountains and the outdoor life rose almost to the ecstasy of Nature,—mysticism. The great Being was to him "not dumb, that He should speak no more." To him there was no corruption and shame in the animal instinct for he entered into creation in "the liberty of the glory of the children of God." The wild, the barren and desolate, the dark and terrible were not to him proof of a "fall." He found in such characters both sympathy, truth and affinity. As it was to Goethe, so it was to Ruskin: All the passing show is a likeness. His enthusiasm for Nature brought him to heights, almost fanatical, in criticism of landscape painters. The character of his preaching is best understood when I quote him as an illustration upon Philo's definition of the language of Nature. Said that ecstatic Alexandrian: "The human voice is to be heard, but the voice of God is made to be *seen*." Ruskin had *seen* that voice since childhood; both father and mother had shown it to him, and his first view of the Alps fixed his destiny as a preacher of Nature-mysteries. No prophet of Israel thundered more unreservedly against the sins of "the people of the Lord" than Ruskin, against the sins and uselessness of landscapists, in these words: "No moral end has been answered, no permanent good effected by any of their works. They may have answered the intellect, or exercised the ingenuity, but they never have spoken to the heart. Landscape art has never taught us one deep or holy lesson; it has not recorded that which is fleeting, nor penetrated that which was hidden, nor interpreted that which was

obscure; it has never made us feel the wonder, nor the power, nor the glory of the universe; it has not prompted to devotion, nor touched with awe; its power to move and exalt the heart has been fatally abused and perished in the abusing."

Ruskin, the prophet and preacher, has not lived in vain. The landscape to-day is a looking-glass in which we see our own likeness, and behind that we perceive the universal image. To-day we can turn to a sunset or sunrise with an ardency never rivaled by the devotee's prayer before the altar of savior or saint. To-day we wander in the fields among crops that remind us of our universal brotherhood, and we lay ourselves to sleep in mountain gorges where we receive visits of mountain influences which bring us back to ages of elemental simplicity. We *see* the voice and its symbol is Thought.

Ruskin's method for the attainment of such great results was his demand for truth, sincerity and deep feeling. His "divine rage against falsity," which is sublime at times, and his reiteration that the artist has done nothing till he has concealed himself, have no doubt been the father and mother of much of that which to-day is called objective art. Ruskin pointed to the deep-seated evil of ancient landscape art which consisted in the painter taking upon himself to modify Nature's works at his pleasure, casting the shadow of himself on all he sees, constituting himself arbiter where it is honor to be disciple. The old masters did not see that every alteration of the features of nature has its origin either in powerless indolence or blind audacity, in the folly which forgets, or the insolence which desecrates, works which it is the pride of angels to know and their privilege to love. Ruskin did not forbid idealizing. He knew that there is an ideal form of every herb, flower and tree, which is that form to which every individual of the species has a tendency to arrive, freed from the influences of accident or disease. It is the *specific* something, not the individual character, he wants drawn out and perfectly expressed. When that is done in all particulars, then the composition is correct, *is true*. The highest art is that which seizes this specific character, develops, illustrates and

assigns it its proper place in the landscape. This process which Ruskin thus insists upon for the landscapist, is well known to the philosopher. It is that of generalization. Some of his critics laughed at him and asked what it was to generalize trees and rocks. Ruskin was ready with his answer. He told them that only the vulgar, incapable and unthinking mind saw in all mountains nothing but similar heaps of earth; in all rocks, nothing but similar concretions of solid matter, etc. The higher mind separates and makes distinctions the more it knows, the more it feels. It separates to obtain a more perfect unity; it distinguishes to establish relations, systems. Such generalizations are right, true and noble. They are based on distinctions and relations. The others are wrong, false and contemptible. They are based on ignorance, confusion and vulgarity.

It is as an art critic, as the father of modern landscape philosophy, that Ruskin will live in the annals of history. His politico-economic work, though perhaps of essential value to some individuals, cannot be said to be a contribution to human progress, excepting as an expression of good will. It was more an enthusiastic ebullition than a thought product. As the first it cannot be qualified, as the latter it lacked system and sense.

In conclusion let me state that Ruskin's life purpose was as stated by himself: "All my work is to help those who *have* eyes and see not."—"My purpose is to insist on the necessity as well as the dignity of an earnest, faithful, loving study of Nature as she is."

The judgment of history will, no doubt, be that he lived up to his purpose.

May we, writer and reader, learn from Ruskin to use Plato's prayer, "May the gods make me beautiful within," and, do as he did, "see life steadily and see it whole!" C. H. A. B.

When I reflect on the nature of the soul it is much more difficult for one to conceive what the soul is in the body, where it dwells as in a foreign land, than what it must be when it has left the body and ascended to heaven, its own peculiar home.—*Cicero.*

THE VOICE OF HOPE AND THE VISION OF BEAUTY.

It is Kant's great work to have defined and explained the nature of the knowledge-forming faculties. He went beyond and deeper than the German metaphysicians, who sought to explain what knowledge was by referring us to innate ideas. He denied the validity of the claims of the French and English sensualists, who found knowledge in sense-perceptions. Kant sought the conditions of knowledge in the powers and faculties of mind. He established the psychological method and examined the functions which precede experience. He transcended the sphere of actual knowledge and went to the source whence it came, and he criticized the actual knowledge, so called, and proved it to be a fluctuating phenomenon, dependent upon subjective and physical conditions.

This work of Kant was epoch making in philosophy and has made history. One large fraction of thinkers misunderstood the real bearing of his work and went astray as sceptics, declaring that Kant had proved that our knowledge was not real and objective, but that it was purely subjective, hence of no universal value. Another large fraction, and it is growing very much nowadays, saw a new world opened in "the pure reason," a "transcendental" world, a sphere whence came pure truths and the great eternal forms of life. To them it became clear that the causes of things lie imbedded in higher strata of existence, strata hitherto not known, and they understood that knowledge was only knowledge when it dealt with and derived its vitality from these strata. Mere consciousness is not knowledge, but it is limited by the modifications and changes of conceptions and feelings and does not transcend itself. The essence of things is never revealed by consciousness. It is incorrect to speak of a faculty relating to Truth. Truth is too great and universal to be revealed in a faculty. It comes forth only when all so-called faculties step aside, when all individual notions have been cleared away and the whole man is in tune with the universal. And by the whole man is not to be understood any individual man alone, but

also humanity, past and present. Truth is therefore deeper than the ages, wider than creation and stronger than Heaven and Hell. *To know this is knowledge.*

Friedrich Hegel has elaborated what I may call the whole movement of Truth, or as he calls it Thought, expressing it in terms of mind, rather than abstractly. He will know of nothing but Thought. The term *panlogism*, given scornfully by materialists to his philosophy, is rather a compliment and an acknowledgment that

> From one Word proceed all things:
> And one is that which is spoken by all things.

Samuel Johnson said truly that where there is no hope there is no endeavor, and Coleridge compared work without hope to nectar in a sieve. A similar thought played upon the mind of Longfellow and found the expression that the setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun: the brightness of our lives is gone. According to these poets, hope is no delusion, nor does it belong to the sphere of ephemerals as defined by Kant. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Hope and Youth are children of one mother: Love (Shelley). As the Orient and the classical world had a very imperfect understanding of love, so they likewise had but a weak conception of Hope. Neither of them ever rose to pure transcendentalism; they came no further than to a symbolical conception of existence. That evolution of Thought which has revealed Hope is a modern product, like another sister thought: Faith. They are both come to us by the freedom attained by our developed image-making power. The modern man, since Kant, has not remained stationary and a mere recipient of an influx of life. He has forced open the portals and entered the adytum of mind. He has brought back to us a new element, unknown before. In virtue of this new element we go forth in greater confidence than any knight to fight the dragon. No cross mark upon shield or helmet ever carried the St. Georges or St. Michaels as far as Hope carries us. Hope is the rebuilder of our whole organism and existence. It is the regenerator which no death can destroy. To

breathe is the same as to hope. To think is only a mental formulation of an unbounded flux of dynamic existence and to will is only to realize such a flow. Indeed, "a boundless hope has passed across the earth" and that hope is in our day the guiding star of the *Vita Nuova*. It is "the eternal presence" of the "Great Being" realized by the prophets of the New, the Constellation of a Zodiac of an inner life, against which pales the twelve houses of the sun.

In that Hope appears the vision of Beauty. No other beauty is Beauty. It is true, that "there is no speech nor language where its voice is not heard," but only in Hope is perfect Beauty or the Supreme Reality revealed. It is true that it is seen in the entire "system of nature" as well as in atoms and molecules, but only in Hope does Beauty appear as a never-fading Light; everywhere else we see the curtain fall only too soon and the glory fade away. It is true, as Tennyson says, that Nature

half conceals
And half reveals the soul within,

but in Hope we feel and find a kinship, an affinity which no panorama of nature's can transcend or supplant.

Let us then learn to worship Hope. Let us make "pure reason" a reality by transcending the bonds of the daily round of necessity. That will be Knowledge worth having and a wisdom to be guided by. C. H. A. B.

Serenely now
And motionless as a long-forgotten lyre
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forest and the sea,
And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man. —*Shelley*.

KNUT HAMSUN AND HIS MIND.

Since Knut Hamsun published "Hunger," "Mysteries" and "Pan," about ten years ago, he has undergone a decided change in the direction of development and clearness. Ten years ago he was like the hero of "Hunger," a youth consumed by desire. Shortly after he was like Thomas Glahn of "Pan," a man seeking for the mysterious and losing his personality in the Natural. Now, he has attained an understanding of freedom, has mastered its linguistic expression and controls the plot of his last novel. "Victoria" is the proof of this.

"Victoria" is the story of love between a noble lady and the son of a miller, rather melancholy, but truly conceived and correctly told. Victoria's farewell letter will take rank as something of the noblest in Norwegian literature. The whole book is, as the author himself says, "a kingdom, a world moving in sentiment, voices and visions." Let me present the reader with a garland of roses and thistles plucked from out of its riches—a few words on love:

"What is love? A gentle zephyr among the roses? No, a fire of wrath in the blood. Love is the hell-fire music which makes old men dance. It is the Marguerite which a white wall will cause to open even in the night; it is like the Anemone, which closes itself under human breath and dies when touched.

Such is love!

Love will ruin a man, raise him up again and finally brand him. Love loves me to-day, you to-morrow and the other fellow the following night; unsteady and unreliable it is. But love can also hold like an unbreakable seal and burn undiminished to the hour of death; steady and eternal it is.

This is love!

Oh! Love is like a summer night with stars in the sky and aroma upon the earth. But why does it lead the young man upon obscure ways and why does it raise the old man on tip-toes in his own room? Love makes a kitchen garden of the human heart, a rich but impertinent crop abounds in it. Does it not lead the disguised monk through enclosed gardens and peep through the windows into sleeping

rooms at night? Does it not turn the head of the nun and deprive the prince of reason?

Thus is love!

No! No! That is not love! Love is something entirely different and not like anything in the world. It came to the earth on a spring night, when a youth discovered two eyes; when he saw and kissed two red lips; when such twos struck his heart and his soul. Beyond these he saw and felt no more—but love.

Love is God's first word; the first thought that passed through his mind. When He said: 'Let there be light,' love appeared. All He did was well done and He would change nothing. Love became the source of the world and the ruler of the world, but all its ways are strewn with flowers and blood, blood and flowers."

It is not easy to follow Hamsun's delineations of character. They do not submit readily to an intellectual analysis. He moves in the deep abysses of the soul and it is only by a sympathy of feeling that we understand him and his creations. Thomas Glahn, for instance, is a man without a will, viz., a man who does not set before himself an aim to be realized and then goes to work to realize it. His life has no purpose as purpose is understood in the world. There is no uniformity in his activity; he is the subject of vibrations of all kinds, and all moods play upon the strings of his heart and soul like the wind rushing through the leafless branches of a forest in winter. This singular condition he cultivates and to that end he withdraws to the woods to live in silence and solitude. Already in "Mysteries" did Hamsun essay a delineation of a character somewhat like Childe Harold's enthusiasm:

> I live not in myself, but I become
> Portion of that around me; and to me
> High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
> Of human cities torture: I can see
> Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
> A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
> Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
> And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
> Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

Nagel sits in the woods: "He hears himself called; he answers and listens, but nobody comes. Singular: he had surely heard somebody call! He lets the thoughts go; perhaps they were but fancy; at any rate he would not be disturbed. His condition was an enigma to himself, but full of physical pleasure; every nerve was alive and he felt music in his blood. He felt himself in family relationship to all Nature, to the sun, to the mountains and to everything else; the life-torrents of the trees, of the soil and of every straw rushed about him. His soul expanded and tuned like an organ; he never could forget how the wild music vibrated through his blood. He lay down and stayed there for a long time, indulging in solitude. It appeared to him as if he were a part of this wood, or of that meadow, or that branch of the pine, or of a stone, or was a stone, but a stone permeated by delicate airs and peace."

Thomas Glahn of "Pan" has built himself a hut in the forest and withdrawn there to live in solitude. He loves all the endless little things around him and meets them in yearning love. About the drip of the water from the side of the rock he writes: "These minor melodies from within the rock cut short many a moment when I sat still and looked about. I thought how this monotonous and endless note sounded here in loneliness, heard by nobody, recognized by nobody and yet continued to drip and to flow forth." At another time he writes: "I am filled with gratitude; everything engages me, blends with me and I love everything. I lift up a dry branch, hold it in my hand and examine it while I sit down and think about affairs. That branch is almost rotten; its dry bark impresses me and I am filled with sympathy. When I get up I do not throw away that branch. I lay it down gently and look upon it with deep interest. I look upon it for a last time with moist eyes and I go away."

Much of this will be condemned as weakness and sentimentality; certain it is that it will remain not understood by many end-of-the-century people; but it will also be interpreted by many in the right way as deep feeling for Nature, as a realization of universal oneness,

as extinction of personal self-assertion. That Hamsun intended that these two characters, Nagel and Glahn, should be thus understood is evident from the fact that he makes both declare themselves as "knowing men." There is a close connection between the knowledge of Nature and that of men. The moods of Nature mysteriously respond and correspond to the moods of man. In becoming familiar with Nagel and Glahn one feels that our sociology has no sound foundation and the wish arises that many of the moderns could say with Glahn: "I belong to the woods and to solitude." That would mean the introduction of gentleness, sympathy and a sense of solidarity not at present actually realized in human society. It is to be hoped that Hamsun will return to the subjects of "The Mysteries" and "Pan" now he has attained so much deeper insight to self, a wisdom shown in "Victoria." Such a return may prove a renewal of "the science of man" in the light of "the science of Nature." It may also be expected that he will teach a higher moral than that implied in Nagel's and Glahn's attitude. The two have not come any further in mental and moral evolution than the Orient. Their Highest Good is a union with Nature, manifesting itself in them in the same way as the wind brings forth certain sounds from the Æolian harp. They do not know that real worth is manifested as freedom from the tyranny of what Huxley called "the cosmic process." We are true and beautiful only when we belong to ourselves.

C. H. A. B.

For man is a plant, not fixed in the earth, nor immovable, but heavenly, whose head, rising, as it were, from a root upward, is turned towards heaven.—*Polybius.*

In this way our soul, when our body is at rest * * * delights to disport itself and take a view of its native country, which is heaven. Thence it receives a notable participation of its primeval source and divine origin; and contemplates that infinite and intellectual sphere, whereof the centre is everywhere and the circumference in no place of the universal world.—*Rabelais.*

THE SOCIAL IDEAL.

BETTER-WORLD PHILOSOPHY. A Sociological Synthesis by J. Howard Moore. Chicago. The Ward Waugh Company. 1899.

This book has already passed the critical desks of many a reviewer. Most of them say that it is sane and logical; that it is forcible and original; all of which is no doubt true. But that in it which is of most interest to our readers is the author's insistence upon the fundamentally wrong in the prevailing systems of education. His idea that it is based upon the stimulation of egoism is not new, however; it belongs to the old theological school as well as to the new sociological. It is one of the terrible facts with which we are familiar. As a remedy he outlines an altruistic education, but he does not show how it is possible to introduce it and make it prevail. That defect is *the miss* of the book. The social ideal cannot be ushered in by the professional reformer. It is of slow growth. It must conquer heredity, atavism and the natural tendency of the man to make himself a centre: his egoism.

The author has hit a salient point when he says:

> The real function of individual culture is so to develop beings that they shall be able to perceive their proper relations to the rest of the universe, to the inanimate about them, and to other beings in space and time, and realizing their relations to others, to be disposed to assume them.

This is just our need. But this education must not be education in the old sense of intellectual training and school fitting for industrial or other specialties. It is an ethical question. It reaches to the bottom of existence, it touches the fundamental of human nature. It means a complete transformation of man. It is so radical that many have begun to doubt if it can be done. Some philosophers have begun to think that the common cry against egoism is started by weakness and a complete misunderstanding of man's nature. They feel that they involuntarily have been drawn into the old theological net and have come to a state in which they actually support doctrines

which they never intended to recognize as truth much less to support.

It seems our author is talking in the vein of the old theological dogma of total and fundamental corruption of human nature. Hear, for instance, this about children:

Children are innate egoists and savages. I do not mean that they are fierce. They are too helpless for ferocity. But I do mean that beings, with well-nigh no exceptions, are excessively fond of themselves, and are more or less seriously indifferent toward others. I do mean that the inhumanity, formal and informal, governmental and social, manifesting itself everywhere among all the orders of men, is not the result altogether nor primarily of the traditional and institutional framework in which these beings exist. It is innate, and is simply an aspect of that universal egoism with which the processes of evolution have contaminated the planet. And instead of recognizing these inherent tendencies, and combating them from the birth hour, they are assumed by culturists not to exist. The human child is supposed to be a sort of unstained page, an embryonic angel not yet contaminated by his environment. It is a remnant of the pre-Darwinian delusions that human beings were originally, and are still intrinsically, almost gods.

That we may not mistake his meaning he further says that this nature is "from a dark and terrible past," and that children cannot become ideal men and women except they be *revised*, viz., regenerated according to theological ideas, we presume. How untrue, how biassed and how terrible! How can an author who wishes to help mankind along say such things? Has he not drawn all this from his own imagination? How does the doctrine apply to him personally? Is it drawn from his own heart? Is he, himself, still an egoist and a savage or has he been *revised?*

The professional reformer always overstates the case and becomes unjust to actual conditions. His experience is of the shallowest kind and his charity is nil.

The question about human egoism is never stated so one-sided as when stated by the feeble and the weak minded, especially when they have been unable to force their own egoism. We seldom think of egoism till such conditions arise. When they do arise, we are ready

to propound our wisdom on how others ought to do and we always forget ourselves and the duties we owe the neighbor from a similar standpoint.

Remove all this misconception and the question of egoism is reduced to its true character and scope. It is then simply self-centralization and one of the main characteristics of life. When it is taken away, as, for instance, in death, we are no more living human existences. Life is impossible without it, and it is the spring of all arts, sciences and social conditions. Egoism in the true sense of self-existence is the only certainty. Egoism as true self-regard is the basis of all ethics.

Egoism in this latter and true sense needs education, it is true; not so much an education of repression, however, as an education of *bringing out*. It is such an education we are in need of, and singularly enough our author has defined it correctly and as I quoted it above. When it shall have become a universal factor in society, we shall begin to see the realization of the Social Ideal. How shall it be done? Our author's plan of "a revision of human nature by neural violence" is simply a chimera. There is much more help to be derived from Wood's Hutchinson's "gospel according to Darwin," which is the fifth gospel, he says. It proclaims the omnipotence of good and the holiness of instinct. It shows love as the factor in all evolution and goes into ecstasy about beauty as a mark of purity and vigor. It is a gospel full of a healthy optimism and much in the line of Sir John Lubbock's book on the art of being happy. It is a gospel that proclaims joy as an aim in life and the sunshine of the soul. It is the real gospel of a Better-World philosophy because it allows the world to manage its own affairs and never even dreams that "the management of the universe is the task of industry," which is Howard Moore's idea. C. H. A. B.

Palms around him received him in their shade. Soft winds like whisperings announcing the presence of the Deity, breathed round his face.—*Klopsbock.*

THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

THE NEW CYCLE.

Black clouds of Superstition, leaden, dull, impenetrable, heavy, dark and drear, low-hung and dismal, drift between Mankind and his inheritance—the radiant light of Truth.

Beneath the dreary pall, in all the gloom that holds the shadowed world, the groping men stumble and fall and crawl about. Hands meet in strife, and hearts beat high with wild Unreason's fear.

Blind Force stalks rampant through the troubled world, and, all unchallenged, Might alone makes Right.

The voice of one who dares to cry aloud upon that Justice his own suffering soul has recognized as his by right divine, is stilled by strangling hands. That wondrous thing known as Endurance—this alone endures.

So, joyless, roll the drear, dark ages on.

Then suddenly, it seems, into the darkness shoots a little flame—a single little flame of rosy fire that braves the awful blackness of the world.

Whence comes it? Who hath set it thus alight, daring the Powers of Darkness in their lair?

No matter what nor who—the tiny spark hath kindled soon a far more deadly fire, and on his pyre a brave young martyr dies.

Then all is black again—the darkness by this brief illumination made more drear, more hopeless to the less courageous host that watches longingly for light, yet does not know how light may come save through the grooves of pain—and from such martyrdom the multitude shrinks back appalled.

But here and there, amidst the many, live brave hearts and true; wise ones who know their mission to the world, and do not falter in their mighty tasks. To these the gloom is terrible, indeed. The moans of helpless, hopeless brother-men fall on the ears made sensitive to pain, like clarion cries to battle, and they move with one accord to where the martyr's bones lie charred amid the ashes of the pyre.

Beside this pyre they reverently kneel, and with strong hands, well gauntleted with Faith, reach for the living embers which they know lie there unquenched beneath the ghastly gray.

Then through the world speed swiftly sparks of fire—the sacred fire of Truth, which, breathed upon by eager questioners, straightway begins to gleam and burn n little steady flames. And though the baleful Powers of Darkness try, they cannot quench the living, lambent flame, that burns and scorches, melts and does away with Evil's error and Superstition's sin.

Upon the face of Nature, which mankind, feature by feature, begins to recognize, the warm light glows and gleams and scintillates. Fold after fold the veil of darkness lifts, and now to

meet and feed the living fire that burns upon the altar of men's hearts, comes softly, surely, slowly, heaven's own dawn, which on its golden splendor brings to man the grand, new cycle of his higher life.

The little, lingering clouds that mortal mind still holds above the far horizon's rim, pale at the touch of all the blending rays, blush under the persistent, searching glow, then fade forever in the Light of Truth.

Teachers of Knowledge, Wisdom's ministers, Masters of all Mystery, now flock into the court of Love; the king supreme—Love who hath set his throne upon the earth—Love who hath chosen as his worthy queen, fair Justice in her spotless robes of state—she who hath torn the useless bandage from her eyes, and looks unchallenged into souls of men.

And, so the fair, new cycle comes to Man, who gladly climbs the spiral's steep ascent, the path made plain to him, since, day by day, Truth's golden sun of glory lights the way, and night by night the shining stars of Hope and Faith and Charity make luminous the silvered pathway leading to high heaven.

Attuned, at last, to Nature's harmonies; each sense keyed to its spiritual pitch; each thought purged of its earthly taint of self; each duty done for Love's own sake alone—in the new cycle walks the mortal man, made all immortal by the touch of Truth.

EVA BEST.

"There is not a moment without some duty."—*Cicero.*

"Let the child not learn in infancy what he afterward must take pains to unlearn."—*Quintilian.*

"He that knoweth not that which he ought to know is a brute beast among men; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of is a man among brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known is as a god among men."—*Pythagoras.*

WHEN FATHER LAUGHS.

When father laughs it allus 'pears to me
As if the sun shone brighter in the sky—
Or jest as if a meller sort o' haze
Floats down in shimmerin', golden specks, and I
Am warmed, an' filled with sunshine through and through—
Has ever sech a thing occurred to you?

When father laughs a feller feels as good
As he *kin* feel in this here mundane sp'ere,
An' 'bout the same as if he'd went astray,
An' lost hisself, then found his pathway clear,
With sunlight floodin' the familiar view—
Has sech a notion ever come to you?

When father laughs it hain't no use ter frown—
I can't—not even ef the joke's on me,
For in the ringin' of that laugh o' his
So cheery, an' so honest, an' so free,
I feel his love for me so strong an' true—
Has sech a feelin' ever come to you?

When father laughs I often 'magine how
The Heavenly Father smiles to see his boys
A-playin' of their little earthly games,
An' findin' childish pleasure in their toys.
The very thought makes blue skies seem more blue—
Did ever sech a thought occur to you?

When father laughs it's more 'an that I hear—
It's jest an echo, like, from One above—
A sort o' shadow of the heavenly joy
An' tenderness an' sympathy an' love!
If you hain't heard ner felt it as I do,
I'm sorrier 'an I kin tell fer you!

EVA BEST.

HER ANSWER.

My dear "Home Circlers," I can't help telling you about it.

There she sat—the elegantly dressed wife of a popular minister—right there before me, on the richly upholstered seat of an unusually crowded railroad car—on her way—as were not both of us—to a great religious convention held in a city some miles distant from her home.

She had boarded the train some hours after I, myself, had done so, and at high noon, when it was most crowded with local passengers.

The only seat she had found available was one opposite my own, and from which I had taken the manifold boxes and bundles the inexperienced country woman beside me had found impossible to travel without, and bade the newcomer sit there, while I held the "freight."

She thanked me, sank into the seat, settled her ruffled plumage—and fine feathers, indeed, were hers—and stood the ebony crutches mounted in solid silver between us.

The lady's personality was interesting. She possessed one of those long, solemn, homely yet refined visages, one so often notices in the ranks of the premeditatedly wealthy—may I be understood by a few!

My shy yet keen observance of her features soon made me cognizant of the fact that riding backward was not the lady's usual habit. I could see her in my mind's eye—that third eye whose rudiments the fifth race people are accredited with still possessing—riding with her face to the horses, in an irreproachable vehicle, the seat before and beside her empty—empty, yes, always empty—that mysterious third optic o' mine refused to see her accompanied, although there were scores of her earth-sisters creeping and crawling about, and making their tear-blinded way without the aid of even such aids as her silver-mounted crutches.

As I noted the working of the woman's face, and realized that the

backward riding was distressing to her, I begged that she would exchange seats with me, since nothing of the nature of such distress as she was suffering had I—since I learned there was no need of it—allowed myself to endure.

Laden to the chin with my countrywoman's bundles (she had her own full complement), I stepped into the aisle and allowed the lady to make herself comfortable.

After this trifling attention she began to talk to me. I was rather surprised at the lack of reserve exhibited in the simple stream of narration upon which the lady set sail, her speed of progress keeping pace with that of the pounding trucks.

I learned all about her: I, naturally, couldn't help it. And I was made to realize that there never was so solemnly cheerful a soul. Her husband was a great divine—at least, that is what she told me he was. Her son, nearly thirteen years old, was an incurable invalid with something dreadful the matter with his spinal column, and never in all his life had he been able to sit upright. She, herself, was a cripple, doomed to crutches during the years of her (earthly, only, let us hope) existence, and there were other appalling ills in her immediate possession, any one of which would have plunged a strong, hearty old body like me into chronic melancholia.

I was more than deeply interested—I was absorbed in her confessions. And, too, I was curious. If I might glean from her a tiny sheaf of truth—learn one little secret of her complacent endurance, of her self-satisfaction as it spake so loudly from her solemn visage, I might not only unveil a mystery most profound, but be able to pass it on to my brothers and sisters-in-love.

Once when she stopped to take a breath, I took advantage of the rare and golden opportunity to ask a question touching upon religion. It was answered. Another. To it, also, response was made, but vaguely, and in a way that showed me that her religion was a sort of a handed-down, cut-and-dried lot of formulas, as dry and as little nourishing as husks.

The Letter was hers—glibly hers—but not the Spirit; and yet—

and yet—there she sat, as complacent a martyr as ever any one saw! And wonder grew upon me.

We talked and talked. And, ere her journey's end, I had divined the hidden mystery. Our conversation had turned upon the eternal question of Malachi concerning the brotherhood of man, and, after a time, I asked her if the thought of such a brotherhood appealed to her.

I, who cannot share the reader's surprise, since what had gone before had prepared me for nothing different, yet listened with pained ears to the reply vouchsafed me:

"Brotherhood of Man? No, indeed! There's no such thing as the Brotherhood of Man! Do you suppose that I am the same as the people we see around us every day? Is the black man *my* brother? Is the wretch who lies, steals and murders *my* brother? Am I sister to the pauper in the poor-house, the woman in the streets, the tatterdemalion who gathers garbage and rags in the alleys, the vagabond of the gutter? Ugh—the Brotherhood of Man!"

"If I were to claim kinship with you on a spiritual plane?" I ventured.

"You are different—quite another thing," she replied quickly.

"Yet if you accept my claim to kinship, I warn you that you will be coming into the very family circle you abhor—for I am sister to every one of those pitiable people you have mentioned. How can *you* pick and choose?" I demanded; then, not giving her time to reply I drove her into a corner, and, from the narrow space that the dear soul fitted none too snugly, came the confessed secret of her most complacent martyrdom.

"Does your God pick and choose?"

"Yes," said she. "He has chosen me."

"Tell me why you think so."

"Because whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

"Oh!" said I, and it was all I could say, not having been able to discover any clear evidences of the chastening. I leaned back in

my seat and pictured to myself my repudiated fellowmen and sister-women. I saw their rags; their filthy tatters; their deprivations; their sufferings, inherited and acquired; their physical and moral diseases; their anguish; their despair; and from the depths of my soul a pitying thought rose upward, and involuntarily my lips murmured:

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

"Yes," said the woman I had forgotten, "and therefore I am His child."

I sat upright and asked one question more:

"And those others—what about those others?"

"They are his *creatures!*"

MRS. SIXTY.

THE INFLUENCE OF OTHERS.

The highest natures act upon our own as does Nature herself upon the whole individuality, restfully, wholesomely, relaxing tension, and bringing the whole being into expression. How they tranquilize us! How gratefully is the growth of being effected!

Different people appeal to us in opposed directions; but we need them all. The influence of one is upon the emotions; of another upon the mind. Others wake our resentments or antagonisms. Some attract; some repel. A few reflect us to ourselves. Again, egotism or ambition is fed, and a choice few awaken inspiration.

But the true, steadfast friend who will behold no evil, and who touches the deepest springs of the heart, waking to consciousness the inner life, is the gift of God.

May we not recognize all this, and, properly estimating its influence upon our full development, cultivate a cheerful indifference to what repels, and an increased receptivity to all the helpful elements about us?

For hate and discord cease through the power of love.

A few there are who make us *live*. They stir the depths of our

nature, and in these pure emotions we realize our mental capacities and possibilities. It is not always the personal chord that is touched by these rare associations; but through their happy influence we vibrate in unison with all souls on the universal plane of consciousness through sympathetic touch with one great soul.

FRANCES HUNT.

THE PATH OF SACRIFICE.

When I see so many persons unselfishly sacrificing their opportunities, and, one might almost say, their lives for others, and in so many instances apparently uselessly, I always feel impelled to set forth the "other side" of the question which is said always to exist.

It seems to me when these sacrifices are at the expense of every law of harmony and fitness, that we are going beyond our depths, and entering domains which do not yet belong to us.

I do not believe there is a person who is not obliged to admit that the highest and purest sacrifices are, in the majority of cases, all for naught, so far as their object is concerned; and that more frequently than otherwise, the person benefited is not only utterly lacking in the appreciation, and understanding of that sacrifice, but continually exacts, and requires more; and moreover is unaware, and perhaps incapable of realizing the noble and beautiful motive prompting the act; not alone that, but what is of far greater consequence, he is also rendered selfish and morally weaker, as the only result.

It therefore appears reasonable to conclude that in this matter, as in everything else, "there is a time and season for all things"; and that we should be possessed of knowledge, and rare discrimination as well, before we throw away our gifts upon others, who are often not prepared to receive them.

We have a reckoning to furnish of our own lives; and sometimes in our zeal for the lives of others, we neglect our nearest duty, which is—ourselves.

We are not taking into consideration reward, nor gratitude; we are simply studying, and judging this matter from the standpoint of results—effects. When these results fall so far below the standard of benefit, in the face of so many apparent failures, is it not natural and right to question, and to attempt to discover, if possible, the cause?

How can we be certain, with such plentiful evidence before us, that we are not infringing (though all unknowingly) upon some natural law? Otherwise would not the results be more in accordance with Nature's laws which are perfect harmony, and perfect fitness?

It seems to me there is reason to believe that Sacrifice is a law belonging to the divine mysteries, and we should be perfected spiritually, aye, even as a Christ, or a Buddha, before attempting so supreme a step.

While it is our duty, our sacred duty, to live unselfishly, and unselfishness is the stepping-stone to that very portal labeled Sacrifice, yet, before we perform that Sacrifice—an act so important in its consequences—we must possess much wisdom and much experience. There are sometimes other forces, outside of ourselves, to consider in the matter. There is not a life but that is interblended, more or less, with other lives;—lives we may not even be conscious of, until our spiritual vision is opened out to a truer and less limited horizon. "One life is made to depend upon another for its times and seasons; how sometimes when we seem to be standing still, we are only making a little wider circuit, that we may catch the influence of some grander attraction, or avoid some clash of spheres fraught with unseen peril." We should then have knowledge, so as to be able to judge wisely what each act of Sacrifice may mean, in its fullest sense, before so sacred an undertaking is attempted. After all, is it not better to let each life shape itself out naturally and in accordance with Nature's laws, which, as we know, work slowly but surely?

After we have lived out each condition of life, step by step, reverently and earnestly, and it may be, not until years and years of patient unselfishness have been lived—then we are ready to take the "Path of Sacrifice"—then there can be no mistake, no failure of purpose possible, for the knowledge would be of the Master's.

Each act of our lives has its times, and seasons; and at *certain stages* of our existence, Sacrifices are as ill-timed and out of place, as planting the daintiest and tenderest flower in the midst of frost and snow. It only crushes out a delicate life for nothing; whereas, if we wait until the proper season, the dainty little flower we have planted will grow and flourish, and perfume the air all about it.

And so it is with Sacrifice.

CONSTANCE M. ALLEN.

A DOG'S KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC.

There is an English actress in Chicago who owns a pet dog of the white fluffy species. It has been her companion for years and accompanies her each night to the theatre where she is performing, being accomodated with a cozy resting place in the actress's dressing room.

So accustomed has the animal become to the routine of the theatre that it is able to discriminate between an entr'acte and a "curtain," and would no more think of pressing its personality upon its mistress when she merely comes to her room for a short "wait" or to alter her toilet, than he would think of attempting to find his way home without her. He remains in silent, placid content, curled up on his soft cushion, from the opening of the play to the close, and not until the orchestra strikes up the national air with which the audience is dismissed does he make any demonstration.

But then he jumps up, barks wildly and careers around the room with his tail wagging like a dog gone frantic. To all other strains of music he turns a deaf ear. The band might play the evening through; he would take no notice of it until it played the national hymn. The dog was sadly nonplussed on first coming to this country, he having been brought up on the English national anthem; but by the patient listening and putting two and two together, as sagacious dogs can, he gradually awakened to the new "departure" music and is now as enthusiastic over "The Star Spangled Banner" as in his own country he was over "God Save the Queen." When he is at home with his mistress and lying asleep on the hearth rug, the piano is sometimes opened, and for the amusement of visitors the actress will play piece after piece without a break, and run right on into the national anthem, when up jumps Fido and rushes around, barking just as he does at the theatre. He knows that air means something to him—at the theatre the going home; in the house, a lump of sugar.

Once, the actress relates, the dog's knowledge of "God Save the Queen" nearly wrecked a new play on the night of its first production. This was in England. A drama was being represented in which a certain battle scene was depicted, and in the hour of victory a military band marched on the stage playing "God Save the Queen." Fido, accepting this as the usual signal for the home-going, rushed out of the dressing room and on to the stage, and, to the consternation

of the players, barked round his mistress, who was in the pathetic position of a wounded heroine, until some one seized the animal and rushed off with him. But the scene for that night was spoiled. Both audience and performers laughed heartily and the curtain had to be dropped. Fido was not admitted to the theatre during the run of that piece.—*Chicago News.*

THE SYMBOLISM OF COLORS.

White, represented by the diamond or silver, is the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, virginity, faith, joy and life. Our Saviour wore white after the resurrection. In the Judge it indicates integrity, etc.

Red, the ruby, signifies fire, divine love, the Holy Spirit, heat, or the creative power, and royalty. In a bad sense, red signifies blood, war, hatred, punishment. Red and black combined are the colors of the Devil.

Blue, the sapphire, expresses heaven, truth, constancy, fidelity. Yellow or gold, the symbol of the sun ; of the goodness of God. In a bad sense yellow signifies inconstancy, jealousy, deceit.

In this sense it is given to the traitor Judas, who is generally habited in dirty yellow.

Green, the emerald, is the color of spring; of hope, particularly hope of immortality, and of victory, as the color of the palm and the laurel.

Violet, the amethyst, signifies love and truth; or passion and suffering. Hence it is the color often worn by the martyrs.

Gray, the color of ashes, signifies mourning, humility, innocence accused.

Black expresses the earth, darkness, wickedness, negation, death. White and black together signify purity of life, and mourning or humiliation.—*Jameson, Vol. 1.*

The original Greening apple tree is still standing on the farm of Mr. Adam Drowne in North Foster, Rhode Island. The seller in 1801 told the buyer that it was going to decay, which was to be regretted. The new owner preserved it carefully, but it is going now. It will hardly be alive in 1901.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CRITICISM.

The criticism has sometimes been made that there was little of a philosophic nature in the Zoroastrian literature. We are not required to be so nice in our distinctions. The *Avesta* is everywhere ethical, and like all ancient writings, essentially religious. All philosophy takes religion for its starting-point. We are free, however, to define religion as Cicero did, to be a profounder reading of the truth. But it was held anciently to include the whole domain of knowledge. Even here the *Avesta* was not deficient. The *Nasks* treated of religion, morals, civil government, political economy, medicine, botany, astronomy and other sciences. The students of the Zoroastrian lore were, therefore, proficient scholars. The system has survived the torch of Alexander and the cimeter of the Moslem. Millions upon millions have been put to death for their adherence to the Pure Religion, yet wherever it survives it is manifest as the Wisdom justified by her children. A. W.

FITNESS IN PROGRESS.

Very naturally the lower do not recognize the service of those who are superior. Those that gather the fruit under the tree take little heed of those who shake it off for them. The foot and the hand may demand the office and rank of the heart. The Rabbins tell us that Lilith, the first woman, aspired to the sphere of Adam. We find the evils of social misplacings on every side. Where money, the means, is exalted into the seat of justice and intelligence, all manner of disorder is inevitable. The official Chair, the Court, and Legislature, and even the pulpit will be inspired and dominated by it. Yet evil is

only a lesser good. The kernel of a civilization may rot, and ours seems indeed to be festering; but from it the germ of a thriftier plant will be nourished and enabled to shoot up into a higher and better life. Nations perish that the people may be saved. In the long run, the Mercury-Hermes of the market-place will be supplanted by the messenger of the sky, who consoles the suffering, opens the gates of Darkness and brings life to the dead.

Human progress does not appear anywhere in a straight line of continuous advance. Life is rounded; History is in cycles, and civilizations come and go like the seasons. At the heel of them all is savagery; but everywhere about them is the life eternal.

A. W.

THE LIVING PROOF.

The living proof of man's divinity doth lie within himself. That mind of man through matter can so manifest itself, that back of every object may be felt the grand, exhaustless, and creative force which thought it into form; that man can know, can comprehend and feel within himself the positive existence of a Power—an Absolute, Eternal Principle, and of which he, though dwarfed and circumscribed, encompassed round about with bars and chains of age-long superstition, yet doth feel himself a living part; may recognize his kinship unto That which is the Law—all this doth argue man's divinity.

The fact that he doth dare to lay a claim to holy heritage; doth thus demand his right to Truth and Justice and to real Love; doth bring his godlike Will to dominate his grosser nature till his Selfhood shines a radiant, pure, life-giving entity across the dim, dark places of the world—this fact alone doth prove his right to claim close kinship with that brooding Oversoul that gave him of its own most potent life, and on the shoreless, boundless, endless tide that must forever and forever roll across the ocean of eternity, hath launched this germ of all potential good—this finite atom, Man, who yet doth hold so much of the Creator in himself, that he, for all his finiteness, can grasp the sense and meaning of Infinity!

E. B.

FELIX ADLER ON "MONEY GETTING."

"People think that happiness means material happiness, not the satisfaction one feels in living up to a great cause, a great ideal. If some power should offer to make your son one of the great chiefs of our time, a multi-millionaire, how many of you would not jump at the offer? We must indeed educate our children to get moderate wealth, but the aim should be efficiency in necessary work. Efficiency is not a drug in the market, and if your son is thoroughly efficient in his business, the income will take care of itself. Why should we throw temptations in the way of our sons by piling up great fortunes for them? During the war with Spain some of the scions of our wealthy families prided themselves on their ability to endure hardships even better than the sons of poor men. If so, why should they return to luxury, to the life of clubs? Why should strong, able men live like valetudinarians? If we cultivated hardihood in our children we should not need to worry about their getting on.

"And there is a wiser plan—train them to serve mankind. It is not reserved for religious teachers and reformers to move the world. The best progress, perhaps, is that which comes through the efforts of men in ordinary avocations. The religious teachers can only give incitement. We must admit that men of strictly scrupulous methods are not likely to make as much money as those who are not scrupulous, but they will have achieved success in other and nobler ways.

"Why is such deep resentment felt against those who direct great financial operations to-day, although they may unconsciously be rendering a social service? The question has been raised as to whether the charities of these men do not justify their huge fortunes. Not a bit of it. Such charity cannot efface a single wrong done in accumulating the money. President Hadley has suggested the ostracizing of these men, and the pertinent question has been raised, Who will do the ostracizing? (Subdued laughter.) These men are not personally objectionable—the wrong is in the methods employed. Our whole society is infiltrated with the money-getting idea. The multi-millionaires have merely succeeded where others have failed. A new spirit is needed, and that must come through the family.

"I have been serving you for nearly twenty-four years now, and I had helpers who came from the East and from the West, but never one from this society. Why is it that you have never given me a single

helper? Is it not because of the spirit of money getting? Is it not because you care for your child's happiness, and not for its well-being? We should not forget the example of that Hebrew mother, who was willing to see her son led even the way of Calvary in order that he might unfold and make manifest what was divine in him. The mothers who love what is divine in their sons, and the sons who spring from them, will renew the world."—From a Lecture given at Carnegie Hall. Reported by the *New York Tribune*.

SOME TRICKS OF THE BRAIN.

Efforts of a rather well-known scientist to show an affinity between somnambulism and hypnotism are not meeting with much encouragement. He holds that somnambulism is a modified hypnosis, and argues that sleep walkers, so called, have no more memory of their somnambulistic deeds than subjects under the influence of hypnotism.

But in opposition to his arguments cases have been adduced where the sleep walkers were able to give, after walking, fairly accurate accounts of their experiences and sensations. So this, it is contended, shows conclusively that somnambulism and hypnotism are two entirely distinct conditions.

The discussion reminds the writer of an experience which an Edinburgh lawyer, a confirmed somnambulist, went through some time ago. One evening, after dinner, he told his wife that he had a most difficult law case which would occupy him half the night to study out. For hours thereafter he grappled with its intricacies, but finally desisted, saying it would be impossible to make his brief until morning since the case presented some difficulties that he had been unable to master.

He fell asleep from exhaustion almost as soon as he went to bed, but in a few minutes rose, and, seating himself at his desk, wrote furiously for an hour or more. Then, carefully folding and indorsing the sheets he had written upon, he put them away in a pigeonhole of his desk, after which, without speaking, he returned to his bed and slept soundly until late in the morning.

At breakfast he expressed some uncertainty as to his "finding a solution." His wife told him to look through his desk, which he did, discovering the paper he had written, in the pigeonhole where he had hidden it. As he read it joy mingled with amazement showed plainly

in his face, for the paper was a clearly reasoned, correctly phrased brief on the intricate case, with all the obscure points smoothed out! He had not the slightest recollection of having written the document.

Another extraordinary case is that of a young man who, an hour or so before starting on a railway journey, paid a visit to a steamer in which his parents were financially interested. In the course of the inspection he entered the little chamber in the bow of the vessel where the anchor chain is coiled, and was impressed by the chamber's smallness and the cramped quarters it would afford a man sent down there to superintend the paying out of the chain. In due course, the traveller went to the railway station and engaged a snug seat in the corner of a first-class corridor and sleeping carriage. He had the compartment to himself. The train had not been long on its journey before the young man was sound asleep. But he imagined that he was awake, and, moreover, that he was imprisoned in the little anchor-chain compartment of the steamer. The vessel was under way, he thought, and moving more rapidly than he had ever known a steamer to move before.

His first idea was to go on deck at once, but he could not get out of the cell-like chamber. He could not stand erect even, the compartment was so little, as he found out at the cost of an imaginary bumped head when he attempted to rise. Then, to his surprise, he found that the room had a window, evidently a deadlight, but square and unusually large. This he tried to raise, but, failing, determined to break it, thinking that he could seize the anchor chain and by its aid reach the deck.

There was only one way to smash the glass, and that was by striking it with his clenched fist. He knew that this would result in a cut hand probably, but he risked it all the same, for he felt certain now that the vessel was in a storm and likely to go down any moment, in which case he would be drowned like a rat in a trap.

Having smashed the glass, he found that the window was double, and he distinctly remembers breaking the outside pane, after which, with profusely bleeding hands, he carefully picked out the bits of glass remaining in the sashes, so that he could climb out.

After removing the last remaining fragment of glass from the sash he carefully thrust his head and arms out and began to feel for the chain. It was nowhere to be found. Then he pulled himself half way out of the window and reached upward.

To his great joy he found he could reach over the edge of the deck, but to his dismay it was curved and smooth, offering no projection whatever by which he might pull himself up. That being the case, and not wishing to fall into the water and be drowned, he painfully drew back into the little chamber. However, he must certainly escape or be drowned, and after getting his breath he would make another attempt to reach the deck.

As he lay panting and frightened he accidentally reached in the direction away from the deadlight. To his surprise he touched a swaying window blind, and the next moment he found himself lying on the floor of the corridor of the onrushing train, with a window down, through which he had evidently been trying to reach the deck of that imaginary steamer! The wonder was he did not lose his grip and fall on the line. It was his fear of being drowned that prevented him from being killed on the railway! The young fellow had a long and serious illness after his experience, and, strange to say, when he recovered, his somnambulistic habit left him.—*New York Herald.*

While your dim eyes but see through
The haze of earth's sadness,
My frame, doomed to mix with
The mouldering clod.
I am treading the courts of the
Seventh heaven in gladness,
And basking unveiled in the
Vision of God. —*Dschelaleddin Renni.*

Let the immortal power of thy soul be predominant; let thine eyes extend upwards. Stoop not down to the dark world beneath, which continually lies a faithless depth, and Hades, dark all over, squalid, delighting in images, unintelligible, precipitous, craggy, always involving a dark abyss, always espousing an opacous, idle, breathless body. * * * Seek Paradise. Seek thou the way of the soul. * * * Stoop not down, for a precipice lies below the earth. * * * Enlarge not thy destiny. The soul of men will in a manner clasp God to herself; having nothing mortal, she is wholly inebriated from God. For she boasts harmony, in which the mortal body exists. If thou extend the fiery mind to the work of piety thou shalt preserve the flexible body. There is room for the image also in the circumlucid place.—*Zoroaster.*

REPORT OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The regular meetings of the School were held on the evenings of February 5th and 19th, at the usual hour and place.

In opening the meeting of February 5th the president gave some descriptions of experiments and investigations being made by Professor Elmer Gates, in the line of the delevopment of the senses and the finer physical forces. He was followed by the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Vera Johnston, who gave an exceedingly interesting talk on the subject of "Self and Not Self." Mrs. Johnston presented her subject according to the Eastern view, as regards principles, but with practical understanding of their real value in every-day life. In substance her remarks were as follows:

"The title of my address may possibly have given some of you the impression that I am to speak of the differences between the higher (the eternal) and the lower (the earthly) man. This, however, is not my intention. It has been my experience that it is better not to talk about that which is the highest within us, because at best it can only be an object of aspiration with us. To be able to tell anything about it, in a way which would carry its proof in itself, a man must truly be inspired.

As to us, common people, our higher self can only be an object of aspiration, as I said before—an aspiration which amounts to a prayer: which is a prayer, in fact, the only lawful kind of prayer: that is, a prayer in which we do not beg for anything and in which we can forget our day's turmoil.

Such moments are rare, and when they do come, let us take from them all we can, in faith, hope, endurance, patience and charity, but let us not speak of them. Speaking about them weakens their effect. In our present condition, speech is a great dissipator of energy.

The rare moments of communion with our higher self, with the oversoul, or God, if you prefer the term, leave in us an impression of directness and simplicity, of trueness and wholeness. They are to be remembered, to be treasured, but they cannot be analyzed. They can be a subject of a short poem, but they cannot be made into a lecture. So the less said about them in external matters, the better.

What I meant by the phrase "Self and Not Self," is much more commonplace and yet much more complicated. Also it is perplexing, tenacious, baffling and altogether disagreeable, and we all think we know all about it.

For my subject to-night I have chosen such manifestations of our interior "I," as can be observed always in our every-day life. For it is exactly in such manifestations that the limits of "Self and Not Self" are not at all satisfactorily defined. Yet on the strict and just definition of these limits much depends. By so doing much unnecessary suffering and still more loss of energy would be avoided.

For, as a rule, what do we consider as our real every-day self—that self for which we desire wealth, honors, smart clothes, comforts and new bonnets? Is it something possessing some kind of an established, unchangeable form and substance? Or is it, rather, a tremendous, unfathomable, unaccountable medley of bungled desires, impressions, whims, moods, vague opinions and aspirations; of causes and effects, in fact, which are real only so long as we believe them to be real? I am inclined to the latter view.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am not preaching the vanity of this world's attractions. I am simply stating facts as I see them. Needless to say that we desire wealth, honors, smart clothes, comforts and new bonnets, not for their own sake at all, but for the sake of the pleasure, glorification or adornment they can bring to our personalties. Yet, in our sober moments we are all well aware that these personalities are creatures of an altogether mythological order. We are well aware that no two persons exist among our most intimate friends, who are entirely agreed as to what our personalities are like. More than this, there are hardly ever two days in succession that we, ourselves, are able to feel quite the same way towards these personalities of ours. Our attitude towards ourselves, our opinion of ourselves, shift all the time And it is not a question of our real worth, but a question of mood.

All our lives we commit the mistake of taking the aspect, the manifestation, sometimes merely the symptom, the attribute of a thing, for the thing itself. We place the consciousness of ourselves in some more or less exterior condition and then take that condition for ourselves; and we suffer or rejoice accordingly.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure it is quite a common occurrence with everybody to meet girls with new hats on, who look so self-conscious of their hats, that, were you to prick the hat, the girl herself would feel it. You may say that this is an exaggeration, a caricature. Yet listen to this:

A French doctor, Rochas by name, who has made a study of hypnotism tells of an experiment which he calls *exteriorization of*

sensitiveness. Some individual plunged in hypnotic sleep has all the sensitiveness taken away from the surface of his physical body and fixed at some distance from it, either merely in the air, or in some inanimate object. The hypnotizer can choose that at will. In the experiment about which I have read, the object was a glass of water which the hypnotizer had previously held for some time in his hand. The glass was put at one end of the room; and so long as the hypnotizer held the hand of the sleeping man, that man shuddered at every touch or prick that was made on the glass or the water.

You may say that could only happen in the hypnotic state, abnormal and unhealthy. Well, I don't know. Sometimes I am inclined to think that the whole of our life is a kind of hypnotic sleep, in which we ourselves, our passions, our mistaken notions are the hypnotizers.

Here is a fact with no hypnotic influence in it at all: I have a friend, a woman of great accomplishments and personal charm. She has nothing to worry her. She is well off, is extremely popular among her friends. Her husband—they are elderly people—adores her with that chivalrous deference which is the envy of any woman. But unfortunately she is one of these overactive people who draw too much on their vitality and live entirely on their nerves. She tells me that there are nights and nights when she has not a wink of sleep, thinking actively and intently about some insignificant trifle—a pin, for instance, which she noticed on the carpet and intended to pick up in the morning. And the throwing of the whole of her present attention into the imaginary picking up of this single pin tires her out much more than if she had picked up a thousand real pins and thought no more about it. In the one case the one pin actually becomes the temporal seat of her consciousness. In the other the thousand pins do not.

"Recurring thoughts," a physician might say, is the slightest, the least harmful form of insanity. Quite so. But how many of us are truly and entirely free from recurring thoughts in one form or another? I hold that the whole of our personality—that imaginary person, for whom we get sentimentally sorry; who is greedy, exacting, egotistical in his very essence; who is capable only of desire but not of production—the whole of that personality is one huge recurring thought. And we shall get rid of it some time or other.

The state of bliss which Robert Louis Stevenson speaks of lies in the freedom of the man from the bonds of his false personality. He

accomplished this by completely getting away from railways, post deliveries, electricity, newspapers and other pests of our civilized life, and plunging himself into a vast bath of fresh air. But it also can be accomplished in a different way. An educated man whose nervous system gets run down, whose brain gets overtaxed, seeks blissful freedom from the harassing influence of his false self in laudanum, or morphine, or absinthe. An uneducated man, whose nerve-tissue and brain matter are not fed properly, have not been for generations, finds his freedom in gin or whiskey.

The same effect can be obtained by large quantities of sunlight and fresh air. Climbing the Alps is just as good as taking a sleeping drug. But the complacent, irresponsible, half idiotic state which is the result of them, is only a counterfeit, a caricature likeness of true bliss. But whether in the case of the poor drunkards and their gin poison, or the case of the literary man and his laudanum, or even the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and his fresh air potion, there is always the same drawback.

The freedom from the bonds of personality, in some cases obtained artificially, brings terrible reaction, and it does not last in all cases. Sooner or later the desirable effects will go, and the man will once more find himself confronted with the harassing presence of his "dweller on the threshold," whom he will not find diminished in strength either.

Yet there is a way to get rid of the eternal nightmare of our greedy, our exacting, our ever-demanding and never-producing personalities. And this way consists, as I have tried to point out before, in strictly defining the limits of our "Self" and "Not Self." That work everybody must do alone. Because, to be lasting, this work must be done by every individual, not only independently, but also differently, according to his temperament, his affinities, his atavism. And once you have established these limits in your own hearts, hold fast to them, do not let go, though the temptations and even enticements to do so are many.

As a mere suggestion, here is a definition of the only true and lasting self we can possibly form any idea of just at present.

It is that inner feeling of ourselves, within ourselves, which never changes, which is always the same, in pain or in pleasure, in work or repose, alone or in a crowd. It is that interior unshakable conviction of "I am I" which never really forgets the true value of things, which

never loses consciousness, entirely, even in sleep. It is the ever-wakeful observer; the judge; the chooser, who not only always knows the difference between that which is dearer, pleasanter, sweeter and that which is *better*, but who also will ultimately force us to choose the better rather than the dearer and so throw the whole of our life energy on the side of that which is everlasting as against that which is temporal."

The subject was well received by the large audience present, and being thrown open to discussion some exceedingly interesting views were presented and inferences drawn for practical life by speakers, both men and women, representing the thinking classes of New York. The practical value of the teaching involved was conceded by all who were heard to express an opinion.

At the meeting, February 19th, Mrs. Arthur Smith was the speaker of the evening and gave a paper entitled "The Music of India." Any who were not present at this meeting missed a rare treat. The subject showed a wealth of philosophy and metaphysics, and a power for the cultivation of the higher qualities of the mind and soul, greater than the mere title of the paper would lead one to expect.

"The Hindu scale of music has thirty-six tones, instead of twelve, as contained in that of the Occident; and, with them, the semi-tone is not the smallest measure of tone, as they recognize and employ a number of smaller intervals. The Hindu mind has for ages studied the vibrations of nature, as regards the body and the mind of man, the world, the planets and the universe; and its musical creations are melodic and harmonic responses to the rhythmic vibrations of the universe.

The music as well as the mosaic work, the sculpture and the architecture of Hindu India has been developed by that people from the inner nature, in a true recognition of natural law, for the pure love of reproducing natural law in their lives and without the sordid views or purposes of sensuous emotion or for money-making, which so often influences the mind of the Western musician. It is therefore a religion with them, and its character—rhythmical, harmonious, natural, and yielding in time, tune and measure, to the vibrations and movements of life in the universe, is pure, perfect and elevating in its every influence.

The true Hindu, of Caste, has long since learned to be wary of the traveler from other countries, who comes for curiosity, for gain and

for selfish worldly purpose; and for generations the traveling public and those who sojourn in India for a few months, have not had the *entrée* to the real Hindu families or any of the places where the pure philosophy of their lives, their religion and their real systems are to be seen and studied. This is why so few ever discover the real depth of their knowledge, and why such erroneous views about them as a people are so common. Each people has much to learn from the others, but the pure Oriental mind has a responsiveness to nature and to the pure harmonies of real life that the Western mind scarcely recognizes."

Mrs. Smith spoke in this vein for an hour or more, giving food for the deepest thought, in ways that we have not space to reproduce at this time. Her charming manner and impressive descriptions made the address as interesting as it was valuable, and every listener went home with some new and more advanced conception of the wonders of human development in India. The purely metaphysical character of all their philosophy was clearly apparent in every feature of the description given by the speaker.

It is difficult to leave this most interesting of subjects, but our space is exhausted.

The next meeting will be held on Monday evening, March 5th, at 465 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A CORRECTION.

In our February number we gave a short sketch entitled "Colors and Precious Stones," by Adelia C. Covell, which, at the time, we supposed to be the thoughts of the one whose name was appended to the paper on which it was written. We have since learned that the thought was given by Mrs. Whitney in her novel, "Hitherto;" and to that work full credit should be given.

The paper was given to the editor several years ago, by Miss Covell, who has since passed to the other life. It was not intended for publication, which may account for its not having its source explained. Thinking it to be a beautiful and helpful thought, and having no knowledge that it had before been expressed in so nearly the same language, we inserted it, under full belief that it was original thought. We are more than glad now to acknowledge its true source; and those who would like to pursue the thought further, in its application to life, will do well to secure the book, which is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

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SWINE AND SACRED RITES.

BY DOCTOR ALEXANDER WILDER.

The three Synoptic Gospels contain an account of the drowning of a herd of swine under circumstances that are hardly intelligible to the unsophisticated reader. They were feeding on a mountain at the east of the lake now commonly known as the Sea of Galilee. As Jesus landed there he was met by a man, who gave his name as "Legion" because a multitude of demons possessed him. He abode in the tombs, and had become so infuriated that he would not wear clothes, and could not be held fast even by chains. Jesus having commanded the demons to depart, they were permitted by him to enter into the herd of swine. "And the herd rushed down the steep into the lake and were choked."

It is added that this event was regarded by the inhabitants of the region as a presage of calamity: "Then the whole multitude of the country of the Gadarenes (or Gerasenes) round about besought him to depart from them; for they were taken with great fear."

This whole account must be taken in connection with what is known of the current beliefs and customs of the period at which these occurrences are described as taking place. The Hebrew Scriptures and what is known of the worships of former times will afford us the necessary clews. The book of Isaiah refers to

customs which seem to bear a close relation to what is obscurely suggested by the story of the demoniac and the herd of swine. (See Noyes's Translation.)

> "I have spread out my hands all the day
> To a rebellious people,
> That walketh in an evil way,
> According to their own devices ;
> To a people that provoke me to my face continually,
> That sacrifice in gardens, [groves]*
> And burn incense on tiles ;
> That sit in sepulchres,
> And lodge in caverns ;
> And eat swine's flesh,
> And have broth of unclean things in their vessels."

These were observances in the Oriental worship that prevailed in all the region from the Valley of the Euphrates to the Mediterranean and into Africa, Asia Minor and Greece, with modifications peculiar to each people. It was characterized by festivals at stated periods in honor of the principal divinities, by religious processions, sacrifices and orgiastic procedures. Hence there was a close resemblance indicative of a common origin between the rites in different countries, and Mr. Robert Brown, Jr., of England, has accordingly included them together in his erudite treatise, "*The Great Dionysiak Myth.*"

The tombs were regarded as habitations or resorts of the genii or spirits of the dead, and of demons that were their companions. The relatives came thither to offer sacrifices and propitiate their favor. Other persons also lodged there to obtain prophetic dreams and spiritual communications. The demoniac with his "unclean spirit" and legion of demons appears, therefore, to have been one of these individuals who had become infuriated by the excitement at the orgiastic rites and his prolonged stay among the tombs where spirits were supposed to haunt.

* They are again described as "they that consecrate and purify themselves in gardens or groves, after the *Akad* or only one." This was the chief priest, the *agates* representing the divinity.

The case of Mary the Magdalian seems to accord with this description. She evidently derived the designation of Magdalen from a shrine with which she may be considered as having been connected. The sanctuaries of the Great Goddess were often built in the form of a migdol, magdal or tower, and her head-dress accordingly bore a little turret as a symbol. The service of consecrated women at those sanctuaries as priestesses, singers, dancers and in other capacities is a familiar fact. In the orgiastic dances and excitements many of the participants became epileptic or "possessed," and were regarded as entheast or infilled with the divinity.

Demons in those days were considered as divine beings of a lower class, and as being often in close relations with individuals. Afterward, however, like the *devas* of the early Aryan faiths, they became, through a modification of religious sentiment, degraded from deities to devils, as has been the case with the bhaga or bogy of Indian theology.

The introduction of the swine into the account in the Gospels, and their speedy death was a significant part of the episode. The animal was conspicuous beyond others in the Sacred Rites of the East, and was also regarded somewhat in the analogy with the scapegoat of the Hebrew Ritual. We have but to look over the customs of other peoples to corroborate this fact. In the Eleusinian at the Lesser Mysteries, the candidates presented young female swine as their offering. Aristophanes has commemorated this in one of his plays, in which the woman entreats for money to buy a pig; "for," says she, "I must be initiated before I die." The animal was washed in the running stream and afterward put to death in sacrifice. Probably this explains the origin of the proverb: "The sow that was washed returns to her wallow in filth." It seems, indeed, to be an appropriate illustration of the insufficiency of an external rite to effect any radical change of character.

In Egypt, on the eve of the festival of Osiris, it was the custom for every head of a household to kill a hog before the door of his

house. The lintels of the door were sprinkled with the blood. . The swineherd who had brought the animal there carried away the carcass; for pork was regarded as abominable by the Egyptians. The swine was considered by them as representing Seth, or Typhon, the murderer of the god Osiris.

The matter, however, is more fully set forth in the Phœnician legend of Adonis. Indeed, all the divinities that are described as slain and coming again to life are substantially the same personification. Osiris, Adonis, Attis, Asklepios, Kadmus, Tum or Tammuz are the same as Bacchus, and their commemorative rites were of a dramatic character, with a meaning similar to that of the Dionysiac.*

Adonis was described in one legend as engaged in hunting when he was mutilated by a wild boar, and died from the wounds. Another form of the drama represents Ares, or Mars,† as the slayer of the divinity, from jealousy of him as having won the affection of Astartê or Salambô, the goddess of love and death. Ares took the form of a boar and attacked his young rival when in the chase.

The lament of the goddess is pathetically described by Ovid. When from the ætherial world on high she beheld him lifeless, and his body lying in his own blood, she hurried down, tearing her bosom and her hair, beating her breasts and reproaching the Fates. Then she ordered that the monuments of her grief should be perpetuated, and there should be a simulacrum of his dead body at the yearly imitations of her mourning. "And this was a perpetual custom," says Maimonides, "that each year, on the beginning of the first day of the month, Tammuz, they mourned and wept for Tammuz," or Adonis. Ezekiel, the Hebrew prophet, states that he

* The Theatre had its origin in such rites. The building was a temple of Bacchus, at Athens, and of Esculapius or Asklepios, at Pergamus and Epidavros. The modern Theatre in this manner took its inception in the "Miracle Plays," in which monks and others performed the parts representing the Passion and Resurrection of Jesus.

† "Ar," the Syrian term for a boar, would seem to have suggested the name of Ares for the god of war and destruction. He is the same here as Molokh, the Phœnician Hercules, who was propitiated by sacrifices of human beings. The author of the book, *Wisdom of Solomon*, describes it: "They slew their children in sacrifices, or used Secret Mysteries, or celebrated frantic Komuses or revellings of foreign rites."

saw "in the visions of God" women at the northern gate of the temple at Jerusalem engaged in this mourning for the lover of Astarté.

The celebration at Byblos took place at the period when the water of the river Adon was red in color, and so represented the blood of the divinity. The high priest then announced the Sacred Fast and convoked the "solemn assembling." All the inhabitants of the region who were able flocked to the holy place. Then began the preliminary observances, the purifications in the groves about the temple, as described by the prophet. The search for the divine effigy began, and then the procession bore it to the sacred precinct of the temple. The image was washed, anointed with spices and wrapped in linen and wool. A hog was slaughtered and laid beside the bier. This was a significant feature of the rites. Then followed the Lament, the "mourning for Jehid," the Beloved.*

There are many references in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, indicating familiarity with this observance. "They shall mourn for him," says Zechariah, "as one mourneth for the Beloved One, and shall be in bitterness for him as one is in bitterness for the first-born." "I will make it at the Mourning for the Beloved," Amos declares. "Daughter of my people," cries Jeremiah, addressing the women as a single person, "gird thyself with sackcloth, and roll thyself in ashes; make the Mourning for the Beloved, a most bitter lamentation." The mode of the celebration is likewise suggested in the Gospels, as performed by the minions of the Great Mother. "To what shall I compare the men of this generation?" Jesus demands. "They are like the boy-priests sitting in the Forum and calling to their associates, saying:

> "'We fluted to you but you did not dance;
> We chanted the Dirge, and you failed to beat your breasts.'"

In such ways the period of mourning was passed. Some cut off

* Hebrew, IHID, the one only, and hence the beloved. Sankhuniathon relates that Kronos sacrificed his son Ieoud in this manner and circumcised himself. As it was a Semitic custom to sacrifice the first-born son as sanctified to the Deity (Exodus, xiii., 2) it will be seen that there was such lamentation in every family, as for the slain divinity.

their hair, some wounded their bodies, and some bestowed themselves as devoted to the god and goddess.* On the morning of the third day, while it was yet dark, the hierophant announced the mourning ended. "Rejoice, Mystæ," said he, "your Adon has risen for our preservation."

A large part of the season in the East is without rain, and hence it was considered auspicious if the Vigil was ended with copious showers. It was explained that Adonis had risen from death and ascended on high to the arms of his divine spouse, and now that the earth rejoiced and was made fruitful.

The story of the conflict of the prophet Elijah with the prophets of the Phœnician Baal was evidently composed upon the basis of the mystic ritual, and with this understanding the initiated reader will easily comprehend the analogies. The occasion is set forth to be a prolonged drought in Palestine. The scene is presented on Mount Carmel, a promontory of the Mediterranean Sea, where had been a shrine for many centuries. The prophets are described as preparing their sacrifice and placing it on the altar with wood, but without fire; the test being that the divinity should signify his claim by the descent of a flame. Then, we are told, they invoked their Baal from morning till noon, going rapidly in procession about the altar in the mystic circle-dance. "And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their custom, with knives and lancets." This was the practice at the Syrian and Asian rites at the annual celebration.

Elijah also adopted the course which was followed at the concluding of the Rite. Having built anew the old altar which had been torn down he made a deep trench about it, and after having placed his offering upon it caused water to be brought and poured about, drenching the wood and filling the trench. He then invoked

* See *Baruch*, Chap. vi., showing a similar observance at Babylon. "The priests [Kadeshim or consecrated persons] sit in their temple-precincts, having their clothes rent and their heads and beards shaven, and nothing upon their heads. They shriek and cry before their gods as men do at the feast (or wake) when one is dead. * * * The women also sit in the paths with cords about them and burn pastiles," etc. (*Herodotus, I., 199.*)

the Deity, calling upon him by the mystic name "IAVA," and then lightning fell from the sky, consuming the altar with the sacrifice, and drinking up the water which had been poured out. After this manifestion we are told that a cloud arose from the sea and discharged its welcome showers upon the thirsty earth.

Generally, however, in the East, the chief place in worship was given to the Goddess herself. In Asia the Great Mother, Kybele, was superior to Attis, as was Isis to Osiris, and Astarté to Adonis. Many of the customs were transmitted, with modifications, into the later worship. Lucian has given a very full account of them. He mentions the great festival of the Spring, and the orgies, and describes the mode of sacrifice. The victims were crowned with garlands and driven over a precipice. Children were sacrificed in the same manner. The parents conducted them to the temple, beating them on the way and calling them by opprobrious epithets; and when the poor victims had come to the grounds about the temple they were driven over the rocks to inevitable death.

Princes like Aahmes of Egypt and Numa of Rome put an end to this immolating of human beings, and where this had been done it was often the practice to substitute animals. It may be that the herd of swine in the Gaulonitis had been reared for that purpose, as the mode of the slaughter would seem to suggest; but it is more no doubt that they were designed to represent the god or animal that slew the divine Adonis. It is enough, however, that they were employed in the worship.

The interdiction of swine in sacrifice was made a political issue in Judea, under the Macedonian kings of Syria. The country had been under the dominion of Egypt and a priest named Joseph had farmed the revenues. After it had passed under the Syrian monarch, a series of intrigues and squabbles took place for possession of the office of high priest. According to the Jewish historians, Jesus or Jason having procured the place, introduced the Phœnician worship. The king, Antiochus Epiphanes, afterward decreed uniformity of religion over all his provinces, interdicting the Levitical service and

substituting the worship of Zeus and Bacchus in its place. He came to Jerusalem, and having taken possession of the temple, offered swine upon the altar, and sprinkled the place with the blood. Shrines and altars were also erected in every city and village, and swine were sacrificed there every day. The book of the law was burned, and the Bacchic worship was maintained everywhere.

It may be supposed with some degree of plausibility that the swine was interdicted for food and sacrifice, because of the hatred of Macedonian supremacy. The Northmen of Europe, the Greeks and Romans, had no such antipathy. Like Adonis, they hunted the swine in the forest and gave the carcass the place of honor at the feast. Virgil depicts the goddess Venus clad like a huntress, meeting her son "pius Æneas" incognita, and asking him whether he has met one of her sisters urging on with loud cry the chase of the wild boar. The Odyssey, however, seems to indicate a lower estimate of the animal. It describes the goddess Kirké as changing the companions of the wandering chief into swine, thus setting forth their degradation. Under the influence of Hebrew tradition, finally, the hog has entirely ceased to be classical, but has acquired instead a commercial importance. Nations now make solemn treaties for trading in the flesh, but the swine appears no more in song or sacred rite.

The writer of the book of *Deuteronomy* offers as a pretext for the prohibition of the flesh as food, that the animal though cloven-footed like the ox and sheep, nevertheless, does not chew the cud. If this really was the case, it may be regarded as an endeavor to prepare the way for effecting a total abandonment of the use of flesh. There are certainly many reasons for supposing that it was only "because of the hardness of men's hearts" that any sanction whatever was given for the eating of flesh, and that "from the beginning it was not so." Indeed, it would be idle to impute the cause to the greediness of the animal or the filthiness of its wallow. Many of the birds that the same writer approves are far more gross and greedy, while the cleanly hare, jerboa and horse are interdicted. A record purporting to be of an earlier period gives sanction that "every living thing that moveth

shall be meat." This includes every species of animal, fish, bird and insect, placing human beings on a dietary characteristic of a standing and degraded people, like Australians and Digger Indians. The later code, in such case, would indicate an advancing civilization, and foreshadow a further moral development which would involve the disuse of flesh altogether.

It appears more probable, however, that the prohibition took its present form in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes and his successors. This king had overturned the Hebrew polity and destroyed the sacred writings. The Makkabæan brothers set about to found the nation anew. The work, as in the case of the Sassanian kings of Persia, resulted in a revision, additions and the loss of many writings. As Nehemiah had made a collection of books, we are told that "in like manner Judas gathered together the things that were lost by reason of the war." They were edited and otherwise revised to meet the conditions of the new nation, and we opine, the ambition of the new rulers. In this form we have them now.

Thus we find many new regulations evidently designed to accentuate their hostility to their former masters. Images and statues were no more permitted in sacred places. There were no more familiar neighborly minglings with persons of other nations. The Egyptians had displayed similar exclusiveness, refusing to eat with foreigners, or even with persons who made use of certain objectionable articles of food. This practice was now copied. But the most significant distinction was made by religious worship. Anciently the religion of the family pertained to the family alone, and every tract of country had its own exclusive customs. But conquest and neighborly intercourse had modified these matters, and it was common for princes of one nation to offer sacrifices in the temples of others. The Persians were an exception. The religion of the Mysteries was on a common ground, and from the rites of Amma, the Bona Dea at Rome, and the worship of Demeter, to the varieties of custom in the "Great Dionysiak Myth," the swine was the victim at the altar. The proscription of this animal in sacred ceremonies and from the tables

of the household, placed an insurmountable wall of partition between Judaism and the worships of other nations. This was effectually done when Judas Makkabæus overthrew the altar in the temple upon which Antiochus had offered the hog; and with that overturning he set up a new law for the Jewish people and laid the corner-stone for the upbuilding of a new nation.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

ABSOLUTE BEAUTY.

Absolute Beauty is eternal, unproduced, indestructible; neither subject to increase nor decay; not, like other things, partly beautiful and partly deformed; not at one time beautiful and at another time not; not beautiful in relation to one thing and deformed in relation to another; not here beautiful and there deformed; not beautiful in the estimation of one person and deformed in that of another; nor can this supreme beauty be figured to the imagination like a beautiful face, or beautiful hands, or any portion of the body, nor like any discourse, nor any science. Nor does it subsist in any other that lives, or is either in earth or in heaven, or in any other place; but it is externally uniform and consistent and monodic with itself. All other things are beautiful through a participation of it, with this condition that although they are subject to production and decay, it never becomes more or less, or endures any change. When any one ascending from a correct system of love begins to contemplate this supreme Beauty, he already touches the consummation of his labor. For such as discipline themselves upon this system, or are conducted by another beginning to ascend through these transitory objects which are beautiful, towards that which is Beauty itself, proceeding as on steps from the love of one form to that of two, and from that of two to that of all forms which are beautiful, and from beautiful forms to beautiful habits and institutions, and from institutions to beautiful doctrines, until from the meditation of many doctrines they arrive at that which is nothing else than the doctrine of the supreme Beauty itself, in the knowledge and contemplation of which they repose.—*Plato, The Bouquet.*

THE SYMBOLS OF THE BIBLE.

(II.)

BY DOCTOR FRANZ HARTMANN.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures."—*Luke*, xxiv., 45.

"To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory; whom we preach, warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."—*Coloss.*, i., 27.

The reason that so few understand the secret sense of the allegories of the Bible is this: that those who do not feel the spirit of true Christianity in themselves, imagine that the truths set forth in the Bible relate only to external things and other persons; while in fact all these relate to events which may occur in ourselves, to our own spiritual rebirth, and can only be rightly apprehended by us when this rebirth takes place in us. This is attested by many passages of the Bible itself. Thus, for example, it is said: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you," (Luke, xvii., 20). "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," (Gal., ii., 20). "For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." (II. Corinth., iv., 11), etc.

All this is also confirmed by the Christian mystics and saints. For example, Michael Molinos says: "Thou shouldst know that thy soul is the central point, the dwelling and the kingdom of God." (The Spiritual Guide). G. Scheffler says: "Thou needst not call on God; the fountain head is in you. If thou stopst not the outlet, it flows forever and ever." (Angelus Silesius, "Der Cherubimische Wandersmann"). "The spirit of God is the divine life in us."

It is, as a matter of course, not only in us, but everywhere. But as we could know nothing of material life if it were not active in us and were we not ourselves living therein, so, also, notwithstanding all digging and searching and theological study, we can know nothing of the divine life unless it becomes manifest in us and we thereby grow to the divine life.

In the consideration of the symbols of the Bible, we have to do, first, with the Macrocosm, *i. e.*, with Nature as a whole; second, with the Microcosm, or the nature of the individual man; and third, with the external appearance. Every symbol has accordingly three different relations, of which the external is the least exact, for "all that is evanescent is but a symbol." If we see a beautiful picture which corresponds to our ideal, it is wholly indifferent to us to know whether this ideal has already been somewhere realized, or whether it exists only in the soul of the painter. This consideration does not hinder us from edifying ourselves therewith and wishing to see it externally realized. So is it also with the descriptions of the Bible. To know whether or not a man, in whom the spirit of the truth was manifest, has lived here or there, brings us no benefit. The description has only the intention to bring the ideal before our eyes, that we may take an example therefrom, and if the description, as a good painting, corresponds to the truth, it has fulfilled its end, and no "historical" considerations, which at the best could only serve to gratify our curiosity, are valid. To know whether a man of the name of "Jesus of Nazareth" ever lived and was crucified, is only of historical significance; we shall not thereby reach salvation. We will by no means assert that a wise and noble man, by name, Jesus, did not live and teach in Palestine 1800 years ago, nor that the narratives of the New Testament are not clustered about his personality; but the believing a narrative to be true is not faith in the truth itself, but faith in a narrative, and nothing further than an accepted opinion. Indeed it seems to us an actual degradation of this poetical representation of "the son of God," to contemplate the Godhead in humanity as an historical human personality, a man

walking about upon the earth, limited and suffering, a kind of good-natured country parson, an unctuous wandering preacher, a kindly pastor of souls, a religious zealot, medical domestic assistant, wonder-doctor, magnetizer, hypnotizer, spiritist, etc., as various authors have done. The Christian allegory relates to something far more exalted; it presents before our eyes the incarnation of the only and indivisible Divinity in humanity and its manifestation in the individual man. It gives a picture of the spiritual evolution in the history of humanity, the descent of the heavenly spirit into matter and its reascent to the divine, as also a representation of the events in the soul-life of every individual man who, in the manner therein described, attains to victory over the temporal, to lordship over the self, and, through self-sacrifice, to freedom from the personal self and to divine existence.

To take another instance, who would consider the tale of "The Sleeping Beauty" anything other than an allegory, especially if he grasp the sense thereof, which of itself appears obvious to every intuitional man, without explanation? The tale is no historical fact, and considered as a narrative it is not true; but, nevertheless, there is contained therein the teaching of a great truth. One should not confuse the form with the essence, the flask with the wine which it contains. "A soul was born upon the earth" so beautiful that the king was beside himself for joy, and ordered a great feast at which an uninvited woman (*Karma*) presented herself and prophesied future unhappiness for the child. In the fifteenth year the prophecy came to pass. "The princess pricked her finger with a distaff and fell into a charmed sleep." The soul, encountered by sensuality, had lost the consciousness of its heavenly being, and "this sleep spread itself over the whole house." Round about grew a thorn-hedge, errors and passions luxuriated, so that one could not see the soul at all. But "after a hundred years came the king's son," divine love, and found the soul. Then the princess awakened and her marriage with the prince was solemnized with all splendor. The soul, through union with the divine self, became a queen of light.

The charm and beauty of a tale lies just in this—that it bears in itself its interpretation. Tales and pictures are for the purpose of exciting the sense of the good, the beautiful and the true; every one finds therein precisely as much as he can see. Symbols are for the purpose of representing certain truths, which we should learn to recognize. But, alas, through the loss of the sense for true religion, not only has the capacity to recognize the sense of religious symbols been lost, but the ossified orthodox theology fastens itself to the external form and will know nothing of its true significance. The understanding must come to the aid of the intuition in order to effect appreciation of the truth.

Considering now the Biblical story of Jesus of Nazareth, this narrative appears to every one who does not lie in the bonds of an orthodox superstition, as an allegory concealing a great truth. Still more, the narrative, as such, is so much opposed to all experience that it has the appearance of having been intentionally presented in such an incredible fashion as to prevent us from receiving it literally.

A virgin, by name Mary, receives the holy spirit during her betrothal, and in consequence the Savior is born. Whether such an unnatural generation of a human being were possible two thousand years ago, is at least exceedingly doubtful; and, on the other hand, it is certain that the same story is contained in other religious systems which existed long before the Christian era. It is found in the Buddhist writings; for also Maya, the mother of Buddha, conceived in consequence of a dream. The story of Osiris contained in the scriptures of the ancient Egyptians is similar to that of Jesus of Nazareth. Osiris, the greatest god of the Egyptians, was the heavenly fire and primeval matter. He is described as one of the saviors or emancipators of humanity. "He comes in order to free mankind from their distress. His efforts to do good are requited with evil. He is overpowered, killed and buried. After three days he rises again and goes to heaven."

But out of all the apparent nonsense comes forth sense, as soon as we grasp the meaning of these allegories, and if it be once grasped,

we find that the truth therein contained is too grand to be otherwise than symbolically represented; for it is a question not of a scientific description of an occurrence which once took place somewhere, but of events continually recurring in the life of the entire universe and in ourselves, both externally and internally, in material and spiritual relations. We will now proceed to indicate some of these meanings, although, on account of limited space, only briefly.

In its spiritual significance, this allegory relates to an episode of the evolution of the universe, and, indeed, to that period when first the mortal bodies of men became capable of thought, and fit to serve the heavenly spirit as dwelling and work-tool for the transfiguration and salvation of the human spirit. Considered in this sense, we see in the picture of "Mary" (Maya or representation) all nature. The "nurture-father," Joseph, represents the great carpenter, or builder, of the universe, *i. e.*, the creative powers (Elohim or Dhyan Chohans); the "son of God," however, is the light of the Logos, the holy spirit of wisdom. Without this light men would probably be capable of thought, but yet would remain beings incapable of true knowledge, shadows without divine life. Therefore, says the apostle John: "In him was life, and the (spiritual) life was the light (light of wisdom) of men. And the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not."

The "darkness" is the human intellect, springing from the mortal part of man, whose judgment rests upon objective (scientific) observation, conclusions and proofs, but which without the true light is blind and capable of no illumination. The true life was the light of men, *i. e.*, of those "initiated" into the light; for men without this light are not designated as men, but only as "dark shadows." The true creation of man, and the true divine life, only occur when the man, through the influx of the holy spirit, attains to self-knowledge.*

*Therefore, too, are the "Learned in the Scriptures" (letter-learned) and "Pharasees" (unilluminated doctors of theology), so far as they have not this light, only shadows, out of which men can perhaps come, but as yet not enlightened.

"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John, i., 6 *et seq.*). The word "John" signifies the inner, spiritual man, standing next to the divine, capable of spiritual knowledge (Buddhi-Manas), *i. e.*, that higher part of the soul which is illuminated by the divine light, but does not, as many believe, generate this light in itself.*

"He (the Logos) was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own (the mind of men), and his own received him not (in themselves). But as many as received him (in themselves), to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name (feel the working of the spirit), which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (John, i., 10–13). In this it is sufficiently declared that the birth of Christ consists in the awakening of the knowledge of God in the soul of the man, and every one in whom this spiritual rebirth takes place can say with the apostle: "The Word was made flesh (Manas), and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father (the Logos), full of grace (real knowledge) and truth," (John, i., 14). Since, however, there is only a single "Son of God" (Atma-Buddhi-Manas), just as there is only a single sunlight upon our earth, even if this light illuminates many different bodies, no ingoing of God into a man takes place without the rising of the man up to God. This means that the illusion of self must disappear in order that the infinite love and knowledge of God may become manifest in the man. It is through the power of this real knowledge that the illusion of self disappears. This self-sacrifice is represented through

* The misunderstanding of this passage of the Bible is an inexhaustible source of spiritual arrogance; for many who are only a little enlightened imagine that the light which glimmers in them is their own. The true humility consists in this: that one recognizes the nothingness of his self-illusion, and the greatness of God in man.

the death on the cross. It is the disappearance of the illusion of separateness, and the glorification of God in man. Therefore, also, the crucified Christ utters the words: "Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani," which means, "God, my God, how hast thou glorified me (in thee)!"

If the theologians would give more attention to the meaning of the Hebrew words, many misconceptions could be avoided. The word "Jesus" signifies the soul kindling in the fire of divine love * (the "heart of God" in the universe); Christus (the anointed) signifies that portion of the mind (Atma–Buddhi–Manas) enlightened by the light of wisdom. The conception took place in the womb of humanity when humanity arrived at that stage of evolution where it was ready to receive the spirit of knowledge, and the resurrection will take place when all men have come to the knowledge of truth, have vanquished the animal and its passions, and have found themselves together as one in the knowledge of God.

But what humanity as a whole will probably only attain after many millions of years, is to the individual even now possible, if he becomes an imitator of Christ. But by this is not meant that he must imitate the external actions of Jesus of Nazareth, as they are described in the New Testament; but that, through the power of God in him, he master the earthly, and through the sacrifice of the illusion of self in the power of love pervaded by wisdom he attain to knowledge of his divine being. As an inhabitant of the nether world could not procure a knowledge of the sun by the reading of books and descriptions, so a knowledge of Christ cannot be attained by the study of theology. But if the sun of the spirit rises in our own heart, then we have, even without theological instruction, recognized the true Son of God. Then only, however, is a man in the true sense of the word a "Christ," and to become a true Christ is therefore no light thing.†

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* See Lotus blüthen, vol. ix., p. 234, "A glance into the Kabala."

† In reality a "Christ," *i. e.*, an "anointed," a "Buddhist," *i. e.*, an "enlightened" and a "Lama," *i. e.*, a "glorified," are one and the same.

Deep in the sanctuary of the soul, in the quiet Bethlehem,* slumbers the spark of divine love, and is born in the pure mind as the light of wisdom. The nature-father of the divine child is the intellect, which keeps the house in order and prevents the entrance of evil. The cradle stands in the stall, surrounded by animal elements, desires and passions. There stands egotism symbolized by the ass, and ignorance by the ox; but there is also the mother, the heavenly nature (the virgin Mary), who protects and nourishes the child. In his childhood, the voice of the child, the voice of the silence, is heard only through the inner feeling and the conscience. But even in his twelfth year he appears (as intuition), teaching, and he dumbfounds, through his wisdom, the logical arguments and the ingenuity of the intellect, which possesses no true knowledge. Through all the fields of perceiving and thinking the Savior takes his way, working wonders. Without sinking he walks on the storm-moved sea of life, and commands the waves. Through the power of self-control he heals the sick in soul and body; he brings the spiritually blind to knowledge of the truth and causes the spiritually deaf to again hear the voice of conscience. Persecuted and betrayed by the theologians and worshippers of external gods, he is lead before the judgment seat of reason; but "Pilate," since he is not himself the truth, cannot recognize the truth, and asks in vain for proofs, without perceiving that there is for the existence of truth no better proof than the manifestation of truth itself. But, because the reason without the enlightenment cannot recognize the truth, the man remains chained to this earthly existence, whose symbol is the cross, wherein the upright beam signifies the descent and ascent of the spirit; the horizontal, the kingdom of matter. The man must himself carry his cross (Karma); but "Joseph of Arimathæa," *i. e.*, faith, hope, aids him therein. The suffering of the man ends only when he has perfected the great work of the sacrifice of the illusion of self. Then the man dies the mystic death, and in the place of human reason enters the divine wisdom. So God redeems himself

* In matter.

from the human animal, and redeems also the man himself united with him. The death of ignorance is the resurrection of knowledge, just as the disappearance of darkness is the birth of day.

Many books could be filled with interpretations of the symbols of the Bible, so much the more as each of these symbols, according to the standpoint from which it is considered, admits three, and even seven, different interpretations, each of which is correct, and without any arbitrary introduction of a meaning not therein contained. But it is not our intention to forestall the intuition of the reader or to save him the effort of doing his own thinking; rather the above indications are intended simply as hints that in the teachings of the Bible are contained many and precious, though little known, treasures.

As in the life history of the Nazarene, the growth of the divine spirit in man is symbolically represented, so, also, is the drama which great Nature conducts in the outer world, a symbol of the birth of the divine Logos, of the true savior of humanity, which is born from the eternal virgin, truth. Each morning is the sun, as it were, born anew from the Virgin (the night), wherefore also the dawn (Aurora, Aditi) is called the mother of God. Every little circuit of day, evening, night and morning, is a symbol of life and death and rebirth; the greater circuit forms the year.

The ancient Egyptians solemnized at the Winter solstice the birth of the son of Isis. Mithras, the Persian sun god, came on the 25th of December in the midnight hour in a "cavern" (night) to the world. The sign of the virgin ascends in the eastern heaven, and the "stable" is not far distant therefrom, for the sun is about to enter a sign of the zodiac represented by an animal. During Winter the life rests in nature, as does man in the grave; under the snowy shroud and in the brooks and rivers movement becomes torpid. The trees are stripped of their foliage and the cold wind from the North moans over the barren rocks. But soon, through the influx of the sun, awakes the concealed life; that which was benumbed frees itself and the earth adorns herself anew with fresh green.

So also, in the human heart which is without true knowledge, desolation and sorrow reigns; but through growing selfless love, the icy crust, which selfishness had drawn about the heart, is broken up. Then dawns the day of knowledge, and in the end the sun of divine wisdom rises in the hnman soul to the heaven within.

But, in reality, the approach of the sun to the earth is only apparent, and it is the earth which inclines itself to the sun and so comes nearer to it. So, also, the sun of widom does not approach the man, but he approaches it through obedience to its law.

The kingdom of phenomena consists only of allegories, and if we were able to recognize the meaning of the symbols, we would not need to search long after the truth. The sun itself, which we see by day, is only a symbol of the spiritual sun of the universe, out of which all spiritual life flows, and to which it again returns. The physical sun sends its life currents through the planetary system. It is the heart of our world, from which the circuit of life pulsates through the organism of nature during an actual time period of eleven years.* So, also, all divine life comes from God and returns again back to God.

There has been much strife over the nature of the "Holy Trinity," and yet a man need only open his eyes in order to see its symbol. The infinite space corresponds to the "Father"; he is in us all and we are all contained in him. We are ourselves embodied space, and yet we cannot grasp the nature of space. We could not even make to ourselves a representation of the extent of space, were it not for the help of the sun and its light. The sun corresponds to the "Son." It is not different from space, and not separated from space. The Son is, according to his essence, one with the Father, but in his manifestation different from him. Also the existence of the sun would benefit us little, were it not for the light streaming out from it through space, the symbol of the "Holy Spirit" through which the world of forms becomes manifest. In similar manner also,

*The time of the recurring increase of the sun spots corresponds to the "Systole," that of the decrease to "Diastole" of the great heart.

through the manifestation of the Holy Spirit, which is the spirit of true knowledge, the divine secrets become manifest within the soul, without scientific bringing of proofs and seeming reasons.

And as we are all in space and all in God, so are we all in the sun; for the being of the sun extends as far as the sphere of its activity, even though the radiating body of the sun appears to be a relatively small orb. In the same way, also, we are all in the light, in Christ, and in the Holy Spirit. All is in us; we need not to enter, but only to recognize. He who recognizes the Son of God in his heart is himself the Son of God and has the life of the spirit. Therefore says the Bible: "He who has the Son of God has life, and he who has him not has not life." "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

If we take the words of the Bible literally, according to their external sense, it is true that we often meet nonsense; if we take their spiritual sense, we find therein the most exalted wisdom. We give a few examples: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink. * * * Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? * * * Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Every one knows that he who will nourish his body must look after it with care, and that one can pay no tailor's bills with mere blind reliance on God. The teaching, however, relates to the spiritual body and the growth of the soul. A man cannot, with all his hunting and running, add a cubit to his stature. The growth of the newborn man takes place not through the acquirement of knowledge or the storing up of theories in the magazine of the memory, but through the divine nourishment of the soul, which consists in the inward reception of the spirit of truth. The vesture of the soul is of itself its glorification.

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast

shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." If this were to be taken in an external sense, one could save millions which are expended for church edifices. But the "closet," to which reference is here made, is the soul, and the doors to be closed are the senses. The "Father in secret" is the innermost divine self, who "knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him."

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." So could, perhaps, an Alba, a Nero, or a Peter Arbuez speak; but the "sword" to which reference is here made, is the enlightened will; the "house" is the soul and "they of his own household" are the desires, passions and errors which have become and are (apparently) the ego—which are the "relatives" and enemies of the inner man.*

Prejudices, received opinions and thoughtless reliance upon authority make the man apathetic and blind, so that though he hears with the ears he understands not, and though he sees with the eyes he comprehends not.† Therefore has the Bible become for the pious enthusiast a fetish, and for the "cultivated" man an object about which he does not trouble himself. But for the wise it is a magic mirror, in which every one can see himself, can behold the past, present and future, and can learn to draw from the source of wisdom.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

(*To be continued.*)

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* Compare Bhagavad Gita, I.

† Matthew, xiii., 14.

THE ESOTERIC MIND.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

The growth of the body from infancy to age is not controlled by will in any sense; it is controlled directly by the automatic action of the heart, but a prescient design, in which the intellect concurs prior to its incarnation, secures this action and determines its duration. Death is always a voluntary act on the part of the intellect, and is always self-induced. This assumption will be challenged by all conservative religionists on the ground that it is unscriptural, but it is an *axiom* in esoteric philosophy, and its truth is logically demonstrable by the higher reasoning.

That a personal God rules each life is as true in Esotericism as in Biblicism, the only difference being in the significance imposed upon the term God. To an esoterist, God is epitomized in the human intellect, *i. e.*, soul, and in the domain of the individual life is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. A predetermined purpose controls each life career, which purpose is presciently appreciated by the intellect in its antecedent spirit-life. The intellect does not design alone the plan of its human life, but it is an intelligent and willing accessory to it, advised and instructed by its spirit sponsors as to the definite object and issue of the career thus prescribed.

To be more explicit, each intellect in the decarnate life is technically informed as to the specific requirements of its own nature; it estimates definitely its future necessities and aids intelligently in forecasting its own terrestrial horoscope. There is nothing speculative in the ordaining of human lives; nothing is left to conjecture or chance; every natal intellectual characteristic is ethically gauged and due provision made for its normal development, inasmuch as intellects are born impeccable; no inherent disposition or proclivity is thwarted

or warped, for it is an immutable principle in life-ethics that the intellect be allowed to mature upon its own natal trend with every idiosyncrasy intact. In the nursery of being, infant intellects are fostered with jealous solicitude and affection, just as human infants are fostered in an exemplary home, and corresponding latitude given their specific individual tendencies.

In primary incarnations which do not occur upon the Earth, intellectual life is wholly automatic, being supervised and controlled in every detail by those parentally responsible for its development. In these existences it is obvious the infantile intellect is as incapable of presiding over its own interests as an infant in arms; hence it is developed and educated, as it were, upon a leading string, until, in the course of growth, it has acquired an intelligent knowledge of its own faculties and attributes, and is volitionally sapient as to its immediate and ultimate destiny. In this manner, upon an exact scale of progression, intellectual life advances—acquiring more and more determinate knowledge, and relatively more and more volitional latitude—until it arrives at the esoteric or vicarious plane which is the vestibule of immortality, and beyond which incarnation ceases to be a necessity. But it must not be understood that all who have reached this plane are esoterists; few indeed are allowed to pursue esotericism as a life vocation, the vast majority are devoted to humanitarian service in some illustrious career, but one and all, without exception, arrive at fame and distinction in the eyes of men. No life can be justly called immortal until the last step in the carnate scale of being has been achieved.

It is thus shown how intellect, by gradual degrees, enters more and more into intelligent co-operation with its sponsors in framing and executing the plans of its human destinies, until it is capable by provident and prescient wisdom to preside over such careers alone; but always under the supervising protection of a spirit guardian who gives the intellect tutelary moral support. At no stage in the ascent of life is an intellect allowed solitary option as to the framing of any its several careers; mentors are appointed by the congress of

Powers in authority, who are made responsible for the just and ethical devising of such plans, and for their equitable consummation.

The rectitude of the wisdom prescribing and governing human lives may be more lucidly demonstrated by means of illustration—for instance, an intellect is characterized by a specific disposition, the result of specific astrological conditions prevailing at the time of its conception; this disposition entails upon it a definite trend and an equivalent momentum, which, if not prudently modified, will culminate abnormally, and in esotericism abnormal development of any kind is *vice* because it is hostile to that intellectual equipoise which is a fundamental essential to ethical life: by this we do not mean abnormal variation from any general standard or rule, but from the inherent natal instincts of the intellect in question. Intellects are never educated collectively under the higher code, but individually and according to their innate dispositions as aforesaid; by this method determinate tendencies are duly estimated by the council devising the prospective life plan, and technically explained to the novice about to enter the physical life; he understands succinctly the danger or dangers to which he is exposed, and sanctions the means proposed for its salutary correction, although fully cognizant that such means will be the cause of suffering and trial. Thus adversity on Earth is a provident and beneficent antidote for exaggerating tendencies in intellect; thus the vicissitudes of the temporal life, equivocal and paradoxical as they appear, counteract definitely some preponderating proclivity in the growing intelligence.

Man is never conscious of this prescient knowledge in himself; it is rigorously forbidden by the overruling Powers for the obvious reason that his happiness as a human being would be destroyed; he would see the pathway to his tomb, with all its incidental vicissitudes, definitely traced before him, and life would be an intolerable burden; even the esoterist is denied the knowledge, except in rare cases where the nature is so subliminally educated as to be alike indifferent to suffering and death. An intellect sustains its spirit-body long enough to stabilize the progress made in the preceding carnate exist-

ence, and no longer; it then enters upon a period of spiritual infirmity, similar to the period of physical decrepitude in the aged of earth, and is gradually despirited and by analagous laws of dissolution; or it is suddenly released; the modes of transition are as various there as here. Earth is a training school for intellects, and grade by grade, every intellect takes the entire course until it matriculates with esoteric honors, when it retires to take its well-earned place among the celestial alumni.

Having thus analyzed the primary faculties and attributes of mind technically, and indicated the various modes of procedure by which mental interests are executed, we will now endeavor to show by what laws the personal mind is held in cosmic accord with the atmosphere.

The individual mind is a diminutive atmosphere, a homogeneous part of the planetary atmosphere, and atomically allied to it. Mental processes are always cosmic processes on a reduced scale, and are more or less ambitious and elaborate, according to the determinate energy and culture of the intelligence in question; if the individual is intellectually cultured and aspiring, his mind has a relative power of expansion; if he is conservative his mind is relatively stationary as to boundary and compass; if he is versatile his mind is relatively elastic and pliant as to diversity and trend. The laws governing the expansion and contraction of mind are the same that govern the expansion and contraction of the atmosphere at large, and are based upon a corresponding scale of temperatures, the virile current being the heat generator.

The bent of the individual nature determines the mental trend, and also its aspirational power of elevation. A true esoterist educates his mind by vertical expansion principally, this being the most direct method as also the most comprehensive and concise, giving the vision broader scope. If he is of advanced knowledge he can determine accurately, from any aerial vantage by analogical deduction, the collateral laws which substantiate his discoveries; he can reason with equal facility upon any tangent from any given point; he is

able, if his culture be mature, to premise the occult cause or causes inducing a given result; to predicate the issue or issues from a given cause, and to deduce accurately the law or laws involved, both direct and tributary, in every conceivable case, *ad infinitum.*

An esoterist is self-taught; he is self-made in a literal sense, because it is only by the most refined and persistent self-culture that the esoteric acumen can be attained. To such an one books and book lore are of little value as educators; the intellect is a natural compendium of knowledge wherever esoteric learning is possible, but only the advanced intelligence, who is in the last cycle of human existence, can command such knowledge; it belongs exclusively to the final and vicarious human life. To be explicit, in the esoteric life the intellect is capable of reviewing its past and the knowledge it has acquired during its several human lives. This compiled volume of experience is open before it, and is the only volume of any practical value in occult research; we use the term significantly because esoteric search is always a *re*searching of the volume of self, and all intellectual discoveries are confirmed and corroborated by the traditional inscriptions found in it.

Mental expansion is not always in a direct line; it follows such lines of deflection as the rotation of the planet creates, and such curves as the rotundity of the globe determines; for instance, as a ball thrown from the hand swerves from a direct course as gravity overcomes its momentum, so mind in expansion swerves gradually in a downward direction after its maximum velocity has been attained; its course is elliptical and when it comes again in contact with the earth it either contracts immediately by a homing impulse of will, or remains *in statu quo* until the contemplation ceases; in such operations centrifugal and centripetal laws act. As spires of steam topple and trail in the wake of a locomotive, so spires of mind topple when their maximum altitude has been reached, and trail in the atmosphere subject to the orbital wake of the planet. This may appear false, inasmuch as the planet's atmosphere does not vary from its fixed relation to the planet itself, but it must be understood that it is only

the cosmic or planetary elements of the atmosphere that remain fixed; the ether, being immobile and absolute, is traversed by planet and atmosphere alike in the planet's orbital course. When the spiring extensions of mind topple thus and fall, they do not dissipate as steam dissipates, they diaphanize and lose by gravitic attraction their physical elements; these elements filter downward and are replaced by more ethereal elements which are absorbed from the various atmospheric strata traversed, *pro ratio* as the intellect affiliates them; the mind in extension can be sustained in suspense at any given altitude, as long as the will can maintain a rigid determination, but it loses its grosser elements steadily; it is this loss and the substitution of foreign elements that renders ethereal suspense difficult; the intellect is more or less bewildered by the innovation, it realizes the invasion of its territory and its attention is relatively diverted. It is this inevitable experience that renders esoteric investigation both arduous and painful.

When, at length, these extensions are indrawn, the entire personal mind is changed; the new elements tincture it with new qualities which in course of time are assimilated by the spirit. It should be noted here that such rarefied elements are held in the mind by the cohering power of the intellect itself, and are suctionally absorbed by the intellectual faculties.

The intellectual faculties do not extend *pro ratio* with the mind in these aerial excursions, but the powers with which they are endowed operate telescopically at long range. Will-power determines the velocity and altitude of mind extension, and its volitional impacts determine its calibre and temperature. For instance, under a powerful volitional impact the mind vaults to the scene of search with inconceivable rapidity; it spires upward in pyramidal form and the apex is more or less pointed according to the definite decision of the will; if a specific question is under consideration the cleavage is incisive and direct, the mind is carried like a wedge-shaped projectile to the field of investigation, and held there by repeated volitional impacts which occur in rapid and uniform succession until the question

is satisfactorily answered or exhaustion ensues. Volition acts dynamically upon the mind, as also upon the specific faculties employed. Vision is focussed in this apex and commands a range of as much of the upper territory as the intellectual acumen can cover. Thus the esoterist is continually educating himself by means of the inherent forces of intellect, and enlarging mentally by reason of the encroaching power of intellect itself.

This brings us again, by a necessary circumlocution, to the consideration of thought operations at high altitudes.

It must be understood that such operations are not thought operations *per se;* they do not involve the manipulation of thought substance; as a matter of fact, thought substance is rarely given off during such processes; they are psychic processes and are wholly independent of the brain, except in very rare cases where the individual is esoterically educated to such a degree as to conduct the operations of the physical mind simultaneously. The brain serves a secondary purpose, however, in adapting these operations to the calibre of the human understanding; it is a registering office where each step in the psychic investigation is accurately recorded for the future deliberate consideration of the brain faculties.

The psychic vision operates within the apex of the projected mind as within a telescopic observatory, using the amaranthine strata as transparent lenses of various magnifying power. These strata are always horizontal in placement; that is, they are parallel to the surface of the globe, and vary relatively as the geographical surface varies; they rise into elevations wherever mountain ranges occur, they are level over oceans and plains, they deflect in accord with valleys and ravines, etc., etc. The cosmic plan of air elevations is a literal repetition of the diversified contour of the Earth, and presents the same scenic panorama cosmographically reproduced.

The question will naturally arise here: Do not these landscape features obstruct the vision? They do not; the esoteric vision is vibrally superior to all such concrete conditions, and pierces them with ease. The amaranthine strata are uniformly graduated

in density; that in immediate proximity to the globe is shallow, being densely compressed by gravity; the one superimposed upon it is relatively less shallow, and so on to the topmost or outermost, which is inappreciably atmospheric. These strata are arranged upon a mathematical scale of proportions both as to depth and volume, the aggregate volume in each being exactly double that of the adjacent one below; these proportions have no reference to the ether, which is immobile and fixed as to density; they refer to the planetary and atmospheric elements combined upon it as a basis.

The depth of the strata varies *pro ratio*, but not upon a schedule of doubles; gravity alone governs their varying densities and governs them upon a scale of degrees similar to those employed in estimating latitude and longitude, each stratum being a quadrant or one-fourth of a degree more dense than the adjacent one above, and obviously the density decreases as the stratum ascends, the lower regions being more dense than the upper regions in each, though their territorial boundaries are accurately defined. These scales of measurement are esoteric and not identical with those used in scientific calculations; they are, however, literally analogous, being based upon the same mathematical principle.

As has been said, these strata serve as lenses whose magnifying power is in direct ratio to their density, and through them the esoterist views the ethereal realms; looking downward, everything is reduced in dimension and dwarfed; looking upward, everything is magnified and brought near; and logically, every conceivable angle of obliquity is presented as the vision scans the panorama spread out before it; the investigator must understand optical laws and the incidental laws of perspective, both upon levels and obliques, before he can gauge his deductions mathematically and adjust them co-ordinately with the findings of science. Nothing in true esotericism is out of accord with science, nothing in it is out of accord with the established religions of the world; it is cosmopolitan in the most practical and altruistic sense, and teaches a universal and homogeneous philosophy.

The retina has no part in these visual processes; it is useless as a

reflecting mirror in all esoteric visualling, being below the vibratory activity essential to such mirroring processes; the mind itself receives the photographic impressions and transmits them to the intellect so reduced as to be appreciable to the recording faculties of the brain; here the data are classified under the auspices of reason and left to wait analytical examination. Pending these aerial explorations, reason itself, the most astute of all the cerebral faculties, is rarely cognizant of what is transpiring in the subliminal mind; unless it is educated to instantaneous action it is useless in such surveys.

Imagination, however, is always lively on these occasions, telescoping views at every possible angle and range, and picturing the mind with phantasmagoria in every degree of pertinent and impertinent form and hue; these hallucinating forms flit across the field of vision, bewildering the observer if he be not well versed in the laws of mind; it is due to this cause that so much of erraticity is incorporated in the occult thought of the day; a shrewd acumen is necessary to detect the spurious in esoteric research, the more so that imagination lends itself readily to incongruous conceptions, being vacillating and fantastic in disposition, and always on the *qui vive* for excitement and novelty.

The tyro has more to fear from this source than from all other sources combined. And yet imagination is not mischievous, nor has it any motive or design to disturb the equanimity of the mind; its mission in the field of the intellect being recreative and entertaining, it connives innocently and with equal facility, in every mental mood; its habits once understood and strenuously guarded against, the student is safe; he has no other adversary in the whole domain of thought. The disturbing spirits of Spiritualism and the elementals of Theosophy are alike powerless to impinge upon his mind; he is ethereally invulnerable to such astral shades, being vibrally above the range of their influence.

PAUL AVENEL.

A DREAM OF A POEM.

The when and where it matters not—suffice
The autumn sun, that all the day had shone
Upon the forest's frost-kissed foliage
Causing it to bloom, red hued and golden,
Lingered now behind the fleecy clouds,
That variant formed bestrung the horizon,
Transforming them as with the magic of
Supernal power, to brilliant burnished silver
Fringed with bands of purest gold,
And then anon to carmine's fiery red;
Then lower sinking, spread high above all
A broad ambre-tinted purple curtain.
Then followed night, and the crescent moon
And the o'erpowering wonder of night's stars,
That in galaxies of glory shone from far.
Then followed sleep, and what the wise call dream,
That mystic, dual, semi-conscious realm
Wherein Sensation and Soul hold converse
In strange medley of melody and discord.

There then was I, and this I saw and heard:
I saw three thrones, on each a crowned queen,
And one was queen of Music and of Song.
By sceptre-wielded sign, uprose the curtain;
Before me in vast assemblage gathered
The World's masters of music and melody;
Then in wondrous harmony of chorus
Swelled the mighty volume of all music
Filling my soul with o'ermastering awe;
And with emotions wrought beyond control,
I bowed before her throne and worship gave.

Another wore the jeweled crown of Art;
By sceptre-wielded sign, uprose the curtain;
A vast arcade appeared with vistas three

Stretching their perspective through all ages;
Before me in all multitude of numbers,
And in all their magnitude and beauty
Assembled, spread the mighty works of art.
"Architecture"—in vast columned grandeur,
The world's temples, cathedrals, palaces;
"Painting"—all life's portraits, and grand frescoes,
Nature in art, ideals sacred and profane;
"Sculpture"—the Olympian host, sages, heroes,
In marbled image, and forms of beauty;
With soul surcharged with mighty thoughts,
I bowed before her throne and worship gave.

The other wore the regal haloed crown
Of "Poetry"—and she was improvisatrice;
By sceptre-wielded sign, uprose the curtain;
In space all limitless and undefined
Appeared the forms of an immortal band
Born to the earth, yet spirit-taught and moved,
Whose works are stamped all time imperishable.

And while I gazed, the queen stood forth and spoke;
As with a Prophet's soul, and tongue inspired—
"Beauty in material art will some time perish;
Music, although divine its harmony
Is but another form of poesy and song;
But thoughts forthwrought in highest art of speech
Convey to man most lasting, living joys;
'Poetry' uplifts man's best and purest
Faculties, and in them lives forever."
When then she ceased, with soul thrilled through and through,
I bowed before her throne and worship gave.

ALLEN R. DARROW.

Ah! we have all once known it. We have all been tinged with the morning redness of life! * * * Oh, why do we not regard all first stirrings of human emotion as holy, as firstlings for the altar of God? There is truly nothing purer and warmer than our first friendship, our first love, our first striving after truths, our first feeling for nature.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Bounded in his nature, infinite in his desires, man is a fallen god who has a recollection of heaven.—*Lamartine.*

Some depth unknown, some inner life untried,
Some thirst unslaked, some hunger which no food
Gathered from earthly thorn, or by the knife
In gory shambles stricken, can allay,
Man hopes for or endeavors against hope. —*Scott.*

Do thou exert thyself and believe that it is not thou but thy body that is mortal, for thou art not the being whom this figure shows, but the mind is the man and not the figure which can be pointed at with the finger. Know, therefore, that thou art a divine being, since it is a deity in thee which moves, feels, remembers, foresees, rules and governs that body over which it is placed, in the very same way as the Supreme Being governs this world; and as the Eternal God directs this world, which is in a certain degree mortal, so the never-dying spirit directs the frail body.—*Cicero.*

It behooves thee to hasten to the light
And to the beams of the Father,
From whence was sent to thee
A soul clothed with much mind.
These things the Father conceived,
And so the mortal was animated;
For the Paternal mind sowed symbols in souls,
Replenishing the soul with profound love.
For the Father of gods and men
Placed the mind in the soul
And in the body he established you;
For all divine things are incorporeal,
But bodies are bound in them for your sakes
By reason of the corporeal nature
In which they are concentrated,
And they are in God attracting strong flames.
—*Zoroaster.*

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

SOME NATURE-POETS.

I.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

Nature always inspires, but does not always satisfy the longings she creates. In rare cases she seems capricious and throws her apples at the feet of the lazy, but, as a rule, she demands devotion, work in the sweat of the brow, before she opens her horn of plenty. Woe unto that child of hers who demands consistency in her and does not see, that he himself alone can show that.

> Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
> And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.

Maurice de Guérin is an example upon that unhappy lot which is man's, when he cannot come to rest either in Nature or in himself. He has confessed and laid open his heart. Said he: "Which is the true God? The God of the cities or the God of the deserts? To which to go? Long-cherished tastes, impulses of the heart, accidents of life, decide the choice. The man of cities laughs at the strange dreams of the eremites: these, on the other hand, exult at their separation, as finding themselves, like the islands of the great ocean, far from continents and bathed by unknown waves. The most to be pitied are those who, flung between these two, stretch their arms first to the one, then to the other."

De Guérin is a soul torn by indecision; full of poetry, but weak in expression; a spiritual appearance that can find no home among men and yet lacks that frankness with nature which would reduce a dreamy temper to a loyal friendship. He was born in Venice in the year 1810, no year, to be sure, for definiteness; and when we learn that he descended from a long line of nobles; it is said from as far back as the ninth century, we come naturally to think of the Lombard hordes which at that time had settled and become the masters of northern Italy, and we feel in him a weak reflex of those nature-forces, uncontrolled and unintelligible. The Longabards or Lombards came originally from Scandinavia. They had been settled in Germany "by forests and streams" as Tacitus reports and their chief deity was Hertha, or more correctly Nerthus, who is *terra mater*, Mother-Earth. Removing the northern traits of vigor from de Guérin we have left all the main characters of nature-worship in him. His great poem, the Centaur, is a complete picture of some of the deepest strata of his soul, strata which reflect the Wild-men into which Guérin seems to have been able to translate himself.

His first poem, written when he was eleven years old, bears testimony to atavistic traits. It was entitled "Les bruits de la nature" and its refrain was

Oh, qu'ils sont beaux ces bruits de la nature, ces bruits repandus dans les airs.

Even at college and in the asylum at La Chenaie in the company of the famous Lamennais his instinct did not die or even suffer itself to be smothered. Guérin no doubt thought himself an honest student and fairly true to the rules of the monastic establishment, but his heart and soul were far away from scholastic theology. The heavens declared to him the glory of God, and through the small window of his cell he saw that the "firmament sheweth His handiwork." La Chenaie was surrounded by woods and the trees were full of birds and they exercised a far deeper influence upon him than Guérin knew. True, he wrote in his diary of Lamennais that he was "a priest whom men account as one of their glories upon earth and whom the saints

claim as one of theirs in heaven," but with equal or more enthusiasm he also wrote in the same diary: "Every time we allow ourselves to penetrate into Nature, our soul opens to the most intense impressions. No matter whether Nature be pale, gray, cold or rainy as in the autumn and winter, there is something in her which stirs the soul in the most secret recesses as well as on the surface. She awakens a thousand recollections apparently without connection with her own externals, yet these undoubtedly stand in direct relation to the Soul of Nature through sympathies unknown to us. To-day I realized such a marvelous power while lying in a wood of beeches breathing the soft spring air." A man that writes thus after having had such experiences is not made for anything like the Trappist admonition: "*Frère, il faut mourir.*" He has studied the marvel of the leaf-bud of the beech, which is packed so compactly that it might almost go through the eye of a needle; he has looked through the yellow-green foliage unrivaled by any other tree of the forest and he has seen how "all nature widens upward." He has seen in the beech the natural origin and type of the clustered pillars of a Gothic cathedral and instinctively he has preferred the living church to that of stone. He has learned that the effects of the green light of that forest-church is far more mystic than the dim and dull yellow light of altar candles. Yet, this poor soul, who longed "to wander at his own sweet will and to breathe in all the life and love which ferments in nature," cries when he comes home. The monastic surroundings overwhelm him and he begins to reproach himself for pantheistic notions. He had neither organic health nor force to assert himself and his natural love. Morbid feelings and ashy-gray views drain his life-blood and he writes despairingly: "The moral expanse which my life embraces is like a solitude covered by an iron heaven, motionless, without seasons." Again, he defines his position thus: "I project only a shadow; every form is opaque and struck with death. As on a march at night, I go forward with the isolated feeling of my existence, amidst the inert phantoms of all things." He leaves us in no doubt about his sufferings. We marvel why he, who has so clear a conception of

his mental and moral ruin while he stays in the monastery, cannot break loose and be free. The reason is that he has lost his will-power. Like intoxicating drinks the monastic life breaks down all will-power. Once he did break loose and lived for a time in the family of M. Hippolyte de la Morvonnais, a poet, but the disease of the will was too far progressed and incurable; he returned to La Chenaie and took upon himself the vows of a novice. The trial of Lamennais and other circumstances drove him once more out of the cloister, and finally by his friends' aid he broke with the church; came to Paris and even married. He died, however, shortly afterwards, only 29 years of age.

We may condemn him for weakness but we must admire him for the passion which consumed him, even if he to some extent was unconscious of his own genius. That very unconsciousness is his glory; it proves how completely he had abandoned himself, and, that Nature lived in him, not he in Nature. Guérin had the same qualities as he recommended in a friend to his sister, Eugénie, *l'onction, l'effusion, la mysticité.* Isolated, these qualities may and do repel us, but blended with so much aboriginal nature as they were in Guérin, they throw a poetic veil over all he writes. It is this, his poetic magic, which awakens in us a familiarity with those mysteries he reveals. This magic and original character is especially apparent in the Centaur.

Up to the time of Homer, the Centaurs were known as gigantic savage and ferocious men, always engaged in bloody wars. They were evidently personifications of the original wild and fiery nature of man, and their struggles symbolize those fearful cataclysms under which the earth once trembled and which are now visible in upturned rocks and tortuous bends of cliffs. Art, however, developed another type of Centaur, half horse and half man, but this form leads us also back to ages of revolution and metamorphosis. Among the Centaurs we hear of Chiron, the wise and just, who was placed by Jupiter among the stars as the constellation Sagittarius, the archer, and of Æsculapius, the celebrated healer. Æsculapius is the healing, the

magnetic, power of nature. Whether male or female the Centaurs are pictorial representations of good traits and they are the only monsters of ancient mythologies thus characterized.

Maurice de Guérin's most famous poem or rather prose-poem runs in extract thus. An old Centaur relates on a mountain top to a human questioner, Melampus, how he lived in youth:

"I was born in a cave of these mountains and my abode was as remote and silent as the deep caverns that gather up the first drops of a river that trickle from some weeping rock. At the time of delivery our mothers withdraw to such caves, the loneliest they can find and those of thickest gloom. There they bring forth without a plaint and their fruit is as silent as themselves. Our mother-milk is so powerful that we overcome without difficulty all weaknesses of childhood. But we stay longer in our caves than you do in your cradles, because it is good to remain long in the presence of the gods.

"Once my mother returned from a trip outside the cave and she had about her the odor of the valleys and the streaming of waters. This stirred up my spirit and I moved up and down restlessly in my darkness."

The Centaur goes on to describe himself as "movement" and as a gigantic subterranean force limited to "the spacious darkness of the cave"; he lifts "the rocks, the waters, plants without number, and the subtlest impressions of the air—I uplift them in the dark and still nights to catch the breaths of wind." There is a witchery in all this and one almost feels that he has experienced such uplifts of rocks and waters in dark deep forests, like those of the Schwartzwald or in mountain gorges of the Alps. Dark nights in the woods seem to breathe, and, all sharp rock contours melt away into one uniform and almost living gray.

Curious but significant is the Centaur's description of man:

"The course of my youth was rapid and much agitated. My life was movement and my steps knew no bounds. One day I followed the course of a stream in a valley seldom visited by men and Centaurs. Suddenly I saw a man on the opposite side: the first man I

ever saw. I despised him. 'See,' said I, 'he is but half of what I am! How short his steps and how laboriously he moves. He must be a Centaur overthrown by the gods and reduced to that shape.'"

This and many other similar sayings posit the gods as opposites of the Centaurs and clearly defines them as antagonistic both to Centaurs and men. Taking the gods for powers of light, we thus learn of a conflict of light and darkness, and it is intimated that man suffers in the struggle. That's the view of the Centaur. Man, however, knows how to live unaffected by "the cosmic process." The giants know nothing of the powers of freedom.

The most charming part of the poem is the chapter on Cybele, the Great Mother, variously called Diana, Isis, Mylitta and the Celestial Venus. It runs like this:

"I wandered about as I felt like and as the rivers do; everywhere I perceived the presence of Cybele, whether in the bed of the valleys or on top of the mountains. But when Night, filled with the charm of the gods, overtook me on the slopes of the mountains, she guided me to the mouth of the caverns and there tranquillized me as she stills the billows of the sea. Lying across the threshold of my cave and partly hidden in it, but with my head under the open sky, I watched the spectacle of the dark. It is said, that the sea gods quit their places under the deep during the hours of darkness and that they seat themselves upon the promontories and that they look out upon the expanse of the waters. In like manner I kept watch and looked out over the expanse of life. The beach of the sea never loses its wetness, neither did the mountains afar off in the West lose their outlines, mountain summits, naked pure, still stood out boldly against the pale clearness. I saw the god Pan descend, and, at another time, the choir of mystic divinities; I saw some mountain-nymphs charm-struck by the night."

The simplicity of this narrative is so great that we marvel at it; it takes us time to realize it and the scenery is unknown to most readers. How many have spent the night alone out of doors on some mountain promontory and heard the heartbeat of Nature or

understand "the choir of mystic divinities"? One must be something like the Centaur, an offspring of Ixion and a cloud, half god and half man; half man and half beast; to live such a life. Yet some have perhaps had an experience of something not altogether human if they in the night suddenly came up against rocks on the outskirts of a deep forest. Perhaps they have felt that they were observed by somebody in there, in the dark, among the trees and the rocks. Perhaps it was the Centaur or whatever they choose to name that mysterious Presence which undeniably meets one in such places.

From beginning to end of this prose-poem we feel the weakness of an elementary spirit. In the opening verse we are told how the Centaur "studies" by tossing his arms about or by galloping backwards and forwards and at the close he says: "I feel myself perishing and passing quickly away like a snowball floating on the stream; and soon shall I be mingled with the waters which flow in the vast bosom of Earth." Such is the spirit of Maurice de Guérin and such is his poetry. There is but little of the man in it; it is all an opening of the heart of nature.

A notice of Maurice de Guérin without reference to his sister is entirely incomplete. For the present I am only concerned with him as a nature-poet, yet his sister Eugénie is a study also, though in a different way. She is a singular example of the affinity of souls and an illustration of how two souls supplement each other. We have an expression from her in her early life in which she declared: *Je me dépose dans votre âme*, and throughout his life she followed him as closely as a shadow follows its origin and that her life lost its purpose when he died is evident from these lines of her journal: "There are beings, hearts, which pour forth so much for other hearts that they seem to live by that borrowed life. Maurice was to me a source of being; from him flowed to me friendship, sympathy, counsel and sweet possibilities of life; they sprang from the sweetness of my converse with him. He was the leaven of my thought, the sustenance of my soul."

C. H. A. B.

PRAYERS AND PETITIONS.

With Plato we may well consider the World as both Being and Becoming, the first being the root of all and the second a manifestation, perhaps of Being, perhaps independent in itself. With Plato we may also recognize three forms of soul-life: 1. The rational or intelligent form which thinks of itself as a direct reflex of the Beyond and which cannot die and which does not change because the body falls away. 2. The active or irascible form which is the essence of the Becoming or the coming-to-be of the Universal. This form is usually identified with "the heart" and is the spring of all movement. 3. The form of concupiscence, or appetite, which is nothing in itself, but is a compound result of the connection of the active soul with its environment. As the storm-cloud draws up the ocean into a water-spout, so "the heart" attracts physical forces and acts by means of them. Physical forces thus attracted and whirled into shapes of power, we call passions and physical instincts. These constitute the third form of soul.

Now, if we ask: Where is the pain and stress of life located? We answer: Pain and stress, as we know them, are located only in the forms of the coming-to-be, in those two forms of soul-life, which represent movement and mixing with the environment. They are the psychic expressions of birth, the sounds of the turning of the wheel, the hum and the din of the machinery which the soul itself has set in motion.

What we on the physical plane call pain and stress, we call petitions, sighs and prayers on the soul's own, more human side of existence. They are ejaculations and definitions of psychic conditions. Like the child's paroxysms caused by the growing of the teeth, so the growth of the new man throws the soul out of balance (between the two worlds) and causes it to cry out in agony of distress or to sing in hopefulness. Prayer is thus a noble and spiritual expression and we may well say that where no form of prayer is known, there is

no real and true life as yet. Prayer is thus like a thermometer, showing contraction and expansion. Böhme students realize how much these two terms mean and they understand the mystery of the *Blitz* (lightning) which is born of these two, as father and mother. Prayer is thus not only the thermometer, but also the *Blitz*. When the *Blitz* has appeared there is again balance of soul, the child is born, and rest sets in. Prayer is therefore also the child born. Prayer then is both lover, beloved and love, a mystery indeed.

On some of the stages of evolution thus indicated prayer may be a mere petition, a selfish call or cry, on others it may be mere dialectic reasoning. Again, on other stages it may assume other forms. In short, prayer may be the expression of any form of evolving soul-life.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

But, it does not appear that prayer belongs to the first form of soul-life expressed above: The intelligible. That form is so spiritual and exalted that storm and stress are unknown. It is above the psychic cloud-land and in direct vision of the Absolute. Its expressions cannot be formulated by the human heart or voice or face.

I will illustrate the above idea by examples from recent literature Some of the poetry considered as poetry is very bad, but it is here not quoted as poetry, but only as an expression of the heart's long ings. I could with ease have chosen illustrations from the past, which is full of grand and noble outpourings, but I have taken these examples from modern Oriental, theosophic and advanced magazines, because they show the trend of their thoughts.

In a late number of *The Theosophist* (October, 1899,) I find the following by Wilton Hack:

NEARER TO THEE.

Nearer, oh Truth, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
Wild though the storm may rage

Surrounding me;
Still must I struggle on,
At last the victory won,
Nirvana leading on
Nearer to Thee.

Great is the joy I feel,
Nearer to Thee;
Fainter desire grows,
Nearer to Thee.
Oh Truth, Thy light bestow;
I would thy glories know;
From Thee that light doth flow;
Nearer to Thee.

Long has my journey been
In finding Thee;
Oft have I been deceived,
Wandering from Thee.
But now Thy voice I hear
And I am drawing near,
Nearer, oh Truth, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

It is, as the reader recognizes, a modification of a well-known Moody and Sankey hymn, but it lacks their emotional element. An abstract conception "Truth" cannot produce an enthusiam like the evangelistic "God." It is, however, both prayer and praise. Comparing it to Renan's prayer on Akropolis, we reject it because it lacks spontaneity and is too dialectic.

The following from *The Threshold Lamp* (June, 1899,) has a large element of petition in it; it is almost bold in its demands. We wonder if the petitioners were able to receive that fulness they asked for.

INVOCATION.

Mother Divine! Supreme Ineffable! No more we fear Thee for Thou art Love!

In this holier moment of silence we ask that Thy immortal flame shall stir our hearts with sacred desires, and animate our minds with new understanding of Thy word and works.

On our Soul's eternal pathway gleam forth Thy Light as in the primal day of our journey, and bring us more into the fulness and power of Thy Perfect Whole.

In the Past Thou hast guided our Souls across the dark threshold of our being, accepting lovingly all our errors and strifes and perplexities.

We have nothing apart from Thee for Thou art in us, and we in Thee.

In the profound Joy of this boundless Self we desire a closer fellowship of Thine Omnipresence and ask that our message may be sanctified, nurtured, and blessed, bringing to us grander expressions of Thy Love, harmony and glory.

The Arya Bala Bodhini (October, 1899,) expresses the sum total of prayer to be "unification." It says:

There can be but one purpose in prayer—the unification of men with the Divinity; or, in other words, to raise the vibratory rate of the human nature to attunement with the divine. Everything in the life must tend to that eternal truth, the realization of the god within; slowly, it may be, and with due discrimination, but the ideal always in view, like a pillar of light illumining the pathway.

This seems to be the correct idea, and how to do it is expressed in the following ancient Hindu prayer, reprinted in *The Harbinger* (July, 1899,).

1. May that soul of mine, which mounts aloft in my waking and my sleeping hours, an ethereal spark from the light of lights, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

2. May that soul of mine, the guide by which the lowly perform their menial work and the wise versed in science, worship that soul which is the primal oblation within all creatures, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

3. May that soul of mine which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect, and permanent existence, the inextinguishable light set in mortal bodies, without which no good act is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

4. May that soul of mine, in whose eternal essence is comprised

whatever has past, is present, or will be hereafter, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

5. May that soul of mine, which contains all sacred scriptures and texts as spokes held in the axle of the chariot-wheel, and into which the essence of all created forms is interwoven, be united by the devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

6. May that soul of mine, which, distributed also through others, guides mankind as the charioteer guides his steeds—the soul fixed in my breast, exempt from old age, swift in its course—be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent!

It is called a meditation and rightly so, because it is an intellectual conception warmed by a rich feeling, by warm heart-blood, and on account of this double quality it touches us to the quick. It is a model for religious exercises, both for Occidentals and Orientals. How different it is from the following, from *The Hermetist* (September, 1897,):

MY PRAYER.

The twilight has been soft and sweet, dear Lord, but now, at once, the beauteous, shifting shadows dye to shuddering black. Lost, lost and shattered every hope. Desire to ashes rendered to the hurt of fiercest flame, and I a little spot between the breasts of heavy, suffering sense. When Lord, sweet Lord, may I arise in Phœnix color to the skies? Thy soft, sweet hand, I feel it now upon my brow. But power to tear this pain, exotic, forever from my soul, strong, overcoming, Lord, give me.

It cannot be denied that there is here an experience of deeper life, but there is a personification in it which mars it and destroys it as an expression for anybody else but this petitioner, to whom the Universal appears as Lord.

In conclusion let me ask the question: Is prayer something objective or something subjective? Both views have their stout advocates. To the objectivists it is a magic that gives power, an incantation that raises the dead and elementary forces. As such it does not matter if the devotee is good or bad. To the subjectivist,

prayer is altogether a matter of inner life, heart and feeling. He cannot pray unless he is "good" and in harmony with God and man. His state and his prayer may well be expressed by the following. We only need to substitute for "Thou hast not lived" "Thou hast not prayed." It is from the *Herald of the Golden Age* and reprinted in *The Arya Patrika* (March, 1899,). It is written by Louis R. Ehrich:

THE REAL LIFE.

If when each season comes in turn so strangely,
  Unfolding Nature's laws in beauty shrined
Thou art not thrilled with full, profound conviction,
  That these are thoughts of an Eternal Mind,
    Thou hast not lived.

If Friendship whispered not to thee so fondly,
  But that thus wast a brother to thy friend,
Uplifting and enshielding him in trouble,
  So far thy power and fortune might extend,
    Thou hast not lived.

If Duty ne'er hath called to thee so strongly
  That thou wouldst not have battled on its side,
And, standing bravely all alone if need be,
  Defied what fortune might for thee betide,
    Thou hast not lived.

If joy or grief of man hath left thee coldly—
  The pain of beast, the song of bird above—
If thou hast not the tender heart-throb, pitying,
  Proclaiming kinship of a deep world-love,
    Thou hast not lived.

If thou hast schooled and trained thy soul so nobly,
  Exalting it with each refining grace,
That thou mightst yield each thought and each emotion
  In consecration to the human race,
    Then thou hast lived.

Both the objectivist and the subjectivist claim that the Absolute is known in experience. To the first this experience is on the circumference of his life, to the latter it is on the inner lines and central.

C. H. A. B.

ETHICAL IDEALISM.

A most interesting and very useful discussion has been begun by the "International Journal of Ethics" on the subject of idealism, intellectual or ethical. In the July number, Professor Watson (of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada) makes a strange, and, on the whole, unfair attack upon what is now recognized as the new philosophy or ethical idealism. The attack is directed against Professor Caldwell, who advocates the new teachings. I shall summarize the articles as far as they have appeared in the last two years and connect them to a whole by a running commentary and remarks.

Ethical idealism is an idealism of the will and of life in contradistinction to the older or intellectual idealism, which was distinctly an idealism of the intellect. It aims to take the place of the older conceptions of philosophy as an attempt to state the value of the world of thought. It includes the elements of feeling and will in our final consciousness of reality. These were neglected before. It will also include the world of man's actions, the "social organism," claiming that the facts of the volitional, moral and physical aspects of man's life take us further along the path of truth than the mere categories of thought. Among recent philosophical works, Bradley's "Appearance and Reality" supports the new teachings. It holds that "experience" is wider than "thought." A recent volume of essays by Professor A. Seth also expounds the new ethical idealism. The modern defenders quote among the older philosophies with preference from Reid and Stewart and they sing the praises of Shadworth Hodgson and C. S. Pierce and William James.

The new idealism turns sharply against much that was misunderstood by the older metaphysical monism, especially where that led to the denial of man's individuality, freedom and moral responsibility. The misunderstanding was that it would only see the world as "knowledge," ignoring "feeling" and "will." It ended in bloodless categories and reduced ourselves to mere "objects" or "phenomena" Bradley protests strongly against this "unearthly ballet of bloodless

categories." The new idealism affirms that "experience" is wider than "knowledge" and that we lay hold upon reality "by a species of assurance different from knowledge," an assurance given us in feeling and will and action, and an assurance in which we find conviction and "certainty."

This magazine has always taught and repeatedly emphasized the fact that, though the world was Thought and the universe meant Mind, these terms should not be understood as mere intellectualisms. The live side of these terms is too frequently overlooked or ignored; hence, so much of modern metaphysics turns out to be empty talk and vain babblings without power to restore wholeness where that is lost. The facts of existence are not equivalents to mere brain activity and bright sayings evolved by these pseudoministers of Mind. Only *That* is fact which comes upon us unawares and forces us to comply in thought or action with itself, the Universal. Only *That* is a fact which robs me of all my self-adornments and placing me in utter nakedness before an eternal Either–Or demands of me that I obey. Only *That* is a fact which places me so that the transparencies of Nature become my teachers, utterly negativing any other teachers. Such facts, such experiences, are the fundamental teachers pointed to by ethical idealism, because they are disinterested; they cannot be bribed and they are not temporal. Experience is the totality of reality as it exists within self-conscious subjects, and within this circle is embraced the theoretical, ethical, artistic and religious interests of man. The test of true philosophy is its ability to give a complete and self-consistent account of the principles without which experience is unthinkable. It is this kind of experience and its corresponding philosophy which can lift us out of the flux of things and "set our feet in a firm place." This is ethical idealism.

C. H. A. B

No doubt, replied Scipio, those are alive who have broken twice from the chains of the body as from a prison; it is yours that is called life that is usually death.—*Cicero.*

Great things this song unfolds. And if I do not err, the proofs until now are three. One is that the soul alone is able to move the body. Then it follows that the souls of men are not woven of parts, that their nature is indissoluble and that they live forever. Finally, whatever the will plans and does, this is done with the perfect freedom of the mind. Matter does not coerce the union, nor with oppressing weights of fate does the dark power of nature; but the mind freely takes up or deserts the object of its application. Therefore so long as the body with its organs cleaves to the spirit, the soul can merit wages and earn punishment, and at the end of the course of the fleeting years of life the pure and perfectly just await an endless life.—*Polignac.*

Although outward solitude doth much assist for the obtaining of internal peace, yet the Lord did not mean this when He spoke by His prophet (Hos. xi., 14): "I will bring her into the wilderness and speak comfortingly to her." But he meant the interior solitude which jointly conduces to obtaining the precious jewel of internal peace. Internal solitude consists in the forgetting of the creatures, in discouraging one's self from them in a perfect strippedness of all the affections, desires and thoughts of one's own will. This is the true solitude where the soul reposes with a sweet and inward serenity in the arms of its Chief Good. * * * There the Lord converses and communicates Himself inwardly with the soul; there He fills it with Himself, because it is empty; clothes it with His light and with His love, because it is naked; lifts it up, because it is low, and unites it with Himself, and transforms it, because it is alone. Oh, delightful solitude and earnest of eternal blessings! Oh, mirror in which the Eternal Father is always beheld! * * * Oh, divine Lord! how is it that souls do not seek this glory on earth? How came they to lose so great a good through the love and desire of created things? * * * Blessed soul, how happy wilt thou be if thou dost but leave all for God—seek Him only—breathe after none but Him—let Him only have thy sighs.—*Michael de Molinos.*

A sublime feeling of a Presence comes upon me at times which makes inward solitariness a trifle to talk about.—*Robertson.*

My soul tasted that heavenly food which gives new appetite while it satisfies.—*Dante.*

I seemed to penetrate very near a Mighty Spirit, and my soul rushed out in gratitude at His feet.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

THE WONDERFUL POWER.

The Lotus Lady leaned on the arm of her throne, which stood in the room that faced the eastern hills. Beside her, on low cushion stools, sat One and the Other.

"The sun is 'way up," said One.

"Up where?" asked the Lotus Lady, with a smile that always coaxed the most backward little Answer in the world to come to her. But this Answer was more than usually backward. It peeped through One's and the Other's eyes, twisted One's tongue up into a funny knot, and set the Other's lips to trembling. But it couldn't get through the eyes, and tongue and lips were not quite ready to help it reach the Lotus Lady.

"Up where?" laughed the Lotus Lady. "Up where?"

"Where the moon was last night," ventured One.

"And the stars," added the Other.

"My dear One," said the gentle Lotus Lady, "the sun never moves at all."

"But he went down yesterday," cried One.

"We watched him sink behind the world!" declared the Other.

The Lotus Lady rose from her throne. "Come, let us play," said she.

One, and then the Other began to dance—the games the Lotus Lady taught them were such fun.

At her bidding they brought to her a revolving piano stool, and climbed upon it, seating themselves back to back.

Then she told One that he was on one side of the round earth, and allowed the Other to have first choice as to which of the hemispheres he cared to be.

"Oh, I'll be Asia and the rest o' those countries."

"And I'll be the Americas," announced One.

"But what are you going to be?" asked the Other of the Lotus Lady, who always entered into their plays.

"I am the big, shining sun!" she laughed, as she put the end of a long, pale-green ribbon into One's hand, and then walked away to seat herself upon her throne.

At first the Other faced her; but slowly, as she drew the ribbon toward her, the One, whose face had been turned away, came into view.

"Here am I, the golden sun!" cried the Lotus Lady. Upon what do I shine?"

"America!" replied One.

"From whom is my face hidden?"

"From Asia and the rest of 'em!"

"Have I moved?"

"Not an inch!" shouted One.

"Then what has?"

"The earth!" cried One and the Other.

Then the Other took the ribbon and the play was repeated, until One could easily see how a little round earth could turn its sides to the light, and the Other was sure that the sun hadn't slipped down behind the world.

"But what makes the earth tumble 'round?" demanded One.

"And what makes the sun stand still?" inquired the Other.

"A Wonderful Power called Love," smiled the Lotus Lady. "It holds every star in its place in the sky; it draws every drop of dew to the leaves; it cares for the baby birds in their nests, and fills the world with beautiful things."

"Is it real? Can we see it?"

"It is real—and you can see what it *does*."

"Are *you* one of the beautiful things?"

"Do I seem so to you, dears?"

"Sure!" declared the little sturdy One.

"The beautifullest!" cried the Other little lover.

"Then I *am* one of the 'beautiful things'—just as you two are two of the most beautiful things on earth to me. But why do you think I am?"

"Because—." It was a timid, unsatisfactory little Answer that made its way to the Lotus Lady.

"'Because'? Perhaps I can answer my own question for you."

"Do; grown-up folks can tell boys 'most everything."

"Do you remember the day we went out in Sandy McPherson's boat—that afternoon he rowed us across to the glen? When the water was like a sparkling jewel under the gleaming, crimson sky, and we seemed afloat on a lake of fire? And what did Sandy say when you told him to look at it?"

"*You* tell!" coaxed One and the Other.

"He said, 'It wull be that you are verra, verra blind, my bairnies. There 'll be naught aboo us but joost sky, an' naught below us but water, wi' mud at the bottom of it a'.' It was Sandy who was blind, don't you think, and who failed to see the beautiful things your own clear eyes discovered? Now, all the world is like Sandy when it looks at me," smiled the Lotus Lady. "I am not beautiful to the Sandys; but to my little boys, who look at me through the eyes of love, I am, indeed, lovely.

"It is the Wonderful Power which gives you the Magic Sight, and clears your vision of the mists that blind the Sandys. It is real —this Wonderful Power—but power is not what your eyes can see."

"But we can see what it does? Is it always doing?"

"Always."

"Fixing things 'round all over the world?"

"Yes; and all for the good of the world's people. It sets the dazzling, silver stars in their heavenly places, and the great golden, fiery, constant centre of light around which the small earth moves, and toward which it brings its every part in turn, is only a symbol, a sign of the Wonderful Power of its Creator."

"Won't the Wonderful Power forget, sometimes, to make the sun shine?"

"Love never forgets. Does mother forget you?"

"No; and that's why you always fill the lamps up every day, and light 'em in the evening. Are you part of the Wonderful Power?"

The Lotus Lady laughed softly, and drew One and the Other up into her arms. And then they laughed, too, feeling so glad and comfortable that all the world and the people in it, and the shining sun and the silver stars, and the Beautiful Things along with themselves were so safe in the cherishing care of the Wonderful Power of Love.

EVA BEST.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

The Kingdom of Heaven within us lies—
  The kingdom of Love's eternal youth,
If only we'd willingly open our eyes
  To the beautiful, simple, holy truth.

If only we'd willingly open our hearts
  With Love's own tender, masterful key—
Push the bolt of selfishness till it starts
  And sets the languishing prisoner free!

If only we'd willingly open our hands
  And share with our neighbor the gifts that we prize,
We'd find that the beautiful land of lands,
  The Kingdom of Heaven, within us lies!

EVA BEST.

For man to assist man is to be a god; that is the path that leads to everlasting glory.—*Pliny.*

The soul is in heaven even while it is in the flesh, if it be purged of its natural corruptions, and taken up with divine thoughts and contemplations.—*Seneca.*

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

The shadows lengthen and the twilight grows apace,
The song of evening birds lends added grace
Unto the dying day; all nature feels
The balm of God's own night upon the great world steal.

Now, one by one, the twinkling stars peep through
Like fairy lamps dotting the heavens blue.
The moon looks down, a lovely, radiant queen,
Bedecked by snowy clouds, upon the peaceful scene.

O heart of mine! The glory of the night
Upon thine inmost being this should write:
Darkness reveals the stars; thy daily trials here
Should mirror thy advancement, strong and clear.

LOU PACKARD GAY.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

I.

Once upon a time a Wise Man lived all summer by the sea.

Where the waves tumbled in jolly little green billows over the good-natured, round-headed old bowlders, not far from a small village, yet separated from it by a long strip of yellow sand which was swallowed up at high tide, was the cave of the wonderful Wise Man.

How old he was the children could not tell. His hair was as white as the foam of the sea; but his eyes under the massive brows were as young and as glad as their own; while his face was as full of faint, little lines as the water-wrinkled shores where the earth was brown and bare.

Oh, how the children loved him! They watched for the ebbing tide that they might run across the long sand-strip, and climb to his wonderful cave which overhung the sea beach, and which was reached by a flight of steps rudely cut in the face of the weather-beaten, sheltering rocks.

And, oh, how the Wise Man loved the children! He never tired of telling them things no other person could tell them or even seemed to know—fairy stories that were true, and true stories that made the Arabian Nights seem tiresome and monotonous.

And not one child of all the seven could ask him a question he could not answer—and children can ask "posers" at times—even the Wise Man himself had found that out—and his answers were always so clearly expressed that the youngest among them caught the spirit and meaning of it all.

He called them his "Sea Urchins," explaining to them the reason of his doing so. And the Urchins laughed, and accepted his name for them with greatest good nature. Indeed, they would have accepted anything from the Wise Man, even a good sound scolding (which, to be sure, they certainly needed at times), because they

knew that all he did—the disagreeable things most of all—was done in love.

The cave was a large one—high, and dry, and roomy. Its roof arched up and up until one almost lost sight of it in the soft shadows overhead. All around the walls hung maps, and charts, and pictures of the oddest things any one ever saw, yet which the dear and patient Wise Man had made them know were nothing in the world but parts of themselves magnified and photographed so that they might easily be seen and studied.

One summer—the summer before this one of which I am going to tell you—the Wise Man had taken the children on a long voyage through the entire length and breadth of the Human System. They had followed the winding courses of the waterways—some crystal clear, some ruby red—and had touched at interesting points on the way.

And they had come to be on speaking terms with the great Corpuscle family which inhabited every part of the Human System—even in the most distant regions. By "speaking terms" I mean that the Urchins could themselves speak about them; could tell their fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts and sisters and brothers (who stayed in the great old "pokey" hotel at the farthest end of the gay village) more than they had ever known or guessed of the Human System, its canals and streams, and the Corpuscle family who were, they insisted upon their relatives understanding, part common, and in part noble. They could tell them how, at times, the nobles and commoners fought terrible battles, and how the very life of the world —or human body—in which they lived depended upon the victory of the nobles.

And great was their awe when the Wise Man guided them to the homes of the Bacterias, and pointed out to them the good and bad members of this peculiar tribe of inhabitants.

But that was last summer—a whole year ago. And now it was summer again, and the Wise Man had come to the cave with a lot of new maps and charts for the walls, and he had promised to teach them something new—something he had made ready to tell them

through the shut-in season, when he had climbed high up into the tower of the great Eastern University and watched the twinkling and dazzling of the winter stars.

Besides naming them his "Sea Urchins," he had given each of the seven children a name of his own fanciful choosing. There was "Blackie," whose dark locks and eyes won for him this title. And "Snowdrop," a pale slip of a girl of thirteen. Then "Pinkie" her sister, younger by two years. "Blooy," a tall lad whose eyes were sparkling sapphires; "Ruddy," his chum, a fat, chunky little fellow, and named for the auburn tint of his curling locks. "Goldie," a flaxen-haired youngster of twelve; "Brownie," a big, sturdy boy of fourteen, and last of all "Violet," a fifteen-year-old lassie, as shy and sweet as her beautiful name.

It was early in July when the joyous seven first ran across the sand-strip by the sea. The most of that month was yet theirs to enjoy; the whole of August, and one precious week of September.

"What will you teach us this summer?" they inquired in one eager breath, as they took possession of the Wise Man in their own headlong, youthful fashion.

"Would you care to know more about Man?"

"More? Is there more to know?" queried Ruddy.

"There is always more to know," laughed the Wise Man. "It is a subject as wide as the universe—as endless as space; it is the beginning of Wisdom—and the end."

"But we can say the bones——"

"And all the muscles without skipping one——"

"And go all over the canals——"

"And follow the nerves——"

"And explain the sense-organs——"

"But can you tell me anything about the Living Being to whom these bones and muscles belong?" asked the Wise Man. "Do you know how and why he is alive, and in what manner he is able to use these sense-organs?"

"No-oo!" It was a chorus of voices that answered him.

"The man you know about—the one to whom I introduced you last summer, might as well have been a dead man always, for all his bones and muscles told you of his real life. Indeed, he had to be a dead man before we could take him to pieces and examine him, bit by bit, as we did a year ago."

"That's so; else you couldn't have photographed his brain, and his heart, and his tissues," cried Goldie. "But he was jolly to know about, if he *was* a deader!"

"Suppose we put all the parts we know about back in their proper places—do you think he would be alive? What would he lack to make him live and breathe and move and know that he knew things?"

"Is that what you're going to teach us? Hooray!" shouted Blackie.

"Could you make children like we are understand so wonderful a thing as that?" asked the gentle Violet, her pansy-tinted eyes—softly bright by reason of their questioning—meeting the kindly glances of the Wise Man.

"Try me and see."

"But it is so difficult a subject to grasp," continued the girl, "and we are so young——"

"There's a choice of language always at command. Nature always talks in simple speech; but, children—here's a secret—I have heard her use words *seven syllables long* when the mood of mystery's been upon her!"

"*Then* what did you do?" asked Blooy, patting tenderly the soft, white locks of the Wise Man, as he stood close at his back upon a chair round.

"Do, Blooy? Just what little boys like Blooy do when they don't understand *their* mother's meaning. I told her I was only a little child—just an infant in arms—and coaxed her to use the shortest, easiest primer words she knew, and to be patient with a baby that hadn't gone even to kindergarten yet."

"And *was* she?" asked the curious little Pinkie.

"I suppose *she* thought so; but to me, at times, it seemed a mighty age of waiting. But what can you expect of one who is FOREVER, and whose nights and days are millions of men's years?"

A little gasp at this "stupendity" ran around the little group gathered so closely about its great point of attraction, the Master of the Cave.

"But maybe just waiting taught you some," suggested Snowdrop, her gray eyes full of serious thought.

"You are a witch, my child!" said the Wise Man, "and have fathomed a truth I had to 'live and learn.'"

"I'm glad you're going to teach us how we are alive, and *know* we are alive."

"But not one-half so glad as I!" With this the Wise Man took his hat from a cranny in the wall, and set forth with the children.

He always took them to the village street; and that was why the Urchins' relatives were glad to have them go to him whenever the tide was low. They knew no harm could come to them, and that the splendid scholar, who had chosen the strange place for his summer home, could teach their children wisdom with each word he spoke.

"To-morrow, then, my Urchins. Come at ten, and I shall have the magic boat afloat to take us into black, eternal space!"

And with glad good-bys and cheery, last farewells, they parted at the turning of the road.

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

In days of yore nothing was holy but the Beautiful.—*Schiller.*

We can understand the deep feeling of something divine by which we are penetrated at the contemplation of the Beautiful.—*Christian Oersted.*

Be patient with every one, but above all with yourself. I mean, do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall.—*Francis De Sales.*

A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

A dismal day outside—at least nine-tenths of the outsiders drag-ing along through mud and mire and a penetrating drizzle of sleet nd snow would have so named it. But I, screened by the crimson urtains, warmed by the flames of a conversationally inclined log of ickory, upheld in the arms of a patient, old, luxurious chair, felt was a jolly day—one to bring oneself close to oneself, and, safe om worldly interruption, to ask the Real—the Inner Woman—uestions she could (almost always) manage to answer.

Of late, however, I had demanded the whys and wherefores of ertain things which she—the Inner Woman—had determinedly and nd persistently refused to answer. Sometimes I besought, at times emanded a reply. If I stung her into anything that was not exactly lence, I seemed to divine that she believed me to be as yet unready r the answers I might be obliged to hear. The absurdity struck me at I must, in a previous incarnation, have been one of the old gyptian tyrants who demanded of their slaves that they make bricks ithout straw, and that I had brought this one, at least, of their liosyncrasies over with me.

What could I expect to learn of that veiled prophetess who dwelt the inner temple of my being, if I spun the very web that hid her om me—enmeshed her in the closely woven strands of illusion, and, ith the key of the senses, locked the crystal gates leading to the igh altar over which she presided?

The fingers of flame freed the hickory atoms on the hearth, nd at each liberation a small spark gave voice to its lively delight ere changed to a gray, infinitesimal ash, and drifted down upon the ead bodies of its fellows.

The twilight gloomed to dark outside; the wind arose and sang errily down the narrow city chimney. I drew the old leather hair closer to the slowly dematerializing log, and, ensconcing my-elf therein, fell into ——.

Nobody need ever try to make me believe I fell asleep. My c immediate people have wasted hours which might have been far m usefully employed in trying to convince me that it was the warm and the quiet, and my own peculiar trend of thought which did But I know better; what happened *happened.*

A trolley car rattled noisily by in the gathering gloom; a whistl youth passed by the house; a rumbling van of heavy weight sen thrill through the walls and floor of the room, and the log gave the ghost at last, falling apart, and cuddling down into the lovel liveliest little orange-hearted embers a fire ever possessed, and I stared and stared at their scintillating beauty.

Then what happened began to happen. There was no noise of entrance; yet I felt that a Presence shared the place with me. Temporarily blinded by the fiery gleam in the bed of pulsing coals, the living light of which ebbed and flowed with the careening wind, I slowly turned my eyes toward the draped door leading to the dark library beyond, and at first—just at first—saw nothing.

Then Whatever-It-Was slowly made itself manifest to me. I caught first the gleam of creamy turban folds; then the pale light of an opalescent robe hanging to the floor; next, arms stretched out at right angles to the tall form, and swathed in gathers of ivory-tinted tissue. The dusky hands, the swarthy face, the dark mantle about the upper part of the body, these were slow in making themselves visible to me. But on the breast of the man hung a priestly plate of gleaming jewels, from which the fire-flames sought kinship, as answering gleams leaped to their rosy light.

I started from my lounging attitude, and was about to leave my chair when a bringing together of the outstretched arms, a benediction —as it felt to me—of hands, palms downward, kept me strangely motionless.

"Do you rise, my child?" The words breathed themselves into existence, much as the sigh of an Eolian harp is born.

"May I ask who has thus honored me?" I asked softly.

"By a name—by a personality—no. I am one that speaketh in

the Voice of the Silence. To answer thy questions and to advise thee have I come hither, since thou hast need of me."

"It is very kind of you," I began, "*very* kind——"

"Thou hast silenced the voice of the priestess within thy sacred temple," interrupted the man, whose features were gradually disclosing themselves to me in the waning light of the dying fire.

I saw a splendid face with lofty brows; deep, earnest eyes regarded me, and a mouth that held a stern sweetness in its strong yet tender lines spoke to my very soul.

"*I* have silenced the priestess, sir? I, who have begged her to speak—I, who have——"

"Lightly demanded what thou shouldst have asked in reverence upon thy bended knees! Oh, unto thee, my child, hath not the Silent Voice already spoken in its thunder-tones? Yet hast thou trodden all too wilfully the chosen path of Unreality—hast made a useless factor of thyself; done naught—not good, not ill, not anything! An idle factor, lacking potency in life's great problem men are set to solve!

"Yon log—ay, even so poor a thing as that, hath done its positive part; for it hath warmed and cheered thee for an hour, and dieth, now, its single duty done. One act performed is worth a mighty host of idle motives.

"Be! Do! Act! Live! Not as some poor Negative shunning sin, but as a living, positive Power for good!

"How far, thinkest thou, the water-drop could flow, if it helped not its fellows find the sea? Of what avail is the mistaken zeal of the self-seeking, solitary soul? Thou art one with humanity, my child, and with it only canst thou ever move to broader, higher, fairer planes above!

"Thou Globule of the flood! the hot quicksands of mortal life would drink thee speedily if thou shouldst venture on thy way alone! But do thou join and swell the mighty tide, and lend thine aid unto currents' flow, and, lo! the Ocean of Perfection shall receive thee into its embracing heart, and peace shall be thy portion evermore!"

The feeble firelight blushed at the night-wind's kiss, and in the sudden afterglow I saw the sweet, majestic face bent toward me. So strange, yet so familiar—where and when before had I met those kindly, solemn eyes, heard the melodious voice, or felt the deep thrill of joy this Presence brought to me?

"Hast thou, then, altogether lost the lessons learned throughout the mighty past? For all thine ages, stayest thou still so young? So ignorant? So unfamiliar still to Love and inexorable Law?

"Open thine eyes, my child, awake! awake! The Ladder of Life doth loom before thee still—with rungs whose number thou hast long forgot—rungs far apart and difficult to reach, ay, even with the eager hands of youth! Rungs hurtful to the tender, clinging grasp, and dangerous to the poise of climbing feet. Yet in good time, even though thou seemest now to have forgotten how thou once hath climbed, thou'lt try again the arduous, upward way!

"But ponder well, and be thou warned by me. For if thou climbest up Life's Ladder-rounds, and doth not in thy swift ascending help a sister struggling toward the heavenly heights—doth not reach down thy helping hand to her, and call from thy high plane above words of good cheer, then be thou sure for all thine efforts thou art standing still, and each stout cross-piece thou feelest underneath thy feet is the Ladder of Illusion's flimsy rung.

"But if thou strivest for thy sister's weal; dost see that her feet are as firmly placed as are thine own upon the ascending rounds; dost put forth every effort in thy power toward the uplifting of thy needy kind, without thine own volition wilt thou rise upon the wings of Love to lofty heights!

"For love will lift thee as thou liftest her—the pure, supernal essence wafted down from Self-Renunciation's holy heights will fill thee with the peace that passeth understanding, O, my child!

"In thus forgetting Self—in losing sight of Personality—thou losest those obnoxious, hurtful things that are as clogs to thine aspiring Soul!

"Of Vanity first must thou rid thyself—of Vanity which may not

live nor breathe where Separateness hath no place nor part. It is a very noxious child of Earth, offspring of wedded Prejudice and Pride, born in the darkness of the blackest night and reared within the Halls of Ignorance!

"Then Greed, that maketh demons of mankind, and putteth into eager, outstretched hands of men daggers of Avarice, bidding brothers plunge the poisoned blades into their brothers' hearts! Rid thou thyself of Avarice, my child!

"Then down Desire—a lurid, baleful flame which burneth fiercely and defiantly upon the loathsome altars of false gods!

"Then Envy which doth sear the souls of men, and from its temple drives the Holy Ray!

"And Fear which forceth men to plan and build the cars of Juggernaut, and under which the builders, victims of unwisdom fall, as falls the ripened grain before the scythe—made prey to self-sought ills!

"And, more than all of these, Abhorrent Hate, which like a viper turneth suddenly to sting the hand which long hath cherished it—a treacherous guest which ever layeth low the hospitable palace of its host. But Hate and Envy, Greed and Vanity become as naught to thee, my child, when thou hast put off Self-forgotten Personality.

"So Be, and Act, and Do,—and, therefore, Live! In thee so much of promise doth abide, that each fine fibre of thy Being is so near in tune, it needeth but the touch of Knowledge laid upon its answering strings to make divine response.

"Be thou, thyself, my child, the Master of thine own fair harmonies. None other hand may touch to fuller life the keynote of thy Being. Unless *thy* hand be skilled, the living instrument, faultless though it may be, may never know aught save the dreariest discords. The power to waken harmonies doth come with fuller comprehension of the Law—and this is learned of Love—the Master-Teacher in the School of Life!"

EVA BEST.

THISTLEDOWN.

Puff! blew the wind, and away they went in a mad medley of delight. The air was filled with them, whirling, floating, dancing, rollicking hither and thither, like a flock of downy feathers, the sunshine bathing them in his splendor, the wind luring them in a thousand different directions with his irresistible and persuasive breath.

"Foolish innocents," quoth the wrathful thistle-tree; "keep at home, I say! The wanton wind lureth you to your destruction; be content, nor seek to roam—my bosom is your safest shelter, my weaponed arm your sure retreat."

But away they went, heedless of their parent's angry expostulation; and leaving their fluffy bed amidst her prickles, launched forth upon the pinions of the wind.

"Whither away?" cried a butterfly, passing them in her flight.

"To see the world, and to follow our own sweet wills!" replied they, soaring higher with exultation.

"Make the most of your time, then!" returned the bright-winged creature, flitting to a distant flower.

"Ah!" responded the thistledown in chorus, "we will, we will. Blow, wind, blow! and waft us to some stranger spot."

But the breeze had for the while dropped, and after floating aimlessly about for a space, they sank disconsolate upon the grassy mead.

But only for a moment. On they went again, caught by the rising eddy, and carried on, on, they knew not whither.

"This is delightful!" they cried, mad with intoxicating revelry; but like all earthly passions, it was doomed at last to cease.

Down dropped the wind again, and this time for good; the sun sank lower in the west, and then—ah, then? They had left their home and shelter—their parent's parting words came back to them, "the wind lureth you to your destruction." The dew would fall

and they would be soaked, drenched, dishevelled, out of shape and life—their snowy fairness gone—their fluffy lightness utterly destroyed—weighed down and dragged to earth—soiled, polluted, and undone. Light and frivolous as they were, the heavy truth bore down upon them and crushed them with its weight. Careless and gay as a mortal's thoughtless word, they heedlessly left their parent's sheltering breast, and now—now?

A flock of birds at this moment flew out from some neighboring trees and alighted upon the bushes around.

"See here!" cried one to her mate; "see here what treasure I have found!" And she fluttered with pleasure around a knot of thistledown that had clustered about a thorny bough.

"See here what I have found!—a soft, warm lining for our little nest; see here! a bunch of fluffy thistledown! Come, sweet, and help me carry it away."

Fluttering with delight, the little birds then set to work and had soon conveyed the silent yet grateful thistledown to their home in a lofty tree."

"Ah, this is fortunate!" it sighed as it was cunningly woven together with feather-fluff and wool into the warm inner coating of the wild bird's nest.

"It is very comfortable," remarked the wool complacently.

"Yes," joined in the feather-fluff, "and very cozy."

"It is delightful!—a haven of shelter!" continued the thistledown, warmly; "here we shall be safe from the falling dew and the damp, moist earth; no rain can reach us now, screened by the brown bosom of the gentle bird."

"The rain is certainly disagreeable, and the dew is hardly less so," replied the wool; "I feared when the bramble tore me from the back of the sheep that I should be left to the mercy of the elements, but the eager eyes of the songster spied me, and he bore me hither to my great relief."

"And we," returned the thistledown, "we left our parent and our home to float upon the sun-kissed breeze; it blew us here and

there and we were in delight, when lo!—it sank, and left us to drift on until we were caught in the toils of a thorny shrub, where the night dew would have drenched us and washed our life away."

"These terrors of which you speak I have never heard of before; plucked from the tender bosom I so warmly clad, I was without ado placed here to help line this nest—for what reason I cannot say. But ah!——"

Full soon the questioning of the feather-fluff was answered, full soon the reason of their having been borne hither was explained;—three little blue eggs reposed upon their downy softness. And warm and snug they lay for many a day, till, one bright morn, the little nest was all alive—the eggs had vanished, and in their place were three little wide-beaked birds. Ah me! how they loved their home; and how cozy the downy lining of the nest would keep them while their parents fetched them food!

* * * * * * *

"We have not lived in vain," said the sheep's wool one day when the young birds had grown and one had left the nest, soon to be followed by the others.

"We have not lived in vain," he again remarked when the nest was empty and the birds had flown.

"No," responded the thistledown; "Nature saw our repentance, forgave our former wilfulness, and set us other work to do. Our task is now completed, we can do no more."

"Ah," joined in the feather-fluff, sadly, "our time is over, we are not what we were."

"No," said the thistledown, now soiled and flattened with the constant pressure of the new flown fledglings, "we are no longer what we were; still, it is a comfort in our slow decay to feel that our disobedience was forgiven, and that although so small and insignificant, we have been after all of some use in the vastness of the great world's wants; and who knows, who knows to what use we may yet be put."

The summer passed, the rough winds blew, the late rains fell,

the thistle-tree was struck to earth, and the little nest in the spreading branches of the sturdy forest elm was soaked, torn and shaken to the ground, where it lay the winter through sheltering from the bitter frost the delicate roots of a wood violet that grew at the foot of the great elm-tree. MAUD DUNKLEY.

THE SPRING FAIRY.

I.

A fairy woke in the early spring,
For she heard the soft winds whispering:—
"Bestir, bestir! Old Winter's fled!
Let every flowerlet raise its head!
Ye grass-blades, grow!
Ye violets, blow!
Spring, spring is come—there's naught to dread!"

II.

The fairy shook her filmy wings
And flew to rouse the woodland things.
Forth from the hive she drove the bees;
She tapped the wee buds on the trees;
She whistled shrill
O'er wood and hill
To call the birds from southern seas.

III.

Two squirrels, coiled in their hollow nest,
Were loath to wake from the winter's rest.
"Have done!" said they. "'Tis chilly yet.
Until you can bring a violet
We'll bide within;
'Twould be a sin
To venture out in the cold and wet."

IV.

Away to a mossy glade she flew,
She brought a violet wet with dew.

She sprinkled them well, and bade them rise;
She tickled their whiskers and drowsy eyes.
The lazy folk
Yawned wide and woke
Then, kissing her hand, away she flies.

V.

So through the meadows, woods and hills
The fairy her pleasant task fulfils;
The nodding creatures she wakes from rest
With a call, a song or merry jest,
That through the earth
There may be mirth,
Since winter's past with all its ills.

TUDOR JENKS, *in the New York Herald.*

WHAT TROUBLED PAT.

An old Irish laborer walked into the luxurious studio of an artist and asked for money to obtain a meal. He explained that he had just been discharged from the county hospital and was too weak to work. He was given a quarter and departed. One of four young ladies, art students, who were present, said: "Mr. Madder, can't we hire that old man and sketch him ?" Madder ran out and caught him, and said: "If you can't work, and want to make a dollar, come back to my rooms. The young ladies want to paint you." The Irishman hesitated, so Madder remarked: "It won't take long, and it's an easy way to make a dollar." "Oi know that," was the reply, "but Oi was a-wonderin' how th' divil Oi'd git th' paint off aftherward."—*The Argonaut.*

EVANGELIST—My friend, are you living right?

SINNER—I must be. I have not needed a doctor for twenty years.

ETHEL—Why do we ask God for our daily bread, when mamma gives us that?

LITTLE CUTHBERT—Oh, there has got to be so much red tape.

"Some people show their ignorance," said Brother Watkins, "by being entirely ignorant of it."

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

NAMES.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, which for the past three months has appeared under the name of THE NEW CYCLE, comes to you this month in a new dress and under the name "THE IDEAL REVIEW," which has been chosen for its permanent name, after mature deliberation and careful observation of the effect of the names that have been used. The selection of a name suitable to our work and its development, and one that has not already been used in some form, is most difficult. Only those who have tried it can comprehend this fact. We wish our name to be descriptive of our work and to be original as well as distinctive. "THE NEW CYCLE" is not sufficiently descriptive for this purpose, although the sense in which we have used it relates it to the advance-movement of the age.

The name: THE IDEAL REVIEW, correctly describes our work, which is not only a review of the Ideals of the thinkers of the world, but it is an exposition of Idealism and the Idealistic philosophy of the ages. It will bring to you Ideas as well as Ideals and we hope you will find them sound and helpful. We are confident that under this name we can work consistently, effectively, and in freedom.

We have also chosen permanent colors that are satisfactory to the higher sense and in keeping with the name; we trust you will like them. Still, that which we place between the covers will inevitably determine our fate at the hands of a discriminating public.

The objections usually made to change of any sort will disturb no serious thought; because, until an act is rightly established further change for the purpose of advancement is the wisest course; and our

aim includes the future even more than the present. While we do not believe at all in unnecessary changes which may disconcert readers, yet we recognize the fact that we are almost in the beginning of an unformed movement of freedom and advancement, and little has yet been done that cannot be still better performed, perhaps, by means of some change of method that shall enable us to keep nearer in tune with the progressing harmony of this vast subject. Our work is in the present, but its results are for the future; and we believe that the changes thus far made are favorable to future progress.

A LETTER.

BRECKENRIDGE, Col., March 10, 1900.

To THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE:

I feel the Magazine is doing an inspired work in bringing about a universal brotherhood in man, and I consider it a duty devolving upon every one in sympathy with its divine aim to contribute to the support by word, pen and means, either to it or some of its contemporaries. Truth is not an individual conception; it is a universal principle encompassing all of the fixed laws in nature and the great "I am' who conceived them. It is beyond one man's grasp, and can never be appropriated to a selfish end.

Each of the human family is a small leaf upon a vast tree; each is intended to absorb a part of this divine law and impart the light and strength of its inspired wisdom to the whole body. As this tree exists to-day it is blighted by many divisions, causing strife and discord, the natural enemy of divinity.

The church is debased to brick and mortar and its many doctrines are darkened by the shadows of an oral tradition rather than the enlightened truth as found in God's philosophical record. (Mark, xvi., 15 to 20.)

There are nine general divisions of religious belief, to say nothing of the many doctrinal differences arising out of each of them. To the unthinking mind this fact may excite no comment, but to one honestly in search of truth it speaks volumes. Can each individual have a separate God?—preposterous. God, his Spirit, his truth and his Church, are inseparable and universal; therefore man's self-imposed differences, not being right, must be wrong. The only church is

universal, and the true temple is in man's heart. Once this fact can be grasped and universal man meets the universal God, with a universal prayer, asking for light, it will be given him, with all social differences dissolved. "And I saw no temple there: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." (Rev., xxi., 22.) This vision of St. John's is a divine prototype of true religion. Some may claim this to be an impossibility, but if each of us would partake of the Christ-spirit and join hands as brothers in all matters upon which we could agree, the refining light of truth would shine its wisdom down upon us and soon eliminate all differences, evolving a harmonious and universal order out of the present chaos. Universal love is the candle of truth, and virtue is everywhere if we could only see it. "Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." (Ephesians, v., 14.)

B. S. WILLIAMS.

RESPONSIVE READING AND MEDITATION.*

RESPONSIVE READING.

MINISTER—I am a man and nothing that concerns human beings is indifferent to me.

CONGREGATION—We are made for co-operation, to act against one another is contrary to nature.

M.—Thou shalt not say I will love the wise and hate the unwise; thou shalt love all mankind.—*Roman and Jewish Sayings.*

C.—A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.—*Christian Bible.*

M.—I will look upon the whole world as my country and upon all men as my brothers.—*Roman and Jewish Sayings.*

MEDITATION.

The achievement of individuality is the highest triumph in nature. It is the transformation of chaos into order, confusion into harmony. It differentiates the crowning corolla from the in-bosomed sunbeams. It fashions the figures of the stars and defines their orbital processions. It evolves all creatures from monera to vertebrate, from microscopic animalcule to majestic man. It creates the manifold distinctions

* From service of the Metropolitan Independent Church, Rev. Henry Frank, minister, Carnegie Hall, New York City.

between nature's myriad features, which make knowledge possible, and man supreme because of this knowledge. It registers in humanity the consciousness which centres in self, and transforms a muttering animal into an intelligent being. To know this self is the secret of success. Be not as others, but as thyself must be. Work out your own salvation and evolution by dint of penetration and inward scrutiny. Lead thyself above thyself into the mystic realm of the Undiscovered. Know thou art better than at any moment thou knowest thyself to be; for as one mountain peak succeeds another, so ever does thy towering unconscious self ascend above thyself discovered. Enter the realm unconscious—the kingdom deific! Ascend, ascend, till thou art crowned a king—a god! The potent forces of nature are pushing thee on—on to the revelation of thyself diabolic or thyself deific. Look at thyself fearlessly, without disguise. Art thou a monster? Behold, above thee hovers an angel—image of thyself, but thyself not yet. Seize the image and be clothed in its beauty. Art thou a saint? At thy feet crawls the serpent of self-deception; from thy shoulders, as from Zohak's, leap the horrible monsters that would devour thee. Be on thy guard; contemplate but thy better self—invisible embodiment of goodness, purity, patience, love and truthfulness; and as the morning mists dissolve in the golden light of day, thou shalt become that which thou dost behold. Trust thyself; nevertheless, yearn for thyself yet unrevealed. No other can be thy god—thy savior. The responsibility of being is on thee. There is no vicarious redemption. Rise thou through the mists of doubt and fear and self-delusion to the sunlit summit of thy ascending consciousness. Ascend till thou shalt learn the universal consciousness, and, beyond limitation, know that thou art one with the Infinite. Amen.

The delights of Philosophy and Truth lead the soul to the Spirit.

It is incredible how important it is that the corporeal frame should be kept under the influence of constant, continuous, and unbroken order, and free from the impressions of vicissitudes, which always more or less derange the corporeal functions. After all, it is continued temperance which sustains the body for the longest period of time, and which most surely preserves it from sickness.—*Humboldt.*

Culture must begin by humbly accepting the work of Nature, forswearing all attempt to add one jot or tittle to the native virtue of any human spirit.—*D. A. Wasson.*

THE NATURE OF GOD.

I do not lose sight of the fact that God may not be known objectively, but must be inferred, if the matter is to be contemplated from that point of view. It is not possible to acquire knowledge without a faculty for it properly developed. The infantile eye may not recognize color, and perhaps not light; the pre-natal eye certainly cannot. Even the human eye in full development sees with a different sense of vision from the eye of the cat or owl. So then, any searching for God, any arguing to prove his being, will be labor lost, except so far as there is a faculty developed by which to apprehend him.—A. W.

MATTER.

The existence of matter cannot be demonstrated. It is an illusion of the senses, one thing to.day and another to-morrow, not known to possess any fixed character, or to be aught else than a mere will-of-the-wisp. Indeed, it may be shown, Faraday tells us, that in its ultimate analysis matter consists of points of dynamic force. But points are entities without dimension, neither length nor breadth nor thickness—they must be either nothings or spiritual facts. If the latter, then matter in its last condition is simply possibility of becoming, and so, full of Being.—A. W.

FREEDOM AND SILENCE.

There is freedom and impulse for us to attain the highest degree of illumination of which we are capable. The girdle of Puck goes round the earth, but the human aspiration soars beyond the path of the lightning. In every noble idea, every worthy desire we find our mediator with Divinity. The more silent the work, the more certain that life is performing it. In this is our eternity; there is nothing beyond.—A. W.

HEALING POWER.

We all have witnessed disease set afloat on the wind, and communicated by a touch, or even by an act of faith. A sick person is a living magazine of pestilence. The converse, however, is still more true. Health radiates in every direction, and is a hundred-fold more contagious than any disease. The miracles of Jesus consisted in rebuking fever, restoring a cataleptic to life, healing persons by a touch, or by a word, or at a distance, even when he had not seen them, and restoring a woman who had a cancerous hemorrhage to

health unwittingly by virtue going out from him. The idea back of this is that those who are like him may do the same things. The faculty exists, but with most persons it is latent and dormant. There have been, there always will be, prophets and illuminates for the age in which they live.—A. W.

FORMS OF RELIGION.

Mithraism was introduced into the Roman world from Pontos about seventy years before the present era. It speedily pervaded every country, and became the religion of the people. Amalgamated with Christianity it was known as Gnosticism; apart it was incorporated with the neo-Platonic philosophy. When the Bishops aspired to supreme rule in the Empire, they found it their chief impediment. Even Constantine was a soldier of the Invisible Sun till reasons of State made him prefer Christianity. Theodosius in 381 put the worship of Mithras under the law; but it continued in various forms till near our own times.—A. W.

THE EFFECT OF WAR.

Ruskin in one of his earlier lectures made the statement that "war is the foundation of all the arts," by which he meant also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. How far this is true in relation to the countless thousands and millions that are inundated in war will require further explanation. The high virtues and faculties that are founded on wholesale slaughter are so high that to us they are completely out of sight. It would require the eye of a vulture to discern them. For the Christianizing of Indians in South America by the Spaniards, of the Prussians by the Teutonic knights and of the Saxons by Charlemagne, giving them the choice to be baptized or massacred, we have no admiration. Yet such constitute the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." If art, high virtue and cultured faculties have war for their basis, how absurd was the utterance of the two old Hebrew prophets: "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Far more true than these words of Ruskin was the affirmation of General Sherman that "war is hell." And if this be true, the promoters of war can be only its ministers.—A. W

SOME REMARKABLE DREAMS.

Read before the Committee on Dreams, Somnambulism and Kindred Phenomena of "The School of Philosophy," New York, U. S. A.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, SACKVILLE, N. B.,
Feb. 9, 1900.

GENTLEMEN.—I will offer you an extract from my journal, together with such corroborative evidence as I have been able to secure.

Page 13th, Feb. 8th: "I dreamed last night of the receipt of a letter containing a life insurance premium receipt, dated Dec. 15, 1899, and wrapped in another document or letter longer than broad in dimension and with the signature of E. R. M., who was in Toronto, last heard, but this letter is from St. John, N. B. (I will note it here if the dream is realized.") (Copy.)

That the above came to pass the annexed signatures will testify. The letter was dated Feb. 7th, St. John, and contained the signature of E. R. M. with contents as described in my dream (a receipt bearing date Dec. 15, 1899, and letter). This was received by me Feb. 8th, P.M.

Should any further particulars be required I will reply by request.

Faithfully,
R. M. DE VAUX-ROYER.

As evidence of good faith I will certify that I have heard Mrs. Royer's dream of the night of Feb. 7th repeated and have seen the letter (and enclosure as stated in her account of same), which was dated St. John, Feb. 7th, and was received by her and opened before witnesses the night of Feb. 8th.

MRS. THOMAS ESTABROOKS.

Sackville, N. B., Feb. 10, 1900.

SACKVILLE, N. B., Feb. 9, 1900.

On the morning of Feb. 8th, Mrs. de Vaux-Royer, my wife, told me of her dream (as communicated to you); that night I brought her a letter which was opened before myself and Mrs. Tupper, of Hotel Brunswick. Contents being exactly as described from the dream.

(Signed) CLARENCE DE VAUX-ROYER.

P. S.—I had a dream of Miss Helen Gould and could not get rid of the impression. Shortly afterwards I received a letter from her

(secretary) from 579 Fifth Avenue, bearing date of my dream. Both were registered. C. de V.-R.

MT. ALLISON UNIVERSITY, SACKVILLE, N. B.,
Feb. 7, 1900.

I am pleased to submit to the students and scientists of the School of Philosophy one of the many dreams of a similar character which I have experienced. It was late in July, 1897, as I was trundling down the Champs Elysées in a Paris omnibus that I noticed enter, as we turned into the Rue de Rivoli, a beautiful young English girl (the daughter of a gentleman formerly in the English diplomatic corps, I afterward learned). My attention was attracted toward her so strongly that it was a bit embarrassing until I saw that she was affected by the same desire to speak. We waived the conventionalities and submitted gracefully to a self-performed introduction, each half believing that we had met at some social affair previously, as accounting for this insistent recognition. We exchanged cards and promised each other we would meet again. About a week later I left Paris with my chaperon for an extended tour through Switzerland, and among the incidents of travel, beauty of scenery, mountain climbing, etc., I do not recall any special thought of this young lady until I arrived at Luzerne, where I was comfortably located for a few weeks in the old castle of Felsberg. There was certainly nothing here of a nature calculated to produce mental excitation—rather the opposite.

Lake Luzerne and its craft lay before us clear and placid in the Summer warmth. The mountains Riga and Pilatus arose majestically to our view. The world seemed to have thrown off its work-a-day shoes and to be wearing its fairy slippers. Never, by any chance, was there anything that savored of friction or work, yet everything moved onward mechanically serene. We could visit the Glacier Garden or see the wonderfully carved Lion of Thorwaldsen in the hillside ledge of granite and visit the tea and reading rooms. Once we met Queen Margharita of Italy at the National and on the Quay one day, Mark Twain and other notables; but here nobody was great and nobody was little—all seeming to be merged into that universal whole; nature is such a leveler. We sometimes visited the jewel shops on the Quay and stopped in at the old Cathedral for the 6 o'clock organ recital. All was a restful, silent panorama surrounding this ancient pile, with its two monumental spires, and we the moving figures as we walked over the slabs where lay their dead of centuries past. These everyday events

will, I think, give you to understand pretty clearly the passive mental condition which was mine at that time and which distinguishes the European from the American.

My journal of '97 is not accessible here, but the following dream is recorded therein: One morning in early September I awoke suddenly with a vivid impression of a dream as realistic as the presentation of a drama upon which the curtain has just gone down. In this dream I had been seated in a salon in Paris. I could distinguish it to be up about the second étage, not including the entrésol. Direction and detail were accurate to my vision or sense, and here I saw Miss C. and a darker and older lady, and I in street costume was their guest. No words were spoken, but impressions were conveyed and gestures were as in natural life. We were drinking tea. One of the features of the dream was that a black velvet hat was extended for my approbation. The others present were as the pictures on the wall—lifeless, inactive. * * * I addressed a note to Miss C., saying that I had dreamed of her and would acquaint her of my arrival in Paris. Her reply requested a rendezvous. About the 15th Oct. I returned and received Miss C. at my Hotel de la Trémoille. Speaking of the dream she said the dark lady was her mother, who wished to meet me; that they would send for me on their next reception day. I visited them, and every detail of my dreamed experience was realized. It was the same salon, the same woman, tea and location repeated of that scene that morning in Suisse (Luzerne) over a month before, in every particular except the *hat*, which materialized two or three weeks later, from their modiste. I have the hat yet as a *momento materia*.

R. M. DE V.-ROYER.

The mere animal, lacking the power of generalization, cannot amass experience; but being strictly confined to the dreamy life of the senses, and never rising to the region of abstract ideas, each individual animal matures and dies. Only the species lives on; there is no immortality for the individual animal. It requires a being who can combine in himself the product of his entire species by his individual activity, just as man can, to fulfill the conditions of immortality.—*W. T. Harris.*

The man who goes alone can start to-day; but he who travels with another must wait till that other is ready, and it may be a long time before they get off.—*H. D. Thoreau.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE TREATMENT OF CAGE BIRDS.

Every one owning a bird will be interested in a book containing over 150 engravings and a lithographic plate showing all the different kinds of fancy canaries in their natural colors. It gives full information in regard to song and fancy canaries and how to breed them for profit; all about parrots and how to teach them to talk; instructions for building and stocking an aviary, 15 cents. The "Associated Fanciers," 400 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DOMESTIC CAT.

The prominent attention lately bestowed upon the domestic cat by fashionable society and the great success of the several cat shows have induced Mr. John E. Diehl, the well-known authority on domestic animals, to prepare a handy little volume under the above title. It carefully describes the different breeds and varieties, and states how to keep and rear cats, and how to treat them. The Associated Fanciers, 400 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., will mail a copy of it on receipt of 25 cents.

A BOOK OF THE DOG.

We have received from the Associated Fanciers, 400 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., a copy of their Dog Buyers' Guide. It contains a finely executed colored frontispiece, well-drawn engravings of nearly every breed of dog, and all kinds of dog-furnishing goods. We should judge that the book has cost a great deal more to produce than the price asked—15 cents—and we would advise all of our readers who are interested in dogs to send for it.

A BOOK ON POULTRY.

Containing 116 pages, a beautiful lithographic plate of a group of different fowls in natural colors, engravings of all kinds of land and water poultry, descriptions of the breeds, plans for poultry houses, and how to manage an incubator. Price, 15 cents. Associated Fanciers, 400 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TOY DOG.

A copy of Mr. John E. Diehl's latest book on the toy dog has just been submitted to us for criticism. We can speak of the neat little volume only in terms of the highest praise. The author, who was recognized for years as an authority on domestic pets, has evidently put his best efforts on his last production, so that this becomes almost invaluable to all who admire or intend to provide themselves with a toy dog. Published by the Associated Fanciers, 400 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa. 25 cents.

THE

IDEAL REVIEW.

VOL. XII. MAY, 1900. No. 2.

THE REAL INDIVIDUALITY.

BY DOCTOR EDWARD G. DAY.

Most of the human family believe in a condition of continued consciousness projected across the boundary between life and death, in reality an extension of their earthly personality into the unknown land; and with this belief is associated a hope so strong as to awaken conviction that the ties of kindred and friendship, rudely sundered at death, will be reunited, and the terrestrial relations re-established. To most this belief and hope are the sole factors which mitigate the dread of the inevitable exodus, and the sorrow of the long farewell to the heart's idols. Humanity recoils from the thought that fond associations end at the grave; that the turf veils forever the features of the beloved, and shrinks from the conception of a continuous existence divorced from those conditions which illuminated and made fragrant the earthly life. Extinguish this hope, and to the average mortal the life beyond seems barren and meaningless. The word "Resurgam" loses all its sweetness and comforting support. The human mind curiously fails to detect the fallacy which lurks in the concept of a projection across the gulf of death of that which has been harmonious in earth life dissociated from all dissonances, as though the conditions of the physical plane, there to be prolonged,

were volitionally selective by the disembodied traveller. Is the universality of this thought any proof of its correctness? or is the idea alone inspired by hope? Again, it is not alone the sentimental yearning of the heart which reaches forth for the life beyond. Egoism emphasizes its claim as well. The desirableness of immortality fades, if doubts concerning the persistence of the present personality arise. The sense of ego-sum is very strong and tenaciously adheres to that aggregation of material molecules and physical impulses, energized, sustained and informed by an ever existent and persistent principle, which makes up the personality. The "I" conceives itself to be a separate, individual entity of recognized form and feature, possessing certain definite qualities and endowments peculiar to itself, which is and which, more or less modified, will continue to be. The ordinary idea of immortality favors a transplantation rather than a transmutation of the personality.

The terms "personality" and "individuality" are by some thought to be diverse in application, the former pertaining to the physical manifestation, the latter to the persistent principle. The one representing the incarnated soul, the other the disembodied spirit. Analytically considered they appear to be discrete but seem to be interdependent in their application to the human being. Individuality appears as that complicated group of characteristics which admits of no shade in value of any of its components, otherwise the identity of the group is destroyed, as in a chemical compound. Personality seems to be the manifestation of this group through a complex corporeality, any modification in the integrant part of which affects the identity of the whole by altering the medium through which the individualizing characteristics manifest. It is conceivable that a human being might be so changed corporeally as no longer to manifest his former personality and pass beyond identification, but even in such an event his egoism would remain undiminished and his consciousness of selfhood would be unaffected. The seed of a wild rose possesses certain determining elements which compel a reproduction of the original, an inherent individuality which, with like environment

and nutriment, will invariably manifest as its predecessor; but change the conditions which embrace the germination of this seed ever so little, and in time there is born a flower in which one would vainly seek to identify its ancestors; and the seed of this last plant under conditions identical with those which influenced its own forthcoming, will reproduce its kind as unerringly as did its progenitor. Re-establish the primitive germinal conditions and, in time, the original flower reappears. One factor alone seems constant, viz., an idiosyncrasy which through all modifications makes the flower a *rose*, and behind this must be recognized a principle that impels the group of characteristics which make up this idiosyncrasy to manifest in the same relation to each other. Now, as we can no more remove the rose from the evolutionary procession than we can the woman who wears it, we are led to conclude that the essence of essentialness which through many modifications appears as a rose, is not constant but mutable, only with a much longer period of mutation than the visible or physical characteristics, and that the only immutable part of the plant is the principle which makes its history through many changes, and clothes with its own individuality that in which it manifests.

That which in our rose seems to be a persistent quality, *i. e.*, the combination of qualities or peculiarities which differentiate it from all other things, may be a pseudo individuality which by its extension through vast periods fosters the thought of an enduring principle, whereas it doubtless is but the subtle or ethereal body of the plant around which the true individuality has built the exterior and appreciable substance.

In time this, too, obedient to evolutionary law, will change and that which was a rose will have passed into other forms and states, in which the "persistent principle" will manifest as something quite different, the difference to be traced as now through vestigial records by beings widely different from us. If we can conceive this to be true of the plant and believe that one universal law governs all, then we can trace a similar condition in the human individual. The human

seed germinates, effloresces into a personality, which in turn casts its seed, and in time fades and falls. Now this human seed can no more bloom into something superior or inferior to a human being than the rose can produce other than its kind, hence the presumable persistence for a period, probably "an immensity of years" of a group of characteristics which, each time it is impelled to incarnation by the "imperishable principle," appears as a man. This man might, if born in savagery, be so far raised above his natal condition as to lose all semblance to his ancestry and his seed would produce a civilized being, or from a high estate he might so degenerate as to propagate a savage, yet the genus homo would remain unchanged. Yet ultimately this group of associated characteristics which differentiate the human entity must yield to the evolutionary strain and be molded into something which would no longer be recognizable as a man, but which, being energized by the "persistent principle," will still be clothed with egoity the same as its ancestors. The East Indian philosophers claim that everything has a physical and a "subtile" body; the outer body being formed of matter which is familiar to us, while the inner or "ethereal" body is made up of matter in such high vibratory condition as to be inappreciable. The argument upon which this claim is based is very forcible and finds support in impartial scientific investigation and even in the texts of Western theology. It is conceivable that this theory will eventually become universal, as it seems to solve many problems which hitherto have vexed humanity. This "subtile" body when it leaves its coarser envelope is, presumably, clothed or marked with the impressions received during its last physical encasement. In fact the Sanskrit term for this body is "Linga Sharira" (the marked body). These impressions ("Samskaras," Sanskrit,) impart to it a definite coloring or vibratory condition which remains latent until again forced to activity by the "persistent principle," when it manifests through a physical body and its condition, with varying modifications, is similar to its last incarnation. The sense of egoism remains the same. Thus in the human entity, as in the rose, a seemingly false individuality exists in

the ethereal body which, being material, must, in obedience to the evolutionary mandate, develop into something radically different from its past conditions. The egoism is universal and, whether free or incarnate, is the ever-present I, having when in a body limited associations which become limitless when free. The voice in the "burning bush" of Mosaic history was the same as that which has ever resounded through infinite ages. The persistent principle is ever repeating the phrase "I am," but, when in the whirlpool of incarnation, it loses sight of its real self and clings only to the egoism. Incarnated on this planet its omniscience is limited, and it views itself as separate and diverse from every other living creature by reason of the physical shell which encloses it and which it regards as a separate entity, having become blind to its own true nature and universality.

If this theory be questioned on the ground that the incarcerating and obscuring shell, being an emanation from the "persistent principle," could not affect its general consciousness, attention may be invited to the analogy furnished by the larva, which entombs itself within a product of its own body, thus entirely changing its former relations. We must remember that consciousness is very much a matter of state and environment. We cannot think that our consciousness in daily life on this plane would remain the same if the determining conditions were changed. The omniscience of the "principle" is limited by multitudinous veils of various degrees of opacity, dependent on the greater or less density of the body in which it is incarnate. So pronounced is the sense of separateness that the most violent antagonisms arise and each individual incarnation of the "principle" arrogates to itself powers, privileges and possessions which belong to the whole. The overpowering sense of egoity develops that selfishness which underlies all discord. The element of desire is universal and when diffused works beneficently, but when it is converged and intensified in each individual entity it becomes baneful, as it suggests and incites to undue acquisition and by its intensity consumes restraining barriers.

As lenses of different refracting power will, from a focal distance

which is constant, converge the solar rays differently and thus produce greater or less intensity in the cone of heat or light, so the subtile bodies, the instruments through which the persistent or imperishable principle models its physical shells, refract and converge the desire rays into illimitable cones of diversified intensity. These, acting upon the will, incite the entity to those multifarious acts of self-indulgence, self-aggrandizement and self-dominance which are so incompatible with harmony, and productive of that which seems so aggressive and evil. All antagonisms manifested by human entities result from the non-recognition of its true self by the real individuality; and the belief, born of limitations, that the bundle of subtilties which escapes from its coarse material envelope, when normal relations between the two are changed, is the true self, the real individuality. Thus we are led to think that there can be but one constant quantity, the one individuality which eternally manifests in differentiation, and during each manifestation is possessed with a sense of egoism. We seem forced to take this view or else conceive of an infinite number of individual units which have eternally existed, each clothed with the power of self-evolution and multiple creation from out of its own substance. This would antagonize the theory of one absolute imperishable principle, one infinite Deity, one perfect whole, and seems untenable. It is more conceivable that an infinite eternal principle pervading all space is eternally manifesting through multiple forms; that it is the cause and visible effect, the lawgiver, the law and the governed, absolute unity and apparent diversity, which projects from itself innumerable forms, clothing each with the seeming paradox of enlightenment and blindness; enlightenment, as regards its self-consciousness, but blindness as to its true self. When we reflect that hundreds of years are necessary to effect a change in the attachment of a tendon to a bone, whereby an amplified or restricted movement of the member is induced, thereby causing change in its form and function, we can faintly conceive of the "æons of ages" which must elapse before the "subtile body" can evolve beyond the human plane. It is not strange that the ethereal

body should be regarded as the imperishable, immortal soul, for between its incarnations in material envelopes there is reason to believe that ages elapse, in which it rests, possibly, as a potential waiting for the impulse to gather about it the coarser material molecules in obedience to an immutable law which is one with the "Eternal principle." As before stated, the "ethereal body" leaves its physical shell conditioned and in time, and in exact accord with these conditions, through the influence of the constant principle, is drawn to that physical environment where the material from which to mold another physical body awaits it. A body through which it can again manifest. The forces in nature work along lines of least resistance in obedience to a law, the working of which is frequently exhibited, and this passage of the subtile body from disembodiment, physical, to incarnation is no exception. Its incarnation is predetermined by those conditions which invested it at the dissolution of its last terrestrial habitation, its sojourn in which is the cause of the future effect.

This process is repeated until the subtile body, by reason of its clarification through high evolutionary steps, becomes incapable of energizing matter of lower vibration than itself. It then dissipates into other atomic groupings and the persistent principle, the true and only constant individuality, the perpetual "I" which impelled it, simply withdraws to itself with no consciousness of change save that augmented spiritual preception which must ensue when all material veils and barriers are removed.

Thus, to review, briefly, we find that man, as we know him, is formed of, First: An exterior shell of coarse matter in a low vibratory condition; an elaborate mechanism which, for a brief period, can renew and reproduce itself, after which it disintegrates and passes into other material forms. It seems to be the medium through which a subtler organism manifests to and holds intercourse with the environment from which it springs. This shell is usually accepted as the real entity, and when it dissolves, the personality which it represented is said to have died, and, in truth, the remark is just, for

that particular personality as revealed through that special body never existed before, and will not reappear, unless the hypothesis of cyclic law be correct and everything returns to the original when all the combined forces, relations and conditions which obtained at its advent are repeated, or, as the East Indian Yogi would euphoniously say, "when time sits again in the same mansions." Second: A subtile or ethereal body, material in essence, highly vibratile, imponderable, and ordinarily inappreciable, which rests in the unrevealed labyrinth of the, so-called, nervous system and is composed of the real organs of sense with their intermediate links, and the "mind stuff"; a body which directs all the physical acts and is influenced in its decisions by its physical environment, and by a power or principle inherent in it which makes it a distinct entity. Alternately debased by the animality of the physical body, and exalted by the pure spirituality of the divine essence, the harmony from all attributes in perfect correlation, it manifests in unstable equilibrium between, so termed, good and evil tendencies, except in rare instances, when it is wholly dominated by one of the opposing forces and appears radiant with goodness, or lurid in wickedness. This it is that is spoken of as the "Soul" by Western theologians. When the physical house becomes untenantable it withdraws, and this departure is recognized as death. Whether this body at once reincarnates into earth life or energizes coarser matter elsewhere, or for a long period remains in a subjective condition, is determined by its particular state at the hour of its out going. Third: An essence or principle, a combination of life, power, all attributes and consciousness, which originates, animates, directs and clothes with its own persistent and unchanging egoism both the personality and the dissociated subtile body. The one real and only Ego; endless and immutable amidst unceasing change; supremely conscious amidst countless degrees of consciousness; ever living though immersed in an ocean of apparent death. Permanent and immanent! The one true and real individuality! The only immortality!

The devout enthusiast who longs to see God; the tired and

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worn earth child who yearns for rest; the ascetic who counts this life as the battlefield whereon the heavenly crown is won; the sorrow ladened mother robbed of her idol, the blackness of whose night is faintly rayed with hopes for a future reunion, may, at first, find within these pages but little encouragement, consolation or hope, yet a careful analysis of the thought will bring sustenance to each. For the earthly "personality" but little can be said; that which manifests from the union of the "three principles" (or "body, soul and spirit") cannot remain the same when one of the elements is removed, any more than the chemical represented by the symbol "N. C. L." would remain unchanged with the "N" eliminated. The likeness reappears only in the progeny. The old structure like the abandoned house, falls in pieces and the elements which composed it group elsewhere and render no suggestion of the past. The "ethereal body" or soul having gone forth as an aggregation of mental subtleties bearing the impress of many physical molds, notably of its last, holds union with the essential or God principle for a period which, as compared to the morning and evening of earth life, might well be designated as eternity. If in its terrestrial bondage it sighed for immortality and a more intimate acquaintance with the "divine," how much stronger and nearer realization will be these aspirations when freed from the retarding and debasing influences of the clay. If it has been weary and famished, how great must be its sense of rest and refreshment when emancipated from the demands of the physical body.

If its earthly pilgrimage has been a warfare against the carnality of the flesh, it surely will, seemingly at least, have gained the crown when its spiritual aspirations are no longer cumbered. If it has known a mother's grief over her child's bier it will experience a mother's joy when it meets the soul once incarnate in that child. For recognition must be. The physical impress on both parent and child are indelible, the affinity existing between them exhaustless. Æons may have elapsed and each may have energized coarser bodies many times, but somewhere they will meet and the interval

of separation will make no deeper impress than the hours of dream life. Even from the realms of relativity much of expectance, of solace and of comfort may be garnered and these thoughts need cast no shadow over any human child.

After vast periods these ethereal bodies or "souls" evolve into entities which occupy parallels far above the human line, and these, in turn, obedient to the same law, will change into other manifestations adapted to still higher spheres. It is an ever drawing nearer to God. Will the goal of the Divine be attained? Certainly. When or how? As each pseudo individuality changes into higher states the forces which impel it to energize less diaphanous bodies recede, the obscuring veils fall away, the skein of illusion disentangles, and, as the earthly sleeper rises from the phantasmagoria of a dream to the effulgence of the morning sun, so rises the soul through many experiences from its false sense of individuality to full consciousness of its non-separateness from that divine self which seems to have molded and controlled it; to a complete knowledge of its non-existence apart from that "Perfect Whole" which appears to have invested it with attributes in endless combination; to an intuitive recognition of its complete identification with the Universal Father. "For now we see—through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."

EDWARD G. DAY, M. D.

MUSIC.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

"Music may be divine, but its living is its dying. It gushes and is drunk up by the thirsty silences."—*J. G. Holland.*

Vibrations when they recur less than eight thousand times and more than sixteen in a second, produce sounds, which by their exquisite tone, if blended harmoniously, are called music. That music in itself does not exist as a quality is a hard but scientific fact. Music is the science of vibration. That we hear it is through the construction and function of our ear; the auditory nerves convey to our mind the pleasing sound, that outside of *organic consciousness* is as silent as eternity. Long before this was understood Pythagoras believed that the planets in their revolutions produced vibrations of the ether, which, if heard by man's inadequate sense, would be the ravishing music of the spheres.

Music exerts a power over man that is not to be compared with the effects of any other art. Painting affects its beholders through the vision, and all its approaches to the sublime and beautiful are felt in a physical sense, which even Raphael could not transmute into the spiritual. Sculpture thrills one with its natural grandeur. In fact all the arts and sciences reach to our heart as deep as music, but not through the same channels. Music possesses us through our imagination. It is not a vision or an abstraction. It is a language that is all its own, which speaks to us of things that we have never yet seen, yet seem to remember; that sings to us from infinity, of paradises that we shall never find; that fills our hearts with a rapturous bursting, which if sustained would snap the harp-strings of our being asunder.

"Music," said Beethoven, "is the mediator between the spiritual and sensual life. Like every creation of art, it is mightier than the artist." Musical melody recalls to memory many mysterious fragments of life. In Gounod's "Faust," as the old philosopher stands

listening to the lively strains beneath his window, the recollections of vigorous, dancing youth return not alone to him. In the tender passion of the *Flower Song*, or in the fiendish though human *Serenade* of Mephisto, more than one heart is twinged. Or in "Il Trovatore," where Verdi has embraced the melodies that have ascended to him from the street-mongers, we know without referring to the libretto, that the *Stride La Vampa* expresses the passion of revenge; while in the *Miserere* our soul seems to recall some migratory memory latent from the middle ages, where souls were tortured in excruciating *Auto da Fé*. Then in Verdi's "Aïda," a Wagneresque plaintive melody of melancholy predominates a sad theme of despair, which seeks a responsive chord in every heart of the audience. Yet we are exhilarated in the sensuous joyousness of the Wagnerian, which symbolizes the tumultous, though even, life-strains of the optimist.

A pessimist will almost burst with feeling, under the spell of a pure tenor in *Ah, che la morte*, while the Romeos and Juliets would consent to die, languishing in the throes of Mascagni's *Intermezzo*. The strange sweet melody of a rich soprano irresistibly carries us away to our life's desire. We hang upon the harmony of its clear richness, feeling that to listen forever would be paradise indeed. Can we not say that having heard Calvé's *Carmen*, there is a tendency that exhilarates to the extreme of coquetry? And in the *Unisono* of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," we must recognize the touch of true genius and imagine we feel the concomitant rhythm of every passion and emotion.

Music expresses a rapture to our minds that may be transmitted only by vibration. It speaks to us of an emotion, of a feeling, or possession, that could never be expressed in words. Words indeed may be used by the intoxicating voice of the Cantatrice, but their meaning is lost in the melody of its purity. It was this inexpressible mystery of silvery harmony that forced Milton to sing:

> "I was all ear
> And took in strains that might create a soul
> Under the ribs of death."

As we listen to the renderings of the masters, the expression is not always the language of the composer. We may think we know his thoughts, his feelings, his intents, when he produced the composition. A personality, however, that is new to the composer, is brought forth in the execution. The conductor, soloist or even the *personnel* of the orchestra, containing lives of contending emotions, render a different expression in their various interpretations. As Wagner has said, "Music is the inarticulate speech of the heart, which cannot be compressed into words, because it is infinite."

Music reaches the intellect after it has aroused the senses. Poetry moves the intellect by forming an idea to which the senses respond. Thus affecting the emotions first, music finally absorbs the whole being. Indeed, music surpasses architecture in its sublimity of construction. Not to mention the wonderful sound-forms developed by Sedley Taylor,* from merely sustained notes of the human voice, imagine what a myriad of beautiful arched waves an orchestra must send forth, into the receptive ether, by the vibrations of millions of fundamental tones and subvibrations of infinite overtones. Were we able to *see* the kaleidoscopic splendor of musical vibration, or were we possessed of nerves capable of transmuting the unknown colors of these vibrations, we might see beauty more exquisite and wonderful than is now conceived of nature.

Music's influences are hypnotic. We have known artists whose very souls hungered for some chord and whose nerves were sustained by that alone each day. We all are acquainted with dilettantes who are forever thirsting for one note, lapping up the very silences of nature in their exquisite thirst. Or it may be that we ourselves, while listening to some sonata, are carried upward and downward on an ever-changing but similar melody, which let it be ever so gently turned into the softest of adagios and it will send our nerves twitching icily throughout our entire being. Let but the slow movement

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* See article in "The Century," May, 1891.

of one of Chopin's emotional sonatas be changed to a tender trill of Mozart's or Haydn's, and our nerves are either soothed or rasped as our tastes or temperaments differ. The whole gamut of sensations seems to move irresistibly within us when some sweet tremolo is followed by a rhapsody of ravishing *timbre*. The critic may call it sensual, but the poet, painter or sculptor fails to thrill our being with the intensity of these invisible waves of vibrating atmosphere. It is easily understood why Schubert, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Weber died young; genius cannot long stand the intense strain of musical vibration.

Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Meyerbeer and Schubert were all infant prodigies, yet many philosophers hold that nature nowhere expresses itself musically, but simply produces noise. "See deep enough," said Carlyle, "and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it." The trills of birds, the singing vibration of winged insects and the soft summer winds through the foliage, breathe in a rhythm that is all their own. There is no melody of the masters that we may not repeat in rhythm with these varied pulsations of nature. The sweet æolian is a tender, but eloquent witness, that nature contains a mystic, unfathomable music, which the very zephyrs throb to express.

We all feel its influences. Who is there that can listen to the strains from the Waltz King and remain unmoved? Or who, though passive, can calm the pulse at the wild, but exhilarating, beatings of the March King? An army without music would march as though in a Napoleonic retreat from Moscow. It requires the illusions of music to banish the morbid memories of home.

Sculpture may enrapture us with a sublime feeling of its wonderful imitation. Painting may reproduce in almost natural color and symmetry, but can genius overcome what they delight in calling repose? The flat canvas may only partly deceive the eye. Perspective can never be imitated. On the contrary, there is nothing inane in music. The softest strain fairly breathes. Its sweetness entrances. While the connoisseur is dissecting its technic, the

progress of exquisite vibration suddenly strikes his vital chord and lifted to realms of fascinating dreams, mayhap ideas of spiritual conditions or fantasies of earthly beauty, he is oblivious to the world: "Its glories pass away." The loveliest woman at his side is forgotten; his world recedes; he is carried away; until a note of piercing *timbre* so overthrills him with a chill intense, that the spell is overwrought and broken. No other rendition of art so supremely moves our feelings as music. When our life has run its course, may we sigh with Mirabeau, "Let me die to the sounds of delicious music." As an antithesis to Jean Paul, let us say to Music: "Stay! Stay! Thou bringest on thy silvery wings memories of feelings we shall never more experience; ravishing fancies of the Paradise that is to be. Thou art the awakening expression of the glories that God hath prepared for those who love him!"

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise! ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man."—*Dryden.*

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

THE SYMBOLS OF THE BIBLE.

BY DOCTOR FRANZ HARTMANN.

(III.)

THE CHURCH.

"All evanescent things are but symbols."—*Goethe.*

The great endowment of the enlightened man consists in understanding how to appraise all things according to their true worth, and to distinguish the reality from the outward appearance. He neither under nor over values the symbols. He knows that the symbol, without the understanding of the meaning therein contained, has no worth. He, therefore, does not content himself with the external form of the symbol, but he seeks to pierce through the letter to the spirit; through the outer to the inner.

At the bottom of all ecclesiastical ceremonies, performances, customs, signs and symbols lies an inner occult significance. They are external pictures and representations of inner conditions and occurrences, which take place, or should take place, in the soul of man. If the condition in question does not prevail and the occurrences which are outwardly represented do not take place within, the symbol can serve no purpose. Whether the ecclesiastical symbols are efficacious, depends not only upon the symbols themselves, but chiefly upon him who observes them. Whether the sacraments are beneficial, depends not so much on him who dispenses them, as upon him who receives them. Not what we outwardly consider, but only what we inwardly assimilate, can produce an effect upon our hearts and become a part of our being; and only that which is contained in our own being belongs to us in reality.

For him who does not perceive, and for the doubter, a religious ceremony is nothing more than a comedy; but he who permits him-

self to be edified, is thereby edified ; he who permits himself to be exalted, is thereby exalted.

So, also, is the most beautiful music, for him who has no ear therefor, nothing but a musical noise, while for him who is full of feeling, it is a language which can express more than words. It is not necessary, in order to become participant in the benefits of a symbol, that one should intellectually grasp the meaning of it, for otherwise, only those learned men who are skilled in symbology could receive a sacrament; but the inner perception of the truth there represented is fully sufficient. Without this perception, also, no intellectual knowledge of the secret is possible, and subtile investigation leads to error. Therefore said the great mystic, Thomas à Kempis, "Beware of unbeneficial and overcurious searching, if thou wouldst not founder in the abyss of doubt."

Those who, lacking every higher perception, follow only a scientific impulse, seek to spy out divine secrets for the gratification of their curiosity, are like the loathsome worm which, burrowing in the mud, blindly seeks for the sun and never finds it. It would accordingly be of little worth to engage in an exposition of the symbols of the Church if the understanding of their meaning had not been so commonly lost that it will be useful to offer some hints regarding them, in order to avoid a repellent state of mind towards the truth represented therein. We choose, for this purpose, the Catholic Church, rich in symbols, whose ceremonies in great part originated from the ritual of the Buddhists.

ARCHITECTURE.

It is not known to every one that the church building is a symbolic representation of man seeking for the truth. Where conditions permit it, place and position also have their significance. The Bhagavad Gita says : "The Yogi should practice himself continually in surrender to the consciousness of God, and be lord of his thoughts, without attachment to external things. He should select a clean place, neither too high nor too low. There he should

occupy a suitable seat, and direct his soul to the Eternal." (Chap. VI., 10–12.) In accordance with this inwardly perceived disposition, the church, where it is practicable, is built upon an elevated and quiet spot and surrounded by a wall. It signifies the man who would soar up to the divine. To this end he must take a position in his heart which is raised above triviality and commonness, but which is not so high that it can be reached only by fanaticism. The wall signifies the magic circle by which he shuts himself off from the sensual, and into which no earthly thought and no lower desire may penetrate. The churchyard which, with its graves, surrounds the church, is the symbol of dead passions and buried remembrances of past sins.

The interior of the church represents space, *i. e.*, the soul. At the entrance and in the lower part, rules darkness; in the central part, twilight; the dome is illuminated by the light, which signifies the truth. The dome, with its arched cupola, is single, since there is only a single absolute knowledge of truth. It is round, in order to indicate perfection. Over against it, on the opposite end of the church, are usually two pointed towers, which signify the human understanding, divided through duality, caught in the contradiction of opinions, which in vain seeks with its ingenuity to pierce heaven. The towers are heavy and massive below, where they are nearest to the kingdom of matter, aspiring and becoming ever lighter above, until at last they lose themselves, like all earthly knowledge, in infinite space. There, where self-glorification ends, remains nothing other than the cross, to whose significance we will hereafter return.

In the larger churches five smaller doors are introduced right and left of the main entrance. These five doors signify the five senses, which during devotion (meditation) should be closed. In St. Peter's in Rome, is still a sixth secret door which is opened only once in the year. It signifies the sixth sense, the inner spiritual eye, perception through the power of intuition. If we advance into the church we find ourselves in a half darkness, as a man before he has arrived at real knowledge; but the altar, to which the sacrifice (the self) is

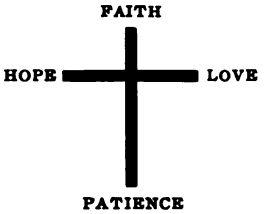
brought, is flooded by the light (wisdom) coming from above. Only those clothed with white garments (the sign of purity), the initiated, can approach the sanctuary. The altar signifies the heart, and the tabernacle signifies the inmost place of the soul, where the divine spark is hidden.

THE CROSS.

The symbol of the cross has various significations, of which we will only indicate the following:

It signifies the union of the spiritual with the material. The horizontal beam represents the kingdom of matter, and also the earthly life. The vertical post signifies the descent, the incarnation of the spirit in the form, and its ascent to the spiritual. In the latter relation it is also a symbol of the victory of the spirit over matter. The human figure nailed to the cross signifies the divine man chained to this earthly existence; but, also, the personal man which brings itself as a sacrifice to divinity. Over the cross are placed the letters I. N. R. I., whose exoteric signification is given as: "*Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudorum.*" More thoughtful is the esoteric signification: "*In Nobis Regnat Iesus*"—"In us reigns the divine light."

In another relation the cross signifies the four mystic powers:



At the middle point is rest, which can only be attained through the victory of faith, the knowledge of truth. This is the secret sign of the cross, which the true Christ bears, not outwardly upon the breast, but inwardly in his heart.

CLOTHING, ETC.

The clothing of the priests is black, as a token of grief that they live as exiles upon the earth, though their true home is heaven. The

long coat, which is neither a masculine nor a feminine garment, signifies that the priest belongs no more to this world, where sex exists. In reborn men, intelligence (the masculine principle) and will (the feminine) are united. The external difference of sex belongs only to the animal man. On this ground the Catholic Church insists on celibacy (from *cœlum*—heaven). He who has devoted himself to the divine and belongs to heaven, has nothing more to do with marrying and begetting children. He is raised above these human weaknesses. The cord which monks wear about the body indicates that they should hold the lower nature in check, and are bound by their vows; the hood signifies seclusion. The tonsure is the symbol of receptiveness for the influx of grace, which nothing may impede.

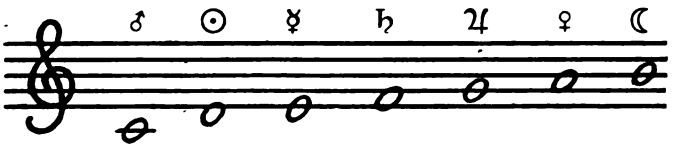
Colored window panes are not merely introduced for ornament. Light has, according to its color, a special effect upon the soul, and produces a corresponding mood in man. Blue is soothing, red exciting, yellow strengthening, etc. The reason is that each of the seven colors of light corresponds with one of the known seven principles in man. These correspondences were given by H. P. Blavatsky, as follows:

1. The material life principle,	Prana,	☉ Orange.
2. The astral body,	Linga Sharira,	☽ Violet.
3. The region of desires,	Kama,	♂ Red.
4. The earthly soul,	Kama Manas,	♄ Green.
5. The heavenly soul,	Buddhi Manas,	♀ Indigo.
6. The light of real knowledge,	Buddhi,	☿ Yellow.
7. The spiritual life,	Atma,	♃ Blue.

In accordance with this it is said that the clothing of the priest indicates by its color that principle to which his office corresponds. The white garb of the pope signifies purity; the gold, wisdom; the red of the cardinal, divine love; the violet of the bishops, the awakened soul life, rebirth; etc. Likewise have the colors and forms of the mass—vestures, banners, etc., as well as the metals of the monstrance, the vessels and lights, their significance. But if this significance is not grasped, everything external is nothing more than an empty appearance.

MYSTIC MEANING OF SOUND.

As each color, so each tone of an octave corresponds to one of the seven principles, and awakens corresponding vibrations and perceptions in the soul. A deep tone awakes serious, a clear tone, joyful, a shrill tone, unpleasant feelings. The joyful tone of the bell which announces the approach of the fête has an altogether different effect upon the mood from the sound of the funeral bell. The note of the great church bell intones to us the holy OM of the Buddhists and Brahmins, as the voice of a higher world. Every psalmody, every mantram, calls forth, according to the intonation of the song, certain vibrations in the akasha. The following are the relations of tone to the seven principles or "planets":



If we enter a cathedral we are sensible of the touch of the mysterious, the super-earthly and exalted; the soul seems to divine the secret concealed behind these symbols. We have this feeling of consecration also in Buddhist temples, in the pagodas of the Chinese, and in the mosques of the Moslems, but can never perceive them in the four-cornered Protestant houses of worship. Even St. Paul's Church, in London, with its many monuments and statues to statesmen and generals, makes upon us the impression of a museum or wax-figure cabinet for the preservation of human vanity, rather than that of a temple for concentration, edification and exaltation to God.

In Buddhist temples, as a rule, the statue of Buddha, flooded with light, rises in the centre under the dome. It is much more than life-size, in order to indicate that the Enlightened (Buddha), the God-man born in us from the light and taking root in us, far exceeds earthly men in spirituality. Before him are flowers and fruits laid in sacrifice, as symbols of a thankful heart; for it is written in the Bhagavad Gita: "Whoever in love offers me a leaf, a

flower, fruit or water, that given in love by the self-re
receive" (Chap. IX, 26).

The Catholic "saints" are, for the most part, just as
of the ancient Greeks and Romans, nothing more and n
than symbolical representations of different powers in n
the statue of Jupiter Olympus signifies the All-might, ou
all powers spring; Mars, the fiery, driving force; Venus,
binds together all worlds and creatures; Saturn, the l
matter; the Sun, the life in the universe; the Moon, the
phantasy; Mercury, wisdom, etc., so we here behold t
gods in less imposing form. For instance, Isis, the Egypt
of nature, is represented and caricatured as a holy vir
the Roman Hercules, Fabius, appears under the mask of
Buddha in the garb of St. Joseph; Pluto in the form of
Demeter as St. Agatha; Jupiter Pluvius as St. Florian;
names of the gods of the Hindoos, Egyptians, Greeks an
as also those of the ancient Germans, were symbols of
as chemistry to-day has its symbols for the designation o
oxygen, etc. Clerical blindness has made persons of the

He who recognizes and worships the spirit is the true
he who sees the form alone and worships that is an idolate
despises the form because he does not recognize the sp
therein is unwise; for to grasp the spirit without the form

So, too, in the Church itself it is not easy to distingui
ruling therein from the form, and only too often t
spiritless and empty. As in men, so also in the orga
Church, dwell together a higher and a lower self; God
wisdom and clericalism; and one may not confuse the o
other. They can never unite, as truth can never unite i
lie. They stand over against each other in hostilit
and darkness; nevertheless the one to a certain exte
the other; for the life of the spirit lends its wort
reflection of its glory to the external life, while the spi
through the form, force, substance and proportion. F

comes growth; from the spirit, light. Ecclesiasticism, with its priesthood, its lust of power and wealth, forms the animal soul of the organism of the Church; the knowledge of truth in it is the holy spirit, which is related to the unholy spirit of intolerance, as light to the shadow.

Matter is the condensation of spirit; spirit is freedom, matter limitation. The more spirit condenses, so much the less is it recognized as spirit; the more limitation makes its appearance, the more freedom is lost. But without the knowledge of limitation there would be no knowledge of freedom; without knowledge of the shadow, no knowledge of light; without evil, no salvation. Accordingly the "animal" in the Church (of which St. John speaks in the Apocalypse), is a necessary evil, and the Church will only be perfect when this animal is vanquished, and the whole body of the Church penetrated and enlightened by the holy spirit. So long as God is kept locked in a box and clericalism reigns in his stead, God cannot rule the Church, and so long as God cannot rule, clericalism will rule. Should the latter be done away with before God has become the recognized ruler, there would be neither God nor clericalism at hand to preserve the form, and with the destruction of the form the spirit would disappear.

Therefore it is not best to remove the external evil, but to master it through the inwardly working powers. Not out of the avoidance of strife, but out of the strife itself, springs the victory of spirit over form.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

The Catholic confession of faith reads: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten son, our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, descended into hell, on the third day again rose from the dead, ascended into Heaven, and sits on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the

holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, forgiveness of sins, resurrection of the body and life everlasting."

To the human understanding, which always moves only in the region of probabilities, and cannot grasp the absolute truth, all seems nonsense so long as it does not recognize the hidden meaning; the heavenly spirit in man, on the other hand, recognizes the meaning and the truth, and the purpose of the confession of faith, to bring the truth contained therein nearer to the comprehension of earthly man. A confession of faith in the correct sense of the word is not a confession of something which one asserts that he knows, or which one imagines, but a confession of the belief; *i. e.*, the real knowledge of the eternal truth in us, even if it is not grasped intellectually. Should the average man confess only that which he actually believes (because he is sensible of it) he could at the best only say: "I believe that beside that which I can perceive with my senses, or represent inwardly to myself, something higher and ideal exists, of which, however, I can form no conception, because it has not yet realized itself in me."

If one would explain scientifically all the truths contained in the above cited confession of faith, several volumes would be required. The essence of occult science is laid down in it. If the man who could intellectually understand the hidden sense of these dogmas had the correct faith, and if this faith could make him happy, no one would have the expectancy of eternal happiness unless he had studied theology during many years, or even many incarnations. But it is less a question of an intellectual understanding than of the avoidance of a perverted external conception. If the spirit of man raises itself without hypercriticism and without inordinate desire for the satisfaction of his scientific curiosity, to the source of truth, the wisdom of truth becomes manifest in him of itself; but if, fast bound through superstition, he holds on to distorted views, he shuts himself out from the truth. The object of Theosophical teachers is accordingly not the gratification of scientific curiosity, but the removal of the error which stands in the way of the self-manifesta-

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tion of truth in the hearts of men, that is, of real knowledge.

It would lead us too far should we attempt in this place to explain the individual dogmas; to relate the story of creation and examine how the Godhead becomes "father" by becoming the "creator" and origin of all; who the "son" is, whom we only learn to know when we ourselves have become the "Virgin" and have received the holy spirit of truth in our hearts; how Pilate, who fails to recognize the truth which stands before him, but will first have proofs of its existence, reigns in us (as though the truth needed other proof than that it is what it is); how the hell of unwisdom lives in us, until the saving power of divine wisdom descends to us; how "Jesus," the light in us, ascended to heaven and sits on the "right hand" of God, *i. e.*, works as God's love, not as His "anger"; and how through him, *i. e.*, through the wisdom of truth, the good is separated from the bad. It would also be necessary to add what is to be understood under the term "holy spirit," *i. e.*, the manifestation of truth; that the inner, hidden Church is, in reality, a spiritual Church, which embraces all religions; that the "communion of saints" is the communion of all men who have found themselves at one in the wisdom of God, even if they are not personally known to one another; that sins can be really remitted if one desists from them; that the "flesh" which rises from the dead is the qualities of the mind (the Skandhas of the Buddhists), which again come together at each reincorporation, in order to create a new personal form; and that the "eternal life" does not relate to a never-ending duration of the "shadow," but to immortal consciousness in God. All this is explained in the words of wise men and mystics. Jacob Boehme* and others have written much truth thereon, but their books are little read, because the sense for the true, slumbers, in our present cycle, when most men are caught in the intoxication of the senses; and because it is easier to reject all, or to believe in fables and tales, than to search for the truth oneself.

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* The life and writings of Jacob Boehme, by Franz Hartmann—The Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York.

The mystics are by many considered enthusiasts and phantastists, but we must distinguish between mysticism and mystic dreaming, or phantasy, as between religion and priesthood. At the bottom of mystic dreaming, which lacks spiritual perception, lies superstition and fanaticism, perhaps also the eager pursuit of the mysterious; true mysticism, on the other hand, is nothing else than the ability to perceive religious truths through the power of faith itself awakened to consciousness in us. Out of this consciousness proceeds the knowledge of these religious things. It has nothing to do with imagining, fancying, supposing and proving. It is the realization of truths which are self-evident so soon as they are spiritually understood. It is the real spiritual insight itself, through which all secrets can become manifest.*

But to return to the religious symbols; we should guard ourselves with regard to the same, most energetically against the opinion that it is permitted to ascribe to these symbols a capricious interpretation. As with a painting, it is not our problem to imagine that it represents something other than that which it was intended to represent, but to recognize the latter; so may no other significance be attributed to religious symbols than that which they have in reality. The knowledge of the true significance of a religious symbol is not arrived at by speculation, but by experience. He who, for example, has found the "holy land" in his own heart will not go to Palestine in order to seek it; and he who, seduced by the serpent of desire, has himself grasped after the apple of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, needs no further historical proof that the story of Adam and Eve in Paradise has actually transpired.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

(*To be continued.*)

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*It is still the custom in India for the Brahmins to make the calendars. But the ancient Brahmins were Yogis, and perceived the constellations and the movements of the heavenly bodies by means of the real spiritual perception, and thereby proved that they were genuine "Brahmins"—*i. e.*, God-wise men. The modern Brahmins, like common mortals, must take refuge in astronomical reckonings, since to them the spiritual perception through the all-penetrating light of truth is lost.

CONFIDENCE.

How many self-styled "Worms of the Earth" know the first meaning of the mighty word "Faith"?

If they did would they crawl? Or abase themselves? Or fill their hearts with hideous Fear? Or entertain the ugly twins, Doubt and Suspicion?

Would they forget their kinship to the Supreme Perfection back to which they are tending? Would they so forswear the attitude of Man, and cringe where they should walk upright?

Oh, my dear, good, but erring Worms, can't you see that you are abusing your holy privileges? Who bade you crawl? Who persuaded you that you are vile? Who filled your soul with the stagnant waters of unbelief, and robbed you of your needed faith in yourselves?

You have uprooted the beautiful flower of Confidence which springs from the seed of Faith, and without which your life is doomed to dismal failure; for Confidence is the magic key that unlocks the door to all success, and without it the soul's endeavors are futile, indeed!

Have faith, be confident, and you shall move mountains. Trust your fellow-being—show him that you have confidence in him, and you will be doing real missionary work. And don't lose heart in the doing!

What if among the trusted ones are those who betray? Forget the betrayal—*forget yourself*—and go on forming the habit of confidence in your kind as perseveringly as you endeavor to form the habit of faith in yourself.

It is better to have had confidence in one's fellow-beings, even to have had it so abused that part of it has been lost, than to have never been the possessors of this beautiful emotion.

Our confidence in our kind paints us in our own colors. Are we suspicious, then in our own nature is something suggesting the possi-

bility of treachery in others; are we confiding, then does the world, with smiles, perhaps, at our gullibility, read the story of our fearless trust in those whom we take to be as honest as ourselves.

What disastrous wrecks have been brought about by the dashing to pieces of human endeavors wanting the pilot, Confidence, to steer them clear of all danger! What lost opportunities have laid waste the years that might have been prosperous if men had only had more confidence in one another! Why, the world is full of graveyards of buried hopes, all laid to rest by those who have tried to achieve success, yet who failed because of their half-hearted efforts to do that in which they put too little confidence. At the first appearance of danger to themselves or their cause, the small faith that had lighted the way for them so far, went out like a rush-light in a high wind, and they were left bemoaning their fate in the darkness of doubt.

Those who lack confidence ask favors in a manner that insures failure, being met in the spirit of mistrust and paid for their pains in the coin of incredulity. People of this sort make friends expecting to be deceived; and close bargains expecting to be cheated. Doubt is their familiar spirit, and despair their most frequent guest. Suspicion fills their days with dread, and distrust blights the loveliest blossoms of their lives. Misgivings haunt their waking hours, and an unbelief in noble impulses breeds unhappy dreams by night.

Confidence, the sweet and wholesome daughter of Faith, walks ever in the world's bright places. Hope is near; and Charity that thinketh no evil; and Love that casteth out all fear. Take her fair hand, and she will lead you into the heaven of unselfishness, and demonstrate to you your right to remain therein. She will enlarge your capacity to enjoy; she will broaden your spiritual vision; she will strengthen your zeal, and so add to each quota of human endeavor that the sum total will reach a mystic dimension almost divine!

Confidence is the strong armor of the self-reliant soul, the believer in lofty motives. It is the stimulus that aids the warrior to surmount obstacles before which his doubting brothers stand dismayed, and from which his enemies shrink appalled. With the

weapon of Confidence, the frank and fearless one achieves gigantic victories; tramples doubt underfoot; hurls the bomb of sincerity into the enemy's camp; storms every redoubt with his vigorous honesty of purpose; disarms his foe by his candor; and walks unmolested into the strongholds of the world, clothed in the shining scales of that justice obtained from his own pure faith in humanity.

Confidence laughs at opposition, and before its cheery and determined onslaught formidable barriers prove but ropes of sand. Threats are put to flight, and the poisoned dirk sneaks back into its sheath.

Upon the rock of Confidence the sea of slander lashes its furious waves in vain; upon the rock of Confidence men build homes, and all such homes are consecrated altars fed by the holy fires of truth. Confidence is the strength of the weak, the God-given hope of the oppressed, the spiritual stay of the afflicted.

It takes Confidence to plant the seed, to till the soil, to prepare for the harvest; to start ships upon unknown seas; to open paths through unknown lands; to brave dangers, and to face death. Hand in hand with Confidence a man may talk with the sage, walk with the king, hold his head high among the loftiest, and command recognition from the world. She will not allow him to cringe nor to fawn; nor will she countenance cowardice. Rather will she bid him set his standards high, and toil to help him keep them there, even though she brook with him dire disappointment, and his hand, at times, seems about to slip from her clasp.

But if, through all worldly discouragement, he does not lose his grasp upon her clean, strong hand, Confidence will lead him steadily on to success; will frown down for him all failure; will smooth from his path the boulders of circumstance, and, at his mortal nightfall, fetch him sweet dreams of a glorious to-morrow.

Every rung in the ladder of fame; every stone in the temple of the soul; every gem in the crown of character is cut and fashioned and set in place by Confidence.

MRS. SIXTY.

THE PSYCHIC ATMOSPHERE OF HOMES.

The man without an ear for music may spend thousands of dollars in studying harmony and still be unable to master the crude complexities of "Yankee Doodle," as the man without an ear for the delicate distinctions of diction, may spend a decade thumbing the pages of text-books on rhetoric and still be unable to write a sentence of any length which will not reveal that lack of style which, as much as its presence, is *l'homme même*. In like manner, a woman deficient in taste and feeling, though she have a million at her disposal, can never impart to a house, or a room of it, that indefinable air of refinement, warmth and hospitality which changes a house to a home, a feat which another woman may achieve with a comparatively modest expenditure.

So subtly, and withal so accurately, does one translate her very mind and soul in the choice of the colors and furnishing of her house, that a guest, who is a good student of psychological atmospheres, from a single glance may make a very correct inventory of the mental and moral stock of his hostess before he has ever met her. In the country and smaller cities, where houses may have an external as well as internal individuality, the student may get voluminous innings before he has even crossed the threshold. The front yard, which is like a preface to a book, and the façade of the house, which resembles its first chapter, give fairly trustworthy evidence concerning its occupants, if they are occupants by unrestricted choice and not by compulsion. The choice and arrangement of trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers of a front yard tell their tale to every passer-by. If the presiding spirit is of an elbowy, angular type, the softening devices of nature herself will hardly conceal the fact. In the yards of such a house the willow, elm and graceful vine draperies are seldom seen, and the plants and flowers, if there are any, are of the

stiff families like rubber plants and other cacti. In harmony with this floral selection are the exterior outlines of the house, which are stiff and ungainly, suggesting an 18th-century maiden aunt in her best black silk. In painful conformity, too, is the color of such a house, which ignores nature's color hints in wood, moss and stone, and accentuates its stiffness and angularity by a chromatic profanity of light and irrelevant shades.

It would perhaps be an impossible and useless task to enumerate to the mistress of a stiff house the causes that rob her establishment of the mellow, artistic and hospitable air which pervades the home of her neighbor. But one may safely affirm that whatever is, or is not, in the character of a woman is gradually and inevitably infused into the atmosphere of her house—or home if she is happily the right kind of woman. So the analysis of home atmospheres, though it may begin with the consideration of colors and shapes, leads back to an investigation of the minds and hearts of the home builders. If a woman is not hospitable or generous by nature, that fact will proclaim itself from the very temperature of her house and from the color of her walls, pictures and rugs. She may have elaborately tiled fireplaces (most of them unsmoked, perhaps) all over her house—the writer knows such a home—but only on the Greek Kalends may one expect to see a cheerful blaze in any of them. Instead, a frugal, gingerly warmth, ranging from 68 to 51 Fahrenheit comes from dumb, mute, expressionless gilded radiators that know nothing of the poetry, inspiration and hospitality of the red, crackling blaze of a fireplace. The temperature of a house is one of the most potent factors of its psychical atmosphere. One cannot look for great cardiac radiation and good cheer in a house whose temperature rarely gets above 64 and frequently drops to 58. Neither can one expect to find any color warmth in such a house; ice-green and grey-blue shades will predominate, or frigid white and gold furnishings, that call up shiversome memories of winds "that blow by the cold gravestones." Even the chairs of the chilly house have an angular, crabbed air, as if they were saying, "Oh, yes; you may sit on me;

but do be careful not to lean too hard on my brocade back." In some houses there is a bleak, office-like severity about the rooms that reminds one that the mistress has a purely businesslike type of mind, which finds pleasure in keeping a rigorously itemized cash account—from which she frequently reads extracts to her guests—of all her expenditures.

In refreshing contrast to the air of the chilly home is the home where the mistress is hospitable, generous and refined. There chances to flit before the writer a vision of a home of this kind situated in the region of Washington Square. A genial warmth, in which there is a fine fragrance of library leathers, greets the visitor as he crosses the threshold, and a cheerful glow from burning oak-logs lights up the warm-hued walls and dainty furnishings. Nowhere can one detect a harsh or cold effect in pictures, rugs or any of the furnishings of the rooms, which faithfully reflect the gentle spirit of the woman who presides over them. In this particular home the library has overflowed its boundaries, as every good library should, and is making picturesque little literary rivulets into all the other rooms. As a rule, a house that has all its books in a single room is likely to be stiff and conventional, and one may be pretty certain of finding the covers of such books painfully fresh.

The study of the boarding-house parlor, in its various conditions, furnishes an interesting field for the study of psychic atmospheres. If one begins with the study of a cheap boarding-house "parlor" whose tawdry, bedizened walls are matched by stuffy plush furniture of glaring tone and an atmosphere painfully redolent with odors rising from dark culinary deeps, does he need, as a rule, to see the landlady to know precisely her grade or that of the majority of her boarders? Or what fuller table of contents of the mind and manners of the presiding genius does one need than is given in the fearfully overgilded and besatined parlor of the more expensive boarding-house? But there is another kind of boarding-house, not necessarily the most luxuriously furnished by any means, that from the quiet harmony of the tone and color of its furnishings proclaims its mistress

a woman of taste and refinement, as it is possible for her to be and still keep a boarding-house.

A tour through the offices of the various publishing houses and libraries of the city might give one profitable suggestions concerning that elusive but none the less palpable thing, a psychic atmosphere; but the finest atmosphere must be sought in the finest homes. A skilful atmospheric analysis of the various libraries that lie between Cooper Union and the Lenox might reveal more important facts than many statistical reports of the librarians. In Cooper Library, even a blind man—by the use of his olfactory organs—could tell you to what class of people that institution is a helping hand. And by the same organ (as it is developed in the bibliophile), or by the ear that notes the rarely broken stillness, the uses and users of the Lenox, Mercantile, Society and Astor are as openly declared, though one enter them blindfolded. Again, compare the atmospheres of the Mechanics' Library and that of the Y. W. C. A. and one is impressed anew with the difference that a difference can make. The former, partly from improper ventilation and partly for the same reasons that make the atmosphere so obvious at Cooper Library, distinctly proclaims in one breath, if it is taken through the nostrils, the grade of the larger class of its patronage. Not less clear is the revelation that is given by a glance in the library of the Y. W. C. A. Orderliness, cleanliness, cosiness and refinement are exhaled from every nook and alcove of this library and its reading-room. Much of this effect is undoubtedly due to the presence of the charming young women who are the gracious and graceful lawgivers of the place. Warmth and good ventilation have also their share of influence in producing the wholesome, genial effect of this library.

The most impressive illustration, however, of the psychic power of atmosphere is undoubtedly found in the world's great cathedrals and churches. When one has felt the strong and subtle suggestions that may be carved and colored into stone, wood and glass—suggestions that expand and uplift the soul—he will be ready to admit that the psychic atmosphere of the home, also, may be made

one of the strongest influences in helping or hindering the development of all those who dwell in it.

The bleak barrenness of the homes and churches in which our forefathers worshiped reflected the bleakness of their lives and doctrines, and by the law of interaction our forefathers reflected the bleakness and barrenness of their homes and churches. The same interaction between man and his psychic environment is continually taking place in the homes and churches of to-day. This interaction is naturally more marked between sensitive people and their surroundings than in cases where there is little more appreciation of one's *entourment* than a horse gives his stable. But there are men and women, and even children, who are so susceptible to atmospheric effect that one dissonant rug or picture in a room will give them a sense of discomfort as acute as that felt by a musician who listens to a discordant strain. Here the Christian Scientist and all those of her religious foliage will remind us that we should not allow ourselves to be disturbed by such little things. To which one may answer that one should bear the painful picture or rug with precisely the same spirit with which a musician listens to a discord, *i. e.*, ignoring it as much as possible, but remembering always—lest his ear become corrupted—that it is a discord.

It is by no means uncommon to speak of the atmosphere, good or bad, of a picture, and the expression is fitly used; but a picture is not the only thing that has atmosphere. Everything that may be seen, touched, smelled or tasted has an atmosphere of its own, which it contributes to the sum total of atmospheric effect of the room in which it is. The flickering, fancy-stirring light of the fireplace, the soft tigerskin before it, the dozing house cat upon it, an ancient piece of bronze or tapestry mysteriously wise with palace lore of centuries ago, a musically voiced clock, a table strewn with books and magazines, an old ink horn, a quaint paper-cutter or penholder —each of these has an atmosphere of its own as distinct and communicable as that occult something known as personality which emanates from human beings. Between the atmospheres of a yellow

paper bound volume, bearing some such title as "For True Love's Sake," and Milton in russet leather one is aware of the same difference that is felt in the personalities of Maggie O'Flarrity, chambermaid, and My Lord Bishop of Sandown. The personalities of books—which are in reality disembodied spirits of the dead and living clad in typographical vestments—and their individual effect on the home atmosphere is a subject well worth the investigation of the curious. For every picture or book which is brought into a room as unavoidably adds to or detracts from its atmosphere as does the entrance or exit of a guest or member of the family.

And here, naturally, rise several queries, namely, how much atmosphere can a room hold? Cannot an atmosphere be too complex and is the effect of emptiness in a room not preferable to brimfulness or overflowingness? The physical atmosphere of a room, as every one knows, is quickly exhausted when there is a large number of people in it, and even the most improved methods of ventilation sometimes fail to prevent an unpleasant effect of closeness. Similarly, the psychic atmosphere of a room—as "everybody" doesn't seem to know—may become, and frequently is, close and oppressive from the exhalations of the too many things—pictures, bric-à-brac and furnishings in it. A certain amount of skilfully selected bare wall and floor —which corresponds to a ventilator, or the restful margins of a book—must be allowed in every room or the effect is nearly as oppressive as the closeness which comes from the exhaustion of oxygen in the physical atmosphere.

Just where the psychic ventilators—blank spaces—in a room should be is a matter requiring much nicety of taste and feeling, and the woman who can wisely discriminate in the furnishings of her rooms between "the little more and the little less," that are such "worlds away," is as rare as the author who knows how to capture that rhetorical *will-o'-the-wisp* which is known as the "inevitable phrase." Precisely such a genius has been recently revealed in the author of "The Greater Inclination," whose every sentence and word give the reader a feeling that the author invariably succeeded in find-

ing the *juste milieu* between the little more and the little less, both in her fancies and their framing, a conclusion that warrants the further conjecture that the psychic ventilation and color tone of a room whose furnishings were chosen by the author of "The Greater Inclination" would be as near perfect as one might hope for in our present stage of psychological evolution. While education may do much for a woman in tutoring her home-making instincts, there is a good deal that is born and not made about the genius which can make a bare house grow to the "conscious beauty" of a home.

The average woman dresses her house as she dresses herself or her thoughts, choosing a good share of the furnishings because she has seen something of the kind in Mrs. Uptodate's house, or because she has heard that some particular kind of decoration is "the thing." The result of such an abject copying system is paralleled by the woman who robes herself in a gown whose design is taken from Breaderick's Popular Fashion Monthly.

Emerson declares that all imitation—which is but one form of dishonesty—is suicidal, and his maxim holds good as a principle for home-makers as well as book-makers. Order, cleanliness, originality, harmony of color tone, repose, sincerity and hospitality are all felt in the psychic atmosphere of the best kind of home, and each one of these effects is produced by an indefinite number of influences. Cleanliness cannot be felt where there are carpets or a multitude of wall and window draperies. Hospitality and cheerfulness can only be present when they are in the hearts of those who preside over the home, and even when there is good cheer in the hearts, it radiates less readily in a room that does not allow the entrance of hope-infecting sunshine. Repose is produced by a certain height and width of walls and floors, as well as by quietness of color tone. An opposite effect is produced in a room where everything on the walls seems to be ready to fly at you, as some one has forcibly put it.

Lastly, sincerity is never felt in a room whose decorations have been servilely copied from another house.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

THE SOURCE.

He driveth a well in the desert,
  In lowlands, all barren and dry,
Where never a flower uplifteth
  Its head to the radiant sky;
Where never a raindrop doth moisten
  The sandy, impoverished soil,—
And the scoffers laugh loud at the Driver,
  And jeer at his profitless toil.

But, lo, when the deep well is driven,
  And task of the Driver complete,
There springeth from out of the desert
  A fountain, abundant and sweet!
And the scoffers look on, in their wonder,
  At that which the Driver hath done,
At the crystal-clear, beautiful waters
  Which leap to the light of the sun!

They marvel aloud at the fountain
  That gusheth from caverns below.
"What hidden force is it," they question,
  "That causeth the water to flow?
Whence cometh this flood's bright abundance,
  In this thirsty land without rain,
Where never a green thing uplifteth
  Its head on this desolate plain?"

"Far away, far away," saith the Driver,
  "Beyond these unpitying skies,

Beyond the far distant horizon,
  The snow-covered mountains arise;
And up on their pure, higher levels,
  The crystal-clear floods have their birth,
And sink to their hidden recesses
  In underground caverns of earth.

"Forced on by the Law of Progression
  They start out at once on their way,
Through deep subterranean courses
  Far under the soil and the clay.
And he who possesseth this knowledge,
  And who doth the Law understand,
Where he listeth may dig for the fountain
  In even this desolate land.

"He knoweth that each sandy wady
  But hideth a deep watercourse,
And that it must find its true level
  Which cometh from some Higher Source!"
So, smiling, the Driver departeth
  By way of the desolate path;
And leaveth them there to discover
  What lesson the miracle hath!

EVA BEST.

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

GEORG BRANDES.*

Instead of reading short reviews of new Scandinavian books, of which there are plenty, I have decided to use the time allotted to me in speaking a little more in detail of one Scandinavian author who has gained a universal reputation and who has had the greatest influence on the modern Scandinavian literature, namely, Georg Brandes.

Of the first part of his life there is not much to say. Born of Jewish parents in Copenhagen, 1842, he grew up as a remarkably gifted lad, and was well received in the best and most intellectual families of the *bourgeoisie* in Copenhagen. Anti-Semitism was at that time something unknown in Copenhagen.

Brandes made his literary début with "Critiques and Portraits," 1870, and his doctor dissertation about Taine in the same year, but his great influence on young Denmark dates first from his return from his visit to foreign countries in 1871. At that time he began his lectures at the University of Copenhagen, and they were soon attended by such great crowds that he had to move from the smaller to the largest lecture-room, and the students were almost fighting for seats or even admission to the room. For the subject of these

* A paper read before the New York Public Library Staff by AXEL MOTH

lectures I refer to the first four volumes of his famous work, "The Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," published 1872-1874: Vol. 1, entitled "The Literature of Emigration;" Vol. 2, "The Romantic School in Germany;" Vol. 3, "The Reaction in France;" Vol. 4, "The Naturalism in England." His idea with this work was by the study of certain groups and currents in the European literature to explain the rudiments of the psychology of the nineteenth century.

In dealing with these subjects, especially in Vol. 2, he takes aim at the Danish literature, and as he says himself twelve years later, when he published a second revised edition of this work, it was entirely polemical in its character. He attacked the dead German romanticists in order to strike, through them, the living Danish romanticists. In spite of the universal scope of the work it was thoroughly Danish and was calculated for Danish conditions. The effect of these lectures was immense. Brandes came like a whirlwind, sweeping away many ideals to which the public had been clinging, and he threw several of the heroes in the literature from the throne which they had occupied during many years. But as Brandes says, where one generation thought to see a lion's mane, the next sees, too often, only a wig, and it helps nothing that you can hear the roaring under the wig. Still, it must not be inferred from this that the Danish romanticists of the first quarter of this century were insignificant—quite the contrary—it cannot be denied that this was the most brilliant period in the history of the Scandinavian literature, and even Brandes, who does not like the romantic school, which, perhaps, is too foreign to his natural disposition to be appreciated by him, admits that the Danish romanticists of this period are absolutely superior in form, though perhaps lacking the intellectual range of their German contemporaries.

Brandes admits in his lectures that Denmark had kept pace with the rest of the world in science and philosophy, but in literature the country had fallen behind. Revolutionary spirit as he was, he did not spare anything, and attacked good and evil with the same force

and fanaticism, hoping out of the ashes of the old to create a new "realistic" literature. What he valued in literature was especially the intellectual tendency. Atheist himself, he made the fiercest attacks on Christianity and the church, against which he nourished a glowing hatred; in several other respects his views were equally radical.

How was he now received in Denmark? Never had a period been more mature for something new. From 1848 to 1864 the internal development of the country had offered a very gratifying spectacle. We find the people, boldly self-reliant, engaged in cultivating fine arts and literature and full of dreams of happiness and strength.

The leading man of this period in the North was N. F. S. Grundtvig, a clergyman and poet of great intellectual power and originality, a religious genius, who had gathered a great number of followers and become the founder of the movement named after him. "Grundtvigianism" was partly of a religious and partly of a social character. On the *religious* side his efforts were especially directed against rationalism, then predominant in the state church, and for more evangelical views. The *social* side of Grundtvig's programme, namely, his ideas of the education of the people, has perhaps been of greatest and most lasting influence. It is to Grundtvig that Denmark owes the introduction of the so-called "high schools for the people," or rather popular universities, which have had a great moral influence on the life of the peasants and rendered the greatest service toward the enlightenment of the people. These high schools, where young peasants, men and women, could study during the winter, returning to their plow and work in the spring, were at that time quite unknown in Europe, but have subsequently been adopted by some other countries. In Grundtvig's educational plan special emphasis was placed on the study of the history of the fatherland and the old sagas and legends, which contain depths of wisdom. These educational ideas, in themselves sound and of wholesome effect, were nevertheless carried to extremes

by Grundtvig's followers, who in their anxiety to strengthen the national spirit created an overestimation, perhaps only a little short of arrogance, and which had very sad consequences. In the *literature* they fostered the belief that the Scandinavian countries, having their own mission, could develop without support from the outside world. The political results were still graver, as Grundtvig's followers, who formed an important part of the national-liberal party, considered it unnecessary to do anything for the defence of the country, secure in the belief of divine assistance in the hour of need.

But the unhappy war of 1864 did not only deprive the country of a great part of its territory, but killed, at the same time, all hope of a Scandinavian union and resulted in a spiritual as well as a material downfall. In short, the time of beautiful dreams was over, and the people had to face the naked reality. Into this atmosphere Brandes entered and dealt crushing blows at the literary heroes of the nation, and showed that only by keeping abreast with the rest of the world can a nation keep its influential position. As already said, his lectures attracted crowds, and soon a new young literary realistic school grew up influenced by him. It is true it was first received with coolness by some and scathing criticism by others, and not altogether undeserved. Out of this school, however, has come men like Drachmann, the greatest lyric poet of the North; I. P. Jacobsen, Schandorph, Gjellerup and, in Norway and Sweden, Kjelland and Strindberg. Ibsen and Björnson have also been greatly influenced by Brandes. But a man like Brandes would, of course, meet with great resistance, and before long he would feel it. His fanatic attacks on the church and the social order of things soon made the church and the conservative part of the country stand against him as a man dangerous to society and as a corrupter of youth, and by his own fanaticism he laid himself open to many attacks. The professor chair in æsthetics at the University had not been occupied since the death of the poet, Hauch, and Brandes considered himself the most fit for this position, but the government thought that the state could

not give this place to a man who preached against the very institutions which were upheld by the state. This would seem to be perfectly logical and correct if the government only had left the chair unoccupied as formerly, but in 1887 or thereabouts, a man who was intellectually far inferior to Brandes was appointed professor of æsthetics. Irritated by slights of this kind and the many attacks of which he was the object, Brandes decided to leave Denmark and moved to Berlin, where he lived from 1877–83. In this period he wrote the fifth volume of the "Main Currents of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," dealing with the romantic school of France, especially Hugo, Musset, George Sand and Balzac. In this and the following sixth volume of his great work, Brandes is less polemical and one does not trace so much the tendency to criticize Danish literature. He uses to a greater extent than before the psychological-critical method, which, influenced by Taine, he has introduced in the literature of the North. He studies first the historical personages and then shows how their works are a result of their lives.

In Berlin, Brandes was kindly received and found many admirers, not because the inhabitants of the German capital in reality were more liberal than those of Copenhagen—I think quite the contrary is the case—but naturally his attacks on Danish institutions did not hurt the German feelings in the least. The old Empress Augusta received him in her literary circles, and Brandes has himself described with much humor his introduction at the court, where the Empress gave the Danish ambassador, an old aristocrat, the pleasant task of introducing his celebrated countryman, Dr. Georg Brandes, to the great discomfiture of this old gentleman. But in spite of Brandes's severe criticism of his own country, he was more of a patriot than he perhaps thought himself, and he grew homesick. In 1883 he returned to Copenhagen, where admirers secured him a yearly income by a private professorship, and he began again to lecture at the University. While in Berlin Brandes had written "Tegnèr" (1875), "Benjamin Disraeli" (1881) and "Ferdinand Lassalle" (1881). Perhaps the last of these works is the most interesting, as

Brandes, owing to a similarity in character, better than anybody else has the qualifications necessary for the understanding of this intellectual aristocrat and social democrat.

In the years after his return to Copenhagen, Brandes wrote "Men and Works in the Modern European Literature," with criticisms of a very heterogeneous number of authors from Goethe to Sudermann and Hauptmann, and of Scandinavian authors, Holberg, Öhlenschläger, Kjelland, I. P. Jacobsen, Elster and Strindberg. In 1884 his "Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century" appeared; it was published in German under the title "Moderne Geister." In the preface he says that he owes a heavy debt to the poetry, philosophy and systematic æsthetics of Germany, and offers this book as a small payment of his debt. Also, here, the persons described are of a very heterogeneous nature, but common to all of them is, he says, the circumstance that they are modern authors—that is to say, represent the modern style of mind. The authors discussed are Paul Heyse, Hans Christian Andersen, John Stuart Mill, Renan, Tegnèr, Flaubert, Paludan-Müller, Björnson and Ibsen. Of these, two are Danish authors, Andersen and Paludan-Müller, both of whom Brandes had known himself and whom he understood and valued thoroughly. He had already written in 1867 an essay on Henrik Ibsen, and the honor is due to Brandes of having seen the greatness of this author at a time when hardly any one else did so, and of having called the world's attention to him.

After this time, follows work by work, as "Impressions of Poland," in which country Brandes had a great circle of friends; a little later comes "Impressions of Russia," and in the nineties his important work on Shakespeare, in two volumes.

In 1898, on Ibsen's seventieth anniversary, Brandes published a very interesting work about this author, giving the impressions of him from three periods of his life—1867, 1882 and 1898. For the understanding of this author nobody has done as much as Brandes, and his works have given the greatest assistance to the students of Ibsen.

Brandes has several times in his literary production been accused of plagiarism by his countrymen and by foreigners. Many strong arguments have been brought forward to prove these accusations, but, in spite of that, I think they are unjust. The last time this accusation was brought up was in 1895, when he published a book on the Old Testament. This work clearly shows that he has been strongly influenced by Renan's work on the same subject, and, more than that, it must be admitted that he quotes Renan in several places without mentioning his source. In one case it is very amusing. Renan makes a mistake in quoting from the Bible the enumeration of Job's misfortunes, and Brandes makes exactly the same mistake, which clearly shows that he has used Renan's work without taking the trouble to give the correct text. This instance placed strong weapons in the hands of his adversaries, and, merciless as he had been himself, he was mercilessly attacked. Still, this example and some others of a similar nature only demonstrated that he is careless in using other authors' words without remembering to mention his source. He is surely not conscious of it himself, and even his enemies must admit that his works are so full of original thoughts that he does not need to take refuge in those of other writers. Though Brandes is not very considerate in his criticism of other authors, he is very sensitive himself to all criticisms, and is rather fond of considering himself a martyr as soon as he is attacked. With this sensitive disposition he has suffered much, especially in his first literary period, where he stood entirely alone, and a letter he at that time wrote to Ibsen complaining of his isolated position is pitiful. Ibsen answers with words characteristic of this great pessimist: "You say you have no friends at home. So I have long thought. Any one who, like yourself, stands in close relation to his life work cannot reasonably expect to retain friends. Friends are an expensive luxury, and he who invests his capital in a calling and a mission in this life has no means left wherewith to maintain friends."

At present Brandes is still the apostle of radicalism, but his character has softened with time; and, through appreciation he slowly,

but surely, has gained honor from all parties, even from those who are diametrically opposed to his opinions.

It is true that he has been unjust and disrespectful, and his contempt for everything sacred has done much harm, but it has been more than compensated for by the circumstance that he has brought new life into the Scandinavian literature. I cannot finish in a better way than by quoting the young Danish critic Valdemar Vedel's words about him: "When Brandes saw that Denmark was on the point of being effaced from the consciousness of Europe he collected all kinds of germs and seeds in order to plant them in his home, and thus enrich the earth of the fatherland."

AXEL MOTH.

I will not dispute that in these words, "Do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with thy God," is conveyed this true ideal of religious discipline and attainment. It may be that Christianity itself is in some sort a scaffolding, and that the final building is a pure and perfect theism.—*W. E. Gladstone to T. H. Huxley.*

The great thinker is the secretary of his age. If his quick-glancing mind outrun the swiftest of his contemporaries he will not be listened to; the prophet must find disciples. If he outrun the majority of his contemporaries, he will have but a small circle of influence, for all originality is estrangement.—*G. H. Lewes.*

The true religious philosophy of an imperfect being is not a system or creed, but, as Sokrates taught, it is an approximation: "No person can be thoroughly understood by another except through the medium of sympathy."—*John Stuart Blackie.*

The ground and substance of the soul will God possess alone, and will not that any creature should enter therein. In this chamber of the heart God works through means in the one class of men and without means in the other and more blessed sort. But what He works in the souls of these last with whom He holds direct converse none can say, nor can any one man give an account of it to another; but he only who has felt it knows what it is, and even he can tell nothing of it, save that God in very truth hath possessed the ground of his soul. —*Tauler.*

TOLSTOI'S "RESURRECTION."

The newspapers and critics again have something to get excited about. Some of these pharisees are crossing themselves and thanking the Lord that they are not like this Tolstoi. Some other hypocrites are playing the part of St. Michael, and vainly try to kill the monster of immorality which is raising its hydra heads in Tolstoi's latest production. These pharisees and hypocrites are found in the main in the church camps, and the religious press is their organ. They characterize themselves as angels of light, and look upon the Daily Press as the servant of the powers of darkness. Be the daily newspapers a messenger of evil or not, true it is, that it, taken as a whole, has lauded Tolstoi's latest book as literature of the highest order, and is most emphatic in declaring it "most moral." Of course, the standard of morals of this press is peculiar; it might even be questioned if it is moral at all. To me it seems certain that it is as untrue to our highest ideals as the hypocritical press spoken of above is to religious ideals.

The story of "Resurrection," Tolstoi's latest book, turns around the love—if love it be—of two degraded Russians. He is a degenerate and she is an outcast and owes the start of her degradation to him. After he has exhausted all the pleasures of the senses and reached the stage of a worthless profligate, he is presented as regenerated through his love, and becomes a sort of social hero after the pattern of *Faust* in the second part of Goethe's drama. All this contains so many psychological difficulties that we might well say at once that such transformations as that of this Russian prince are not deep enough to be of any moral value, if they are at all possible. The picture of Katusha Maslava, the abandoned woman-heroine of the story, is truer to nature than the picture of Nakhludoff is to spirit. Consistently with the evil that tortures her, she spurns the pretended love of the man who led her into her long career of infamy, and becomes the poisoner of another wealthy paramour. She is exiled to Siberia, and there she engages herself to a fellow-prisoner to escape, or, rather, to spite the importunities of the first rascal, the prince and her seducer.

This is the story, and around it and through it run minor plots and incidents, all, however, moving in the same low sphere, all shunning the light and being, almost all, forms of darkness and despair.

The whole story is Zola's naturalism over again; descriptions of social misery that belong to criminal reports and charity statistics, but not to *belles lettres*. At least, we used not to think that these things of so low an aim should be made the main part of a novel. It used to be the idea that the novel was a short story of entertainment, more or less romantic, but never with a purpose. The moment "a purpose" was introduced the novel was no more a novel; it had lost its place in what was literature. But the modern novel is different. It is full of purposes, written for a purpose, read for a purpose and sold for a purpose. It is a commercial object. Commerce counts both virtue and crime as assets, and declares that it has nothing to do with morals, being *un*-moral, viz., not immoral, but something that is its own aim and end, spurning all comparisons. In the past we have had "novels of personality," novels which delineated "the great and good man" or woman, not written with a purpose, but nevertheless serving a great purpose. We have also had the "historical novel," a most delightful popularization of chronological facts and psychological mysteries, and near to it has come the "novel of romance," of all forms perhaps the widest in scope and the one best suited to lift and refresh. It holds its own to-day, and is slowly but surely driving the realistic and naturalistic novel into the rubbish heap, where it will find its most suitable company in empty tin cans, broken crockery and dirt of all kinds

Tolstoi's story is a novel with a purpose, or, I might say, with various purposes. One is, to arraign the Russian Church, and, through it, all churches. Tolstoi reveres Christ, but he hates Christianity, and in this book he is terribly severe against "the blasphemous incantation over bread and wine," against all masters and prayers in temples. Another purpose of the book is to ridicule all extant institutions for the reform or punishment of criminals. Tolstoi teaches that we are all sinners before God, hence have no right or power to sit in judgment over our brethren. Vice cannot correct vice; hence the utter failure of our so-called reform and prison systems. Magistrates, judges and jailers are increasing crimes and depravity, not lifting the so-called lower classes into life and love. Such purposes are good enough, and we thank Tolstoi for his courage and ardency; but we lament his mode of presentation, because it is that of sickening and discouraging naturalism, and not art. It is on account of this fault that the book soon will find its way to the ash-barrel.

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A certain hypocritical press makes the most of this art failure of Tolstoi's and condemns him and his book. This press, however condemns itself by touching the book at all if it is as vile as represented. It ought to follow the Lord's direction and let "the dead bury their dead." There is, however, one point about this book which it ought to have dwelt upon but which seems to have been entirely overlooked. There is, for instance, in the book an illustration from a drawing by Pasternak which shows Maslava before the bar of justice. She is presented in a very comely dress and with a girlish, sweet and innocent face. Back of her stand two Russian guardsmen as police, and on each side she has for companions a man and a woman of most degraded type. Such a picture is an apotheosis of crime and most pernicious in its effects. It is to be condemned because it paints a halo around vice. But the religious press has not seen the point.

Several of our most influencial daily newspapers have called the book "great," "strong," "moral," etc., but the reviewers have not for a moment seen the utter confusion of moral and immoral ideas that run through the book. Maslava is cynic, indifferent; she takes pride in her lack of shame, and voluntarily throws herself into an irredeemable mistake at a moment when it seemed possible that she could have been brought upon a way on which she might have reached salvation. Is this "great" or "moral"? If so, then our ideas must be remolded.

Tolstoi commits a psychological and ethical blunder when he makes Nakhludoff purpose to bring the girl back to womanhood. Wretch that he is, where is his power to come from? Aside from mere sentiment, Tolstoi has not shown him in possession of any buoyant powers. How can he float upon the waves of an unstable sea of sin and passion and carry her besides? Tolstoi commits another serious blunder: He presents the prince as returning from Siberia to St. Petersburg to preach against and denounce property holding. Of course Tolstoi's purpose is evident enough. He uses him as an exponent of his socialistic ideas. That might be correct enough, but we are led to suppose that such preaching and work on the objective plane of life create a radical change, subjectively. Tolstoi means to convey the idea that in working for the betterment of society and for the destruction of selfishness in others one may himself attain "a change of heart," but that is a false idea. "Thou canst not wash out the darkness of the night;" the night must transform itself into day if

day is to come. No uniform nor cassock regenerates the man. Life is from within; it is its own cause and effect.

Tolstoi has fallen into all these errors because he wallows in the naturalistic mire. Mud itself is as much true nature as anything else in the universe, but the rising life is not looking down or behind; it looks forward to Light. We revere the lily that grows out of the mud, but not the mud itself. The key to all rising life is transformation. Tolstoi's "Resurrection" is false in name, in plan and execution. C. H. A. B.

THE SOUL OF JAPAN.

Only the superficial and shallow mind calls the Middle Ages *dark*. True, the common man did not enter deeply into the metaphysics of the schools nor did he know what we call science; much of his art was an enigma to him and Nature was largely a mystery. In these respects his mind was dark and his mental freedom exceedingly limited. He even allowed a bigoted and ignorant church-craft to dictate to him what he should believe and do, and thus he seemed voluntarily to resign the most essential prerogatives of freedom. All this is true, but it must be said in his excuse, that in the main he was concerned with other and different problems. The real problem of the Middle Ages was one of a social and moral character. The first form we know in one of its most characteristic features as Chivalry and Feudalism, and the other is very closely interwoven with it and is best studied under the form of the new relationship of man and woman, especially as that was understood as one of love and gallantry. These two problems were the ones with which human society concerned itself. Another world, abstract, impracticable and useless moved in monasteries and in secret. It was dead and of Death and is forgotten.

According to an historic law a period which we may everywhere call the Middle Ages appears in the history of all peoples which have developed a civilization. Even Japan has such a chapter in its history. Mr. Inatzo Nitobé, a Japanese A.M. and Ph.D., has just introduced us to it in a book of uncommon interest entitled, *Bushido, the Soul of Japan: An Exposition of Japanese Thought.**

* Bushido, the Soul of Japan: an exposition of Japanese Thought. By Inatzo Nitobé, A.M., Ph.D. The Leeds & Biddle Co., Printers and Publishers, 1019-1021 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa. 1900.

The author quotes as a motto Schlegel's famous dictum: "Chivalry is itself the poetry of life," and well he may do so, for that sentence is the real key to his book. Bushido means chivalry in Japanese, and the author means to tell us that Bushido was the Soul of that Japan which is now, for "better and for worse," a member in the concert of nations, and which is no more baronial and feudal. Bushido translated into something that looks like philosophy would be "the law of ethics," "a manual of conduct for gentlemen and gentle ladies," etc.; but how ever we translate it we must never forget to give the dry words "ethics" and "morals" a halo of poetry and romance, because the word represents all there was of social romance in old Japanese life. A glance at the contents of Bushido at once introduces us to well-known figures of the Middle Ages: Courage, Politeness, Veracity, Honor, Loyalty, Woman, etc., and a little reflection reveals to us the total absence of certain Mediæval nastiness, love-courts, etc. It is true of Bushido that it will never vanish any more than chivalry will disappear. Both are rooted in human nature. The Mediæval Knight may degenerate to a Don Quixote and thus come to an end, but his spirit survives in all that is most manly and courageous. The formal imperial edict of 1871 may abolish feudalism, and thus signal to toll the knell of Bushido and forbid the *Samurai* to wear a sword, but, as our author says, "Like its symbolic flower [the *Sakura*, or wild cherry], after it is blown to the four winds, it will still bless mankind with the perfume with which it will enrich life." With charming frankness our author confesses that we may "scratch a Japanese of the most advanced ideas and he will show a *Samurai*." The immortality of the Knight or Samurai is assured in a country which declares that "as among flowers the cherry is queen, so among men the Samurai is Lord."

The book is too small for its subject; a hundred pages is all we get on so fascinating a subject of a comparison between the morals of Japanese and other people. Its language is of astonishing English purity and its diction is worthy a Western writer.

Lamartine told us that "religion, war and glory were the three souls of a perfect Christian Knight." Nitobé refers Bushido to souls quite different. The first is Buddhism, the next is Shintoism. The first demands of the Samurai that he place himself in harmony with the Absolute; the latter teaches loyalty to sovereign and reverence for ancestral memory and places the Knight before a plain mirror in

his temple, that he may learn the "know thyself." A Bushi calls "a literary savant a book-smelling sot"; he does not want pedantry, he searches after wisdom.

There are many quotations in this book which it would be well to copy and commit to memory. For instance, "to be beaten is to conquer"; "the best won victory is that obtained without shedding of blood."

This book raises a serious question, and my discussion of it has nothing to do with the book *per se*. The question is this: Is it to be lamented that Bushido, Chivalry, the Samurai or the Knight are passing away? Must we not answer with an unequivocal "No!"? There is no danger that nobility of manhood and womanhood will pass away, but there is a danger for nobility of manhood and womanhood if a professional Bushido or Chivalry is kept up. It is the professional knight, or, as he nowadays is called, the soldier, who supports and encourages such outrages against liberty and personal freedom as we witness in the Philippines and South Africa to-day. No Chamberlain or Cecil Rhodes could, under the false flag of civilization, trample upon a free people but for the standing tools called armies, nor would such an arch fiend of individual rights as Balfour talk about "the almost holy person of the Queen" if false notions of chivalry did not blind the average mind. Such features of miscalled civilization are products of Bushido or Chivalry, and they make imperialism possible. Away, therefore, with any revival of a professional class of Bushido, and let it be proclaimed that the idea of empire passed away with the "Holy Roman" empire and the people's reign is now the problem! The New Cycle means universality and an *anti* before all kinds of *isms* that have come down from history. We of the New Age will not recognize any argument derived solely from history. We groan and travail "bowed by the weight of centuries," but we will not recognize that as an argument for the continuation of the burden. We would fain cut loose from all connection with the past and start anew. We know the truth of Prof. Nitobé's words that "the state built upon martial virtues—be it a city like Sparta or an empire like Rome—can never make on earth a "continuing city." The fighting instinct must be denied and the diviner instinct to love must prevail. Let us take a clear stand on the subject of so-called chivalry and be against it and it shall go far to be a *coup de grace* for moribund society!

C. H. A. B.

STARLAND.

No one is so dull that he cannot feel some mystery coming from the Starland. Is it, perhaps, influences from lost suns and burned-out stars which throw that singular spell upon us which we feel in a night out-of-doors, or is it the magic of the silver light of the night which fascinates us? Is the wonder of an objective nature or is it purely subjective? Are not some of us sun-worshipers and others adorers of the pale goddess of the night: Luna? To all

The intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven

has a lesson of eternity, of universality and a presentiment of mystery to come. The voices of the stars, though without speech and language, are indeed the *astro-logos*, the natural *theo-phany* of existence. In these words lie imbedded two thoughts or the two poles between which swing all forms of life, be they mental or not. The stars are Lights or Logoi, thought-forces "ruling" existence, but the science of old which taught this lesson, Astrology, is lost. Its modern namesake has no real claim to an heritage as noble as the old "science of the stars." Until the time arrives that the order of the Magi shall be revived we must content ourselves with Astronomy, the science of law or the doctrine of mathematic relations. But self-limited as this science is, it is not without power to rouse an enthusiasm for the midnight skies, for "the sweet influences of the Pleiades," and when introduced to us by a man like Sir Robert Ball* we feel ourselves transplanted to the world of Romance. His fascinating style and his lucid presentation remove all pedantic diagrams and incomprehensible tables of figures. We are not robbed of any scientific exactness or fact, but get science from him in a way we can both understand and remember. As an illustration of his method I will quote what he says about stars as a "universal library":

"To aid us in realizing the full magnificence of that scheme in the heavens of which we form a part, I shall venture to give an illustration. Let us attempt to form some slight conception of the number and of the bulk of the books which would be necessary for conveying an adequate description of that marvellous universe of stars which sur-

*Starland. Being talks with Young People about the wonders of the Heavens. By Sir Robert Stawell Ball, F. R. S. Illustrated. New and revised Edition. Boston (U. S. A.) and London. Ginn & Company. The Athenæum Press, 1899.

round us. These stars being suns, and many of them being brighter and larger than our own sun, it is but reasonable to presume that they may be attended by planetary systems. I do not say that we have any right to infer that such systems are like ours. It is not improbable that many of the suns around us have a much poorer retinue than that which dignifies our sun. On the other hand, it is just as likely that many of these other suns may be the centres of systems far more brilliant and interesting, with far greater diversity of structure, with far more intensity and variety of life and intelligence than are found in the system of which we form a part. It is only reasonable for us to suppose that, as our earth is an average planet, so our sun is an average star both in size and in the importance of its attendants. We may take the number of stars in the sky at about one hundred millions, and thus we see that the books which are to contain a description of the entire universe—or rather, I should say, of the entire universe that we see—must describe 100,000,000 times as much as is contained in our single system. Of course, we know next to nothing of what the books should contain, but we can form some conjecture of the number of those books, and this is the notion to which I now ask your attention.

So vast is the field of knowledge that has to be traversed, that we should be obliged to compress our descriptions into the narrowest compass. We begin with a description of our earth, for nearly all the books in the libraries that exist at this moment are devoted to subjects connected with this earth. They include various branches of history, innumerable languages and literatures and religions, everything relating to life on this globe, to its history in past geological times, to its geography, to its politics, to every variety of manufacture and agriculture, and all the innumerable matters which concern our earth's inhabitants, past and present. But this tremendous body of knowledge must be much condensed before it would be small enough to retire to its just position in the great celestial library. I can only allow to the earth one volume of about 500 pages. Everything that has to be said about our earth must be packed within this compass. All terrestrial languages, histories and sciences that cannot be included between its covers can find no other place on our shelves. I cannot spare any more room. Our celestial library will be big enough, as you shall presently see. I am claiming a good deal for our earth when I regard it as one of the most important bodies in the solar system. Of course it is not the biggest—very far from it; but it seems as if the big planets and

the sun were not likely to be inhabited, so that if we allow one other volume to the rest of the solar system it will perhaps be sufficient. . . . . Within those two volumes every conceivable thing about the entire solar system must be included, or else it would not be represented at all in the great celestial library. . . . . Let us try to form some estimate as to the kind of library that would be required to accommodate 200,000,000 volumes. I suppose a long straight hall, so lofty that there could be fifty shelves of books on each side. As you enter you look on the right hand and on the left, and you see it packed from floor to ceiling with volumes. We have arranged them according to the constellations. All the shelves in one part contain the volumes relating to the worlds in the Great Bear, while upon the other side may repose ranks upon ranks of volumes relating to the constellation of Orion.

I shall suppose that the volumes are each about an inch and a half thick, and as there are fifty shelves on each side, you will easily see that for each foot of its length the hall will accommodate 800 books. We can make a little calculation as to the length of this library, which, as we walk down through it, stretches out before us in a majestic corridor, with books, books everywhere. Let us continue our stroll, and as we pass by we find the shelves on both sides packed with their thousands of volumes; and we walk on and on, and still see no end to the vista that ever opens before us. In fact, no building that was ever yet constructed would hold this stupendous library. Let the hall begin on the furthest outskirts of the west of London, carry it through the heart of the city, and away to the utmost limits of the east—not a half of the entire books could be accommodated. The mighty corridor would have to be fifty miles long, and to be packed from floor to ceiling with fifty shelves of books on each side, if it is to contain even this very inadequate description of the contents of the visible universe. Imagine the solemn feelings with which we should enter such a library, could it be created by some miracle! As we took down one of the volumes, with what mysterious awe should we open it, and read therein of some vast world which eye had never seen! . . . . . Notwithstanding the vast size of the library, the description of each globe would have to be very scanty. Thus, for instance, in the single book which referred to the earth, I suppose a little chapter might be spared to an island called England, and possibly a page or so to its capital, London.

. If Methuselah had lived and attained his thousandth birthday

he would have to read about 300 of these books through every day of his life before he accomplished the task of learning the merest outline about the contents of space."

All this figuring is appalling if we attempt to grasp it. Fortunately none of us can really get a conception of space and time. These categories are after all of our own making, hence so unnatural and unreal. But in a picturesque presentation as the one of Sir Robert Ball they serve to impress, by a kindergarten method, the idea of vastness upon our minds, and that is a real service. The best and most important service Astronomy offers us is to stand as a guide on the crossroad of existence, pointing to the Infinitely Great on one side and to the Infinitely Small on the other. If any of our readers have really arrived at the point of the crossroad let them read Sir Robert Ball's most popular book: Starland, it is the best astrology and astronomy they can get. C. H. A. B.

O seeker after the divine mysteries! know thou that the door to the knowledge of God will be opened to a man first of all, when he knows his own soul, and understands the truth about his own spirit, according as it has been revealed, "he who knows himself knows his Lord also." —*Al Ghayzdli.*

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."
—*Omar Khayyám.*

"Please, sir, instruct me further," said the son.

"Be it so," the father replied. "Fetch me from yonder a fruit of the nyagradha [banyan] tree."

"Here is one."

"Break it. What do you see there?"

"Nothing, sir."

"My son," the father said, "that subtile essence which you call nothing, which you do not perceive, of that subtile essence this great nyagradha tree is composed.—*Upanishad.*

Every one will have noticed with what skill a coin let fall upon the ground runs to hide itself, and what art it has to render itself invisible· there are thoughts which play us the same trick.—*Victor Hugo.*

THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

WITHIN BOUNDS.

"Wish I was as old as father," said a little boy of ten. "Grown-up folks then wouldn't bother—nobody says 'Don't!' to men! I could do just what I'd choose to—not a soul would say a word—wonder if I could get used to being free as any bird?

"Now it's 'Don't you do that, sonny!' or 'Be careful o' your clo'es!' Never have a cent o' money—how hard *that* is no one knows! Father always has a-plenty—quarters, dollars, cents and dimes—nickels? Never less'n twenty—guess I've seen 'em lots o' times!

"He can go an' come whenever he gets ready—*course* he can!

Seems as if I'd never, never, never grow to be a man! What's a pony in the stable? What's a fishing-rod and gun if a feller isn't able to have any *real* fun?"

"Oh, that youth were but eternal!" sighs a man of many years, as he tries to read his journal through a mist of sudden tears. "I remember how I used to think when I was really grown I could do the things I'd choose to—if I only could have known! If I might have dreamed the pleasure that a grown-up child may know holds no fraction of the measure of his joy of long ago!

"As for freedom—shackles hold him bound to sordid business cares; meshes of life's law enfold him in their grim, relentless snares! Hounded by the soul's taskmaster—shadowed by Fate's ghastly wings, slave to Need, who'd shun disaster in this world of sordid things! Tasks and duties without measure mountains high about him piled—oh, the glad delight and pleasure of a care-free little child!"

E. B.

AMENDED PROVERBS.

Of two evils choose neither.

Where there's a will there's usually a codicil.

He laughs best who laughs with his fellowmen.

A bad penny tests the would-be passer of it.

It is never too late to do a generous action.

E. B.

KINDERGARTEN SENTIMENT.

In the busy, bustling world, filled with money-getting, personal and party strife, and petty triumphs, sentiment is crowded out, and often mocked at; but in the secret recesses of the noblest hearts it lies in wait, hoping for opportunity to come forth in radiant garb to meet its kindred.

No less an authority than Dugald Stewart defines sentiment thus: "The word sentiment, agreeably to the use made of it by our best English writers, expresses, in my own opinion very happily, those complex determinations of the mind which result from the co-operation of our rational powers and our moral feelings."

And where should sentiment rule, then, if not in the kindergarten, whither the embryo man is led for his awakening?

Not long since, while in pursuit of actual results from a scientific application of genuine sentiment, as set forth by Froebel, I happened in upon the work of a charming sentimentalist not far from the Borough of Manhattan.

Slight idea of beauty was seen in the little dresses and aprons of the poor children (such they would be called) that had come to the wonder-working school provided by affluent friends, and presided over by an intelligent child-student.

The first impression was one of disorder; the rooms were poorly constructed and in need of repair; and the usual subdued restlessness, and the regular movement of the ordinary kindergarten was lacking. A glance at the presiding genius gave the satisfaction of knowing that a handsome, mild-eyed gentlewoman had charge and knew what she was about.

Just before the occupation hour it seemed rather noisy for orthodoxy; the sentimentalist had seated herself near the piano, and while looking at the children, was softly, very softly, striking the same note repeatedly. The little ones, with less and less clamor, divided themselves and followed two or three older children to the tables. Then they were asked: "What would you like to do

to-day?" or "Have you finished your work?" "I'd like weaving," said one. "Sewing card," another, "Beads, please." Each one chose her favorite work and favorite colors, no matter what they happened to be.

A timid little child, nearby, put out her hand for a paper mat of a dark, rich red, and, to my surprise, selected the identical color for interlacing—which is usually done with a contrasting color, or one that blends. I felt impelled by habit to say: "Oh, that is the same color, it will not look pretty,"—but this was a school and I had come to learn, so I silently awaited results.

The child, after tearing the strips apart, placed one in the needle and began interlacing—using the under side of the paper, which is always *white*—for the first cross strip. She had begun a checker-board pattern of red and white.

Some time she had observed the fact that the under side was white and had waited her opportunity to try the effect of the contrast, and to make known her superior knowledge, exactly as we grown-up folks do. The work was commended, as it deserved to be, and no word was dropped to suggest that it could have been done as well with plain white paper. Her mistake, if mistake it was, was justified silently as we do our own—reason and morality prompted its living acceptance.

Attention had been occasionally diverted, meanwhile, toward two boys, each about six or seven years of age—one especially noisy—who were playing with at least one dozen sets of kindergarten blocks on the floor; one set, on a table, being the rule for each child generally, the sight called forth questioning.

The noisy boy, who kicked the blocks for a while instead of playing with them, was a "very bad boy at home." Beyond the control of his parents, in desperation he was led to the kindergarten. The sentimental guide decided that the kick meant force of some kind, which must find agreeable and intelligent expenditure before it was allowed habitual action in an offensive way.

This morning the boy received slight attention, and presently

settled down to play with the blocks, in which he soon became absorbed, his little neighbor joining him in the work. At the end of the hour the result was a train of cars, all alike and of perfect symmetry, much prettier than any one could have suggested; and the face had become illumined with the light that comes from beholding the perfect creation of our own hands.

In the mind of his teacher, the kicks were something in the order of a baby's fall when first beginning to walk, not to be suppressed as wrong, but forgotten in a nobler step.

EMMA DURANT.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

"If your people would begin the New Year by opening classes for the cultivation of the sixth sense," the Visitor remarked as she adjusted the yellow girdle of her Psyche robe, "they would gain much more than they do by the universal 'swearing off' custom. They would then know better than to treat honest persons as rogues."

"You don't do that in New Utopia?" the Optimist queried to gain time. He was always disconcerted by the strictures of this exponent of a superior civilization.

"Certainly not. The sixth sense is largely developed among us. We sense honesty in man or woman as unerringly as you sense a rose by its perfume."

"We have the X-ray," the Optimist began doubtfully.

"So had we in an earlier stage of our development," replied the Visitor. "It would be cumbersome to us now. We carry an X-ray, so to speak, in our mentality, which we can flash upon another at will and read him or her like an open book."

"You have power, then, to invade the privacy of thought," the Optimist said uneasily.

"Yes. Our code of honor restrains us from improper use of it.

You have power to spy upon your neighbor, or to take his purse when his back is turned, but you do not abuse that power."

"Because of the penalty attached," the Optimist said inwardly. He was fast losing claim to his cognomen.

"We, too, are restrained by fear of penalty," the Visitor said in answer to his thought. "If we invade another's domain from idle curiosity, or any other motive not legitimate, we are sure to draw invasion upon ourselves in the near future. This is the occult law that governs the sixth sense."

"I wish we *could* acquire it," the Optimist said thoughtfully. "It would save us from being taken in."

"It would help you to discern honest people," the Visitor declared with some warmth. "The stranger woman who was relieved of her purse in your streets, a few days ago, was regarded as an impostor at once, by all to whom she told the story. A Christian mission closed its doors against her, because those in charge were devoid of the sixth sense; and she had to appear in court as a vagrant. In New Utopia, such an outrage upon an innocent person would be impossible. The first one to whom she applied for help would have turned the mental X-ray upon her, at once, and she would have been spared hours of agonized wandering."

"We have so many impostors," the Optimist said in faint apology.

"Yes, and your system is a regular incubator for their production. 'Thoughts are things,' you know. Suspicious thoughts projected from the mind into the ether do silent but deadly work. Like attracts like. Think imposture, and imposture meets you half way."

"We are groping around on all fours, I know," the whilom Optimist said dejectedly.

"You have some shining exceptions," the Visitor said cheerfully. "The stranger woman fared better in court. You know she went out of it with a full heart and money in her hand. That judge discounted all the others in discernment, even the custodian of the mission. He had the sixth sense."

"If all the judges of all the courts had the same," the Optimist breathed dejectedly.

"Your criminal class would soon decrease," the Visitor finished for him. "As it now is the gradations in guilt are not discernible. The unfortunate, the wayward, and the hardened are lumped together, and the whole mass is leavened by the latter. No wonder your criminal class is large. These things surprise me as do many others, because I expected to find here an advanced civilization."

"Have you been subjected to much annoyance by our stupidity?" the Optimist asked shamefacedly.

"A little inconvenience, that is all," she said with a light laugh. "I have been invited three times into a private room to be searched as a shoplifter. I have been regarded with suspicion twice when I presented a check at the bank upon which it was drawn. Once, a police officer invited me to the station-house, I believe you call it, when I was returning home at 11 P. M. from the bedside of a dying woman in the slums."

"Some people are swinish in their obtuseness," the Optimist muttered, as the light of her countenance fell upon him.

"You didn't go?" he queried bluntly.

"No. I can command another occult power in emergency. I looked into the officer's eyes silently, and took him under control. He stood still as a block of wood, while I passed on. I warded off the search for stolen articles in the same manner, and also enforced my just claim upon the bank in question. The full development of this power would have enabled the girl who was arrested on your streets last night, to save herself from undeserved humiliation."

"O, for occult powers!" sighed the Optimist.

"Wait," said the Visitor. "They are coming to you, slowly but surely, as they came to New Utopia."

ISABEL HOLMES.

Know thy thought—believe it—front heaven and earth with it, in whatsoever words nature and art made readiest for thee.—*Carlyle.*

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(II.)

"All aboard!"

There was a clambering into the seats of a small skiff hung by chains to staples driven into the rock-roof of the cave, and when the seven Sea Urchins were comfortably seated the skipper followed, grasping some long, loosely held ropes in his hands. The cave was at its brightest at this morning hour, the sunshine creeping far across the flat rock which formed the room's threshold.

"All aboard!" cried the Wise Man, cheerily.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded Goldie, from his place at the tiller.

"Hold your tiller hard a-port, my boy, and off we go into black, eternal space!"

"Ah!" came from the Urchins in a breath. Like magic the darkness of an Arctic night fell upon them with the skipper's skilful pulling of the ropes. By intense contrast to the late vivid sunshine the cave seemed immersed in utter, impenetrable darkness.

"Where are we going?" inquired Blooy, as the little craft began slowly to undulate with that rising and falling sensation peculiar to the wave-motion of the sea.

"I have told you—into space."

"But what *is* that?" demanded Ruddy, dipping his hand out into the darkness to see if water were not really there.

"Tell him, Blackie."

"Oh, *he* knows. It's something we're in all the time; a place to move around in; room for anything in—in—the air!" finishes Blackie, triumphantly.

"'Room for anything'—that's correct enough," smiles the Wise Man.

"But room for *what?*" inquires Snowdrop.

"The universe," answers the skipper, knowing well that one or more Urchins will want that word explained. So he tells them, as

they seem to float in space themselves, of the presence of whirling worlds—planets, suns and stars. Then the gentle Violet speaks:

"But I thought, sir, you were going to tell us of Man?"

"That am I. But he is a world in himself, and to understand the presence of one is to comprehend the other."

"A 'world'—*Man?*"

"Truly. Our last summer's discoveries made it clear to us that, as far as his body was concerned, he was of the earth—earthy. What became of that at last, Brownie?"

"The little atoms that held together and formed it during his life separated after his death, and the body went to pieces."

"And these little atoms?"

"Returned to the earth."

"Then he is really made of dust—he and the earth?"

"Doesn't it seem so?"

"But where did the earth get its dust *from?* Man could be made out of earth; but what is the earth made out of?"

"Something that fills all space—stuff, or that which we must call matter, so fine in its particles as to be invisible to our eyes except under certain conditions. This collection of small things, taken altogether, has a sounding name; but you can master anything that is made clear to you. Those who know call the name of this stuff, or matter, 'primordial essence.' The first word, 'primordial,' is made up of two Latin words—from *primus*, which means 'first,' and *ordiri*, 'to begin a web.' So you see a creator is he who first begins to spin a web—to weave something. But can something be woven out of nothing, Blooy?"

"No, sir."

"Then he who creates must make use of something which, we will say, has been used before, but which, like the little atoms that separated and caused the dead body to appear to vanish, has taken on other shapes. So we must collect from the great spaces which are full of these needed materials a something that knowing people call 'essence.' Now, this word comes from the Latin word *essentia*,

the *esse* being a part of the word, and meaning 'to be,' or 'that which is.' So essence *is*, and 'primordial essence' means the *stuff that always is* out of which a creator weaves his first forms of anything. Say after me 'primordial essence.'"

The children obeyed, and as their voices died away in the gloom of the heavily curtained cave the boat seemed to veer about and take a fresh tack through the inky sea. The young eyes stared fixedly into the blackness about them, awaiting patiently, and with profound faith in their teacher, for what was to come.

"Starboard, helmsman! We are a million miles away from certain places, and soaring in space. It is time, my hearties, to how you what we've been talking about—to make known to you the presence of 'primordial essence.' Steady! Steady!"

A long downward swoop (or what appeared to be so), and then a settling of the boat upon quiet levels.

Suddenly through the gloom shot a tiny ray—a long, brilliant shaft of golden light straight from the sun overhead, and which came through a small fissure in the rock-roof of the cave. The curtain which had securely hidden it from view had been drawn aside by one of the guy ropes in the skipper's hands.

"Behold," said the Wise Man, "the best illustration that can be given of 'primordial essence.' See the motes—the dancing atoms—the active little molecules—never at rest, but ever in motion; darting, rolling, flying, falling, gliding, floating, tumbling, leaping; eternally stirred into action by that law which governs all that is, from each tiniest particle to the greatest world that rolls through endless space."

The children looked and looked, while the dust atoms danced out and into the golden stream of radiant light. These little, little bits of things—would even endless space hold enough of them to make one earth?

"You spoke of 'law,'" said Violet. "Will you please explain 'law'?"

"The word 'law' is from the Latin word *lex*, which means 'to

read'—the ancient laws having been read to the Roman people. It, however, no longer bears that meaning, but refers to a command to do or not to do."

"Who commands?" This from Blooy as the skipper draws the curtain, darkness again reigns supreme, and the little skiff is once again in motion.

"Tell us first," interposes Snowdrop, "*what* is law?"

"It is, my child, a rule of being, or of conduct, let us say, made by an authority able to enforce its will."

"Then *who* commands?" persists Blooy.

"Who commands?" echoes the Wise Man. "Upon whom have you been taught to look as the Ruler of the Universe?"

"Oh!" This single exclamation, uttered in the various childish trebles, satisfies the man who listens.

"So you know. And we need not name the Great Intelligence, the Supreme Wisdom, the Pure and Only Source of all that exists. Enough for us children that we can comprehend that the law, which can never be broken, holds every thing that is in its wonderful power. Law is law—the same, and changeless everywhere. Controlling the lowest thing that lives in all nature as well as the highest—even though it be in heaven."

"Can't a man break it?" asks Brownie.

"Once upon a time, Brownie, an ocean wave thought itself very powerful indeed, and made up its mind that it would show the big bowlder on the shore that it was strong enough to move the old stone from its resting place. It had noticed the rock from afar off, and had not been near enough to learn wisdom from its brothers' defeat. In the ocean there comes an hour when each billow must make its way to the shore, and in due time this great wave, swelled with its own proud importance over what it meant to do rushed madly up to where the bowlder had stood for more years than man can count. As it neared the shores it lifted its haughty white crest to a great height in the air, then, with a shriek, pounded with terrific force upon the head of the giant rock, which had borne

unmoved the brunt of countless numbers of such fearful shocks, and broke its own strong and magnificent form into a million drops of misty spray, which descended, like soft rain, upon the shore. The proud wave was Man; the great rock was the Law."

"Then a man can't break the law; and if he tries to go against it the law breaks him?"

"Exactly, Brownie; and such disobediences end in disease, misery and death."

"But if he obey the law?"

"He may then enjoy health, happiness and life eternal."

"But nobody on earth does that."

"Because man has made for himself a lot of what we may call artificial laws, which do not allow him to obey every natural law. Man-made law must be full of error, since man, himself, is yet full of faults."

"'Yet,' sir? Then he will some time be wiser and better?"

"For that, and that alone, man lives. He came from good, he tends toward good, and all his little lives are for the purpose of allowing him to gain experience."

"'His little lives,' sir? Do you mean," inquired Violet, in wondering tones, "that man's life is more than this one passed upon earth? Are there lives to live on other earths?"

"That is what I have reason to believe. But not one life only upon this one earth, Violet. His school days here— each one a life— are more than one may count, my child. Nor does his life begin as Man."

"Not as Man? How, then, does it begin?"

"That I shall tell you to-morrow, my child."

"You have been here before?"

"Perhaps. I have been somewhere, surely."

"Yet you cannot remember a former life?"

"No more than you, Violet, can remember what occurred in your early babyhood. When I shall have so grown in knowledge that I may be born with a man's intellect instead of that of an infant

I shall be able to recollect—to *re-collect* the happenings of past lives."

"That's jolly!" exclaimed the listening Blackie; "for a fellow can be a boy lots o' times if that's true——"

"*If* that's true?" cried Snowdrop. "You know, Blackie Burns, that if *he* says it it's true!"

"No, no, Snowdrop! I thank you kindly; but I'll not have you believing anything because I have said it. You must find out, my dear children, for your very own selves the truth of this idea which seems so reasonable and so beautiful to me. As Blooy has said, something cannot be made out of nothing; therefore I declare that I who am I to-day must have been some sort of an I yesterday—when or where I can tell no more than the baby can tell when it first began to notice the sunshine. You see, my Urchins, I have only lately, very lately, begun to notice the sunshine myself, and am only, so to speak, a few months old."

The children laughed so merrily at the Wise Man's words that their gentle teacher joined them heartily.

At length, declaring that it was time to come down from the high spaces through which they had been floating, he brought the boat to slower motion, and after a time to a standstill, or, as Pinkie said, "let the cat die."

Then the party disembarked, and, with a "primordial essence" added to their list of important words, they left the Wise Man smiling after them from the end of the village street.

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

Let us be true; this is the highest maxim of art and of life, the secret of eloquence and of virtue, and of all moral authority.—*Henri Frédéric Amiel.*

The highest wisdom consists in this, for man to know himself, because in him God has placed his eternal Word, by which all things were made and upheld, to be his Light and Life, by which he is capable of knowing all things, both in time and eternity.—*Alipili.*

THE LOST STITCH.

Once upon a time a lassie—
  Thoughtless little maid was she—
Took the purse which she was knitting
  Out beneath the apple tree,
Where the birds sang all the morning,
  And the sunshine couldn't come—
Where the breezes kissed her gently,
  And she heard the insects' hum.

Four bright needles flashed like silver;
  Looking on with pure delight
At the little silken stitches
  Were two eyes so blue and bright;
Every little stitch was needed—
  Not the very smallest one
Should have been dropped from the needles
  When the pretty purse was done.

But, alas! the little maiden
  Wearied soon, as maidens will,
Of the task at first delightful;
  But kept knitting, knitting still.
Eyes (no longer keenly watching
  Little loops of silken thread)
Wandered off to bud and blossom,
  Counting silken flowers instead.

And one stitch—one mesh so tiny
  Not a careless glance could tell,
Where between the shining needles
  Such a little looplet fell—
Lost its place among its fellows,

Lost its chance to do its part
In the shining, silken meshes
Of the knitter's work of art.

And at last when it was finished—
Seeming perfect, sound, and true—
It made glad the little lassie,
As all perfect work must do.
And she hung the silken satchel
On the ribbon that she wore,
Filling it with copper treasures—
All the pennies of her store.

Proud and happy, off she wandered,
Down the fragrant, shady lane;
But, alas! the silken meshes
Weighted with the heavy strain
(Where the stitch that would have held them
Close, and safe, and firm, and strong,
Had been dropped by careless fingers)
Raveled as she danced along!

And the treasured coins of copper,
At each step slipped softly down—
Penniless the little lassie
When she reached the country town!
And no store of sugared goodies—
Not a pretty book nor toy
Could she buy; and into sadness
Turned the little lassie's joy!

'Twas a lesson she remembered
Throughout many an after hour—
'Twas a lesson that she needed
Of a trifle's real power.

How a doing or not doing,
  Like the stitches of the purse,
Helps to make souls strong or feeble—
  Proves a blessing or a curse!

MRS. SIXTY.

Science is teaching man to know and reverence truth, and to believe that only so far as he knows and loves it can he live worthily on earth, and vindicate the dignity of his spirit.—*Moses Harney.*

Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their face or fancies, for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner.—*Bacon.*

Knowledge always desires increase; it is like fire which must first be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterward propagate itself.—*Johnson.*

The longer I live, the more I am satisfied of two things: First, that the truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planed aspects of the world about them; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single facet.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest.—*Carlyle.*

Philosophy has been called the unbiased search for the Absolute; and that which it calls the Absolute is the Omnipresent in the relative, the all-pervading spirit which in religion is known as God. The knowledge of this Infinite and spiritual personality is founded upon and rendered possible through the spiritual personality of man; for the conscious thought and knowledge of man involve the present light and thought of the universal, living, absolute spirit. The relative and finite in human life and thought are inclosed in the Infinite in an organic union, and are then made members of the living, ideal whole.—*L. Wright.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"THE IDEAL," AS A NAME.

The change in name which we made in April has proved a success in every way. It meets with approval from ocean to ocean and both in and out of distinctly metaphysical circles. Words of hearty approval have been received from so large a number of sources that we feel justified in assuring our readers that the present name, dress and style of THE IDEAL REVIEW will prove to be a permanent success. We give in our columns one letter which is a fair specimen of numbers received Now we will turn all attention to the securing of material for its pages, which shall cause it to maintain the reputation that the name implies. THE IDEAL REVIEW will fulfill the original mission of its predecessor, The Metaphysical Magazine, and as heretofore will always be found at the head of the line—the Ideal among Reviews as well as a reliable Review of the Ideals of this thinking age. We trust that we may merit and retain the approval and support of earnest people.

CREEDS.

In these days of changing views on many subjects the matter of the nature, origin and usefulness of the Creed becomes one of the most important subjects for consideration. To this effect we have arranged with the Reverend Henry Frank to write especially for THE IDEAL REVIEW, a series of comprehensive articles on "The Making and Decaying of the Creed," the first article to appear in our June number.

These articles will be earnest and fearless in their dealing with the subject, giving a foundation for thought that will enable those who so wish, to establish an understanding based upon the truth as disclosed by the facts during the entire existence of the Creed in theological teachings.

A LETTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 5, 1900.

To the Editor:

I wish to congratulate you upon your decision as to the style of your magazine, THE IDEAL REVIEW. The first number is delightful and a great improvement.

For some unexplained reason THE NEW CYCLE was discouraging, while THE REVIEW gives one the promise of spring.

With sincerest wishes for your success, I am still an interested subscriber. MRS. GEO. MERRITT.

THE MAN OF COMMON SENSE.

"Twice five is ten," said I to the Kaffir.

The Kaffir looked at his fingers. "Yes," said he, after a pause.

"And two tens are twenty," I said.

The Kaffir hesitated.

"Count it on your fingers and toes," I urged.

The Kaffir counted his fingers and toes. "Yes," said he, doubtfully.

"Then," I continued, "five tens are fifty."

"Oh, no," said the Kaffir, "that's sheer mysticism; no one has so many fingers and toes as that."

He was a Kaffir.

BOLTON HALL.

ERRATA, MARCH NUMBER.

On page 10, last line, read Banquet instead of "Bouquet."

On page 76, twelfth line, read Invincible Sin instead of "Invisible Sun."

DREAMS.

A German scientist has been engaged for some time in observations and researches in regard to the phenomenon and constitution of dreams. He employed thirty-six persons in his experiments, from one year old to thirty, and gives us the following conclusions:

1. That we dream throughout the whole of our sleep, even in that deepest sleep which we imagine to be dreamless.

2. That there is an intimate connection between the depth of our sleep and the character of our dreams. The deeper the sleep the further back travels the retrospect in the past experiences of life, and the contents of the dreams are likewise the more remote from reality. On the contrary, in a light sleep the subject of the dream has reference directly to the experiences and excitements of the day, and it also possesses a character of probability.

3. In comatose sleep there may, perhaps, be no dreaming.

4. Persons who assert that they do not dream are subjects of a physical delusion.

5. Dreams of a moderate character remain longest in the memory. The wilder the dream the sooner it is forgotten.

These conclusions are very accurate as far as they extend. They embrace a physiological purview, but ignore everything beyond. A cat, a dog or a horse experiences about everything that is covered by them, and might as well have been included in the experiments. So far as mind and human faculties are concerned we must look further.

There are many records of dreams which are produced from causes outside of mere physical conditions. External suggestion gives rise to them, and they make no account of time. A minute is an immense period; for in the world beyond time and space these are of no account. A dream can traverse them as rapidly as thought, for really dreams are only depicted scenes in the mind itself.

A man once fell asleep as the clock tolled the first hour of twelve, and awoke before the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away. In that interval he dreamed that he had committed a crime, which was detected after five years, and that he was then tried and condemned. The placing of the halter about his neck aroused him into consciousness.

Mahomet, the Arabian prophet, told the story of a sheik who dreamed that he was a poor fisherman, and lived as one for sixty

years, working hard and bringing up a family. When he awoke he found that he had when he fell asleep overturned a gourd containing water, and that it had not had time to empty itself before he regained consciousness.

His story of the "Night Journey," if true, is in the same category. "He was called from bed, rode to Jerusalem, ascended into the several heavens, conversing with a patriarch in each, and finally came by an interminable long journey into the presence of Alla himself. There he read the creed: "There is no God but Alla, and Mahomet is his Apostle." He returned to earth, and thence home to his own house in time to seize a pitcher of water that he had overturned when he went out and prevent it from spilling."

It is certain that the mind travels far when the body does not encumber it. When we think of a person we have his image before us; and drowning is the same experience, without the external senses to interrupt it.

"A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks," says Tennyson. The matter is carried farther by Montaigne. "I believe it to be true," says he, "that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is an art required to sort and understand them." How apt the delineation of them by Pope in the "Dunciad":

> "Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
> The air-built Castle, and the Golden Dream,
> The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
> And Poet's Vision of eternal fame."

We may not, then, discard the conclusions of the German scientist. The physical and moral condition shapes our thinking. We see and hear that for which our eyes and ears are open, coloring the facts from our own mind and emotions. As we think so we dream.

Nevertheless, there is much that transcends these limitations. Evolution alone can develop nothing but sterility. There must be an involution preceding it, an inspiration, an imparting of a germ or principle. The agencies which give scope and direction to our thinking operate to shape our dreams. This has been exemplified by individuals whispering into the ear of the sleeper, as Milton describes Satan "squat like a toad" at the ear of Eve, leading her into wrong imaginations, and so into a pernicious vision of the night.

Subjects upon which the mind anxiously dwells are sometimes pursued into the hours of sleep, and even cleared up and made plain.

I think that the cerebellum is the brain-structure that is employed in such matters, as well as in performing the function which has been miscalled "unconscious cerebration." My mother's father, who lived before the American Revolutionary war, and was a soldier in it, was very persistent and acute in the solving of the problems of arithmetic. In those days text-books in Yankeeland were few and costly, and children were so numerous that teachers were obliged to let the pupils work out their perplexities as they best were able. My grandfather labored at an intricate example for several days, till one night when he was asleep he dreamed that he was working at it and obtained the correct solution. He remembered it when he awoke and was able to verify it by actual demonstration.

Agassiz has described an experience of his own which was more remarkable. He visited the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, and became engaged in studying a fossil fish. He was not able to determine satisfactorily the species to which it belonged. He finally dreamed one night that he caught a living fish of that very kind, and was able to solve the question. He thought when he awoke that he would be able to remember the species, but on visiting the *Jardin* and again examining the fossil something had escaped his memory and he was no more able than before. The next night he dreamed again the same dream, but again forgot the essential point. The third night he took a pencil and paper to bed with him, so that he might make a drawing as soon as he should awake. He had the dream again as during the previous nights, but to his astonishment when he awakened the drawing was already made and lying on the table beside him. It displayed three bones that were not visible in the fossil, but which made the matter plain. On going again to the *Jardin* he obtained permission from his friend the director, to chip away a scale of stone which lay on the spot where the bones were in the drawing. They were there, just as the drawing had represented.

We are led at once to ask how the great naturalist came to dream the three consecutive nights of those three bones, when he had not seen them in the fossil. He had not even thought of them, else he would have been very likely to remember them after having dreamed of them. A materialist will be very likely to plead that his superior knowledge of comparative anatomy had in some mysterious way led him to this occurrence. It is very certain that there are many manifestations so curiously made that while the person who looks at facts

from the inside perceives them as from the superior region, the materialist will with comparative ease explain them from his physical point of view. Both may be, in a degree, correct.

Again, every fact, every thought, every experience which we have had becomes a part of our mental constitution, and is often reproduced to the external consciousness, sometimes as a thing remembered, and at others as an intuition. But allowing for all these suppositions, they do not satisfactorily account for the occurrence in the case of Agassiz. The most that can be reasonably supposed is that his great knowledge as a naturalist made his mind a fit receptacle for the imparting of the concept of the hidden bones. Then, if there be living intelligences that are intermediary between human beings and the Infinite, they would be attracted to him as by a magnet. All our thinking is developed by the love and the passions that incite us. That there are such intelligences is recognized by the general sense and belief of the great majority, and some of us are actual witnesses. The spirit, the living intelligence hovering about Agassiz, or in conjunction with his mind, prompted these three dreams, and enabled him to see with his "mind's eye" those peculiarities of structure which he required to know about.

We are all of us perceptive and receptive in this way and observe analogous occurrences in our own experience. Hence old literature abounds with examples and testimonies of such facts, and in our later periods, now that attention is turned again in a similar direction, we hear of them as frequently occurring. Persons recently dead appear and announce the fact to the living, as the late Isaac T. Hopper did to Judge Edmonds, and Dr. J. Marion Sims to an intimate friend. Persons who were ill, sometimes even expected to die, have recovered through the use of remedies that were suggested to them in dreams; and this, sometimes, when the proposed remedy was not known to possess healing virtue, and even when its name was unknown.

Another phenomenon incident to dreams is not always gratifying to our self-love. Like the man who was represented in the two opposing characters of *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*, we appear to ourselves in these visions of the night. We are sometimes almost angelic in our impulses; and again, various hateful passions agitate us, even as crimes having been committed by us. The converts in a religious revival who have experienced the joy and ecstasy of spiritual exaltation are often astonished at finding in their dreams that they are

selfish, unjust, passionate, and even despicable. We do not get away from ourselves, and our dreams show that we are capable of much that we had not imagined. Nevertheless, we may bear in mind that we, like the kaleidoscope, are capable of manifold transformations, and that as beings created in the divine image, and often the divine likeness, we have no passion or quality that is in itself evil. Our dreams serve to reveal to us how they may be bad in their exercise by being out of their proper equilibrium, either deficient or in excess, or not properly affected by other dispositions, motives, or energies that are for the time in abeyance. These manifestations may occur "both when we wake and when we sleep," and their proper function is to instruct us.

Whether dreams foreshadow the future is a question often asked with eagerness. It does not convince any one to sneer at the possibility of such forecasting. As the sun by refraction of its rays appears still above the horizon and gives us light after it has actually set in the west, so by similar refraction it is seen in the morning, and shines upon us even before it has risen. In like analogy our minds have reminiscences from the things that have occurred, and it does not appear at all irrational to suppose that they are receptive of impression of events yet to occur. If in the Infinite Mind the future is present as well as the past, it does not seem impossible or incredible that finite minds may also have perception of coming events through a rapport with the Omniscient. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on,"

> "And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
> Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
> So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted dreams
> And into glory peep."

Let all then prophesy, the young contemplating spectacles as at Initiatory Rites, and the older ones dreaming dreams that are prompted from direct communion with the Fountain of all Knowing.

EPHOROS.

I look upon a library as a kind of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and lines which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances of universal principles.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED.

BY HENRY FRANK.

THE GODFATHERS OF THE CREED.

There was no written creed in Christendom until after the first quarter of the fourth century. The Apostle's creed is mythical in its origin; it dates centuries after the career of the Apostles. The first creed was formed in the days of Constantine — that astute Christian Emperor, Tallyrand and Machiavelli combined—who, as the suitor of Apollo and Minerva, crowned his pagan worship with the name of Christ.

What circumstances so long postponed the formation of a creed? You will look in vain for Christ's, Peter's and Paul's formulated, systematic and logical statements of belief.

It was not then deemed necessary. The religion of Jesus took root in the soil of ignorance. The unlettered, untutored and unschooled were at first captivated. They had formerly known only a religion of gloom and despair; of direful fate and unpromising eternity.

The Jew of that period put all his faith in a future earthly kingdom, whose attainment on this planet was, however, wholly prob-

lematical. The Greek fired his veins with the liquor of æsthetic intoxication, poured in libation to the gods of physical beauty, sensuous and vain indulgence. The Egyptian buried his hope beneath the swathings of withered mummies, and knelt in terror before the frightful visage of the gods of the Two Truths. The Roman exhausted his surplus vitality in the mad revelry of conquest, quaffing ever the lethean draughts which the goddess of fate concocted.

But Jesus came with the beacon light of hope. He taught men to study the horoscope of their eternal future, to cast their all on securing a home amid the comforts of the unseen world. The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, the despairing and the dull, the crippled and the accursed, rushed after him with the enthusiasm generated by a new-born hope. The wise, the learned, sought him not. Few were the converts from Synagogue and Sanhedrim; from Senate and Areopagus; from the temples of Osiris and Serapis. But helot and plebeian, artisan and toiler, leper and lazar—the outcast and ostracized—these thronged around him wherever he roamed. Beautiful picture! Splendid hope! Sublime revelation! At length the sentiments of the new religion percolated through the armies, the academies, the halls of philosophy and the palaces of royalty. The learned, the bookish and the wise began to investigate it. Then came the "rub"; for Greek met Greek and the conflict of the ages had begun. From that day the religion of Jesus knew no more peace, and from that day it had lost, and I fear forever lost, its pristine purity.

Ere long they who had been especially disciplined in the schools of Oriental philosophy became the teachers of this religion. The conceptions of Clement, Origen and Augustine had been deeply dyed in the brightest colors of the ancient systems. It was soon discovered that the religion of Jesus was colored by the prevalent philosophy of each locality that harbored it. When this religion was planted among the Iranians it assumed the tints of Zoroastrian dreams, as exhibited in the tenets of the Manichæan sect. When it wandered through the libraries and ancient philosophies of Alex-

andria its clear light was refracted in the diversified beams of the various Gnostic and Theosophic sects. When it abode in the solemn temple of Jerusalem it became ceremonial and Mosaic. When it caught the fire of Western zeal and enthusiasm it created a Montanus —the spiritual Luther of his age—and dragged the world into a maelstrom of religious fanaticism and spiritistic phenomena—seizing in its foam even Tertullian and many another mighty leader of the Faith. Wherever the seed of Christianity fell it grew upon the new soil—not as an exotic, but as an indigenous plant, flowering into the familiar blossom of its native clime.

Soon, then, all Christendom was crowded with ten thousand theologies; it became, indeed, a vast university of individual schools; varying with the deductions of personal leaders; and that age (as fraught with intellectual energy and eager thirst after knowledge as is our own) was soon fretted with the myriad tracings of confused systems and theodicies, all converging in the Christian church and mutually vying to do highest honor to the name of Jesus. Nevertheless, it was inherently an age of freedom. Where so much thought abounds liberty must have sway. But at that very period entered the dividing wedge of tyranny. Then were forged the chains of slavery; then were throned those ecclesiastical hierarchs—the priest, the prelate and the Pope.

Some one soon asked the question, as they are beginning to ask it to-day, "Whither, whither are we drifting?" The tendency was to confusion, dissipation, despair. Authority was but a target pierced with the shafts of ridicule. Faith had not yet become blind;—she bowed to no earthly potentate; she was the friend and sponsor of Reason. Some one must arise to shape the true and final thought. Somewhere must be found a legitimate teacher to lead back to the Master, Christ. Who shall it be?

There was an Emperor! He held within his hands the reins of universal government. The world was at his feet. Why should he not also order the world's thought, hope, inspiration, religion, as well as its laws and temporal felicities? Happy thought! Blessed,

O man, was the woman who gave thee birth—thou happy genius, who first conceived this easy solution of so knotty a problem.

The Emperor had his senate: why should not the church possess her councils and counsellors? The Emperor had his army and its numerous officers;—why should not the church possess her deacons and bishops, her presbyters and popes? The decrees of the Senate under approval of the Emperor were final:—why should not the epistles and pronunciamentos of the councils be infallible? The officers of the army ever genially and sardonically enforced the Emperor's laws;—why should not the clergy, the militant officers of the church, wield an equal power, and as coolly enforce the declarations of organized ecclesiasticism? Thus slowly were the chains of intellectual bondage forged. So waxed the church strong in worldly wisdom, till she became the spiritual giant of the ages. At length Authority was crowned a King. Ecumenical councils were the final tribunals of redress. Creeds were the lictors of the new-made rulers; and beneath the standard of Dogma the world of "believers" were driven into abject slavery.

But let us read on. The pages of history have yet a severer lesson for the discipline of our religious zeal. Who were the makers of the Creed? What was their mental stature, and how moulded their moral figure? Were they true savants, profound students, unimpassioned teachers, honest guides? Am I reading history aright, or am I deluded by some hallucination of the senses, when I assure you that this creed was fused in a caldron of Plutonic contents —conceived in murder and written in blood! Do I exaggerate when I tell you that they who had become the church's highest officers—its generals and martial conquerors—its archbishops and metropolitans—fain stooped to brutal outrage and chicanery, to deeds as black as hell, in order to propagate and enforce a creed whose damnatory pessimism has ever since hung like a pall of gloom over Christendom.

Nay, it is not hallucination; would that it were! It is fact—solemn and real. My own language is inadequate to give you a just description of the moral methods of these ancient creed-creating

councils. I will ask one whose pen was ever charged with magnetic eloquence to do me service here. Let Dean Stanley, one of the church's erudite and honored Sons, tell in his own forceful way what domineering brutality engineered the shaping of this ancient Christian creed:

"We must not suppose that the councils acted from spontaneous conviction. A determined mob from Constantinople, from Syria, from Egypt, pressed upon them from without. It was like the tyranny which the clubs exercised over the convention in the time of the French Revolution. The monks were for the most part laymen, but laymen charged with all the passions of the clergy. * * * *

"We are told that at the beginning Nestorious himself was the aggressor. The monks who were the first to catch any scent of heresy, were in the first instance stripped and lashed with loaded whips—laid on the ground and beaten as they lay. [Who wouldn't be orthodox under such a pressure!] But the passions and penalties were not confined to one party. Cyril brought with him from Alexandria the savage guard of his palace, the Parabolani, or the 'death-defiers' whose original function was to bury the dead, but whose duty it now became to protect the archbishop against all enemies; the sailors whose rough life laid them open to anyone who hired them; the sturdy porters and beggars, and the bathing-men from the public baths. These men sat at the doors of the council and *the streets ran red with the blood which they shed without scruple.*

"Barsumas, the fierce monk with his band of anchorites as fierce as himself, came hither with his reputation ready made for *knocking heretics on the head* with the huge maces which he and his companions wielded with terrible force on any who opposed them. The whole was crowned at the critical moment by the entrance of a body of soldiers with swords and charged lances, or with chains to carry off the refractory members to prison.

"Some hid themselves under the benches; [evidently some of the heretics made good soldiers and 'ran away that they might live to fight another day'—but who could blame them?] some were com-

pelled to sign the decree in blank, [*i. e.*, sign a blank paper at the point of the lance and suffer the archbishop to write in the creed of their sworn allegiance].

"Flavian, archbishop of Constantinople, lay waiting for the moment of escape, when Dioscorus, the archbishop of Alexandria, *struck him in the face with his fist*. The two deacons, one of them himself afterwards the archbishop of Alexandria, seized him round the waist and dashed him to the ground. Dioscorus kicked the dying man on the side and chest. The monks of Barsumas struck him with their clubs as he lay on the ground. Barsumas himself cried out in the Syrian language, 'kill him, kill him!' He expired from this savage treatment in the course of a few days." *

Sublime bathos! How exquisitely does it remind one of Christ's saying, "Turn the other cheek also!"

Think of the situation. Here are assembled the spiritual leaders of the age; great theological questions have arisen; great issues are at stake; future ages are to be affected by what decisions may be reached. Calmness, deliberation and wisdom, at such an hour, are indispensable. But here we have a savage partisan mob howling for the orthodox party.

Which shall it be: Arian or Trinitarian, Necessitarian or Arminian, Catholic or Gnostic? Let the votes be cast. But the votes shall be bludgeons and maces, drawn swords and sharp lances, doubled fists and bullish heels. Let loose the dogs of war! Hurl the gladiators in the arena and let the hungry beasts come forth! By the skulls that are cracked, by the bones broken, and by the quantity of blood spilt—whether orthodox or heterodox—shall the council's complexion of thought be recognized and its great decisions be proclaimed. Then surely

> "Judgment, wast thou fled to brutish beasts,
> And men had lost their reason."

And yet, let us not despair. The good triumphs at last. The

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*Stanley's Christian Institutions, p. 289.

history of all religions has ever been the same. Their origin is good, true, beautiful and divine. All great spiritual leaders have wisely guided the world to goodness. No great teacher ever designed to do the world a harm. Nay, nor ever has a great and honest man injured the world—be his sentiments what they may.

But how great, how noble, how pure were all the ancient leaders of the race! Had but all humanity heeded the fervent strain of Buddha's philosophy and then passed suddenly from earth, surely Nirvana had been peopled with high-born sons of men! Had Krishna, Zoroaster or the old Brahmins been followed faithfully and aright by all their disciples, how glad and good, how pure and perfect, had been this twisted world of ours. But all too soon, the haloed heads and golden hearts of those divinities were shrouded with earthly ignorance. Too soon their true histories (the simple stories of their chaste and holy lives) are lost to mankind, and nothing remains but their eidola, the mythical simulations of their faded and forgotten selves. Who is Krishna, Confucius, Fo, Zoroaster, Sakya Muni, Moses, Jesus? All, all are lost in the mist of myths—phantoms of departed dreams!

Religions run rapidly from purity and freedom to policy and pietism. First, there comes a noble and exalted leader, then, a few comparatively good and simple imitators; then in rapid succession follow colleges, courts, and councils; politics and polemics; creedism and cruelty; dogma and "damnation." Arrogant priests and fashionable piety, churchly pageantry, cowled monks and black-robed dominies, hermitries, monasteries and anchorites, mocking miracles and gloomy superstitions, festering immorality and cankering corruption—these are the rapid but all too sure steps of the world's successive religions. None escapes. The story of their evolution is identical in all. The early Catholic missionaries to China were struck dumb to discover in the vestments and mummeries, the worship and habits of the Buddhist monks, the very facsimile of the usages of Roman Catholicism.

The religion of Jesus must be catalogued in its history along with

all the rest. Let us not laud too highly the great reformation of Christianity and base the hope of its permanent integrity on such self-resuscitating influences. Other religions much older than our own have enjoyed their continuous reformations, yet at the last sank into decay and dissolution. Witness the Jewish religion and its humiliating career. It brought forth a Moses and a David; a Josiah, Ezra and Nehemiah; the iron-hearted Maccabæus and the heavenly minded Hillel; and yet, at the last, though benefited for three thousand years by these recurrent and profoundly invigorating awakenings, it was tossed by the storms of dissolution into the four corners of the world, and to-day gibbers in the voice of thin philosophy—the mocking skeleton of its departed self.

The Vedic religion had enjoyed many such reforms from the first Zoroaster and the Brahmins to Gotama Buddha, to Chunder Sen and the Brahma Somaj. The Parsee religion is, itself, the decaying remains of a great spiritual upheaval against the old Brahminic ecclesiasticism, as was the Buddhist corpse whose ghost still prowls about the mosques and caves of Asia.

Christianity has, as yet, enjoyed but one such general awakening, and but four hundred years have elapsed and she is again rapidly sinking into her old state of decay. Indeed she bids fair to repeat the history of the Indian religion and, in time, reinstate the primitive spiritual rulers; that is, restore Romanism as they anciently restored Brahminism after Siddhartha's great reform. Witness in this connection the Tractarian movement and the relapse of many Anglican clergyman into Romanism. I have no faith in any religion securing a different fate. The tendency of all is and ever has been toward corruption and dissolution. But why? Because the fixed, unalterable and universal Creed (the inevitable forerunner of tyrannous ecclesiasticism) has ever been foisted on credulous "believers." The creeds have been the cradles of the clergy. Here have they been rocked into life, until ready to receive the crown, and then ever have the free-born sons of earth sold their birthrights, and crowned the heads of their

chosen tyrants themselves, to bow in servile fear before the gods of their own creation.

Shatter the creed and you snap the bonds of superstition! Shatter the creed and you undeceive the ignorant masses! Dethrone the creed and you unfasten the hands of priests from the throats of doltish and deluded dupes! Crowd out the creed and you open the temples of learning and pure philosophy, to the joy of the sorrowing and the relief of the dismayed. Therefore, I say, the cry of the age is against the creed—and any and all creeds, which bind the soul and bite into the moral consciousness. Freedom, freedom, for the teacher, freedom for the worshiper, freedom for the thinker, freedom for honesty, sincerity and truth—these are the battle cries of the hour!

Henceforth, if we are asked for our creed and faith, we would point not to scrolls and tomes, musty with the dust of superstition; not to priests and palimpsests; not to synods and decrees; not to rites and vestments; but to an honest heart inscribed with the motto of all zealous lives: "Here is sincere search after truth."

Let the soul be the only sensitive plate to photograph divine thoughts for each individual consciousness. Let the heart be the only scroll inscribed with the deeds of each noble life; let the mind, swept with the free winds of heaven, be the only tablet of stone on which the God of infinite wisdom writes the lessons of the deathless truths. Then will be born again upon the earth the New Deliverer, the real Christ, conceived in wisdom and shaped in truth—the final and supreme guide of humankind.

HENRY FRANK.

THE SYMBOLS OF THE BIBLE.

BY DOCTOR FRANZ HARTMANN.

(IV)

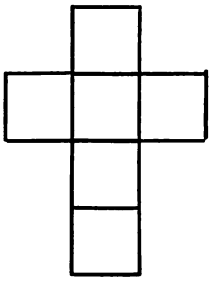
SYMBOLS.

THE TRIANGLE.

Next to the cross, the Triangle holds among the symbols of the Christian church, probably, the most important place. It signifies the Trinity in Unity; in other words, the Unity which represents itself as Trinity; the unity of the known; knowledge and the object of knowledge; in nature, force, matter and consciousness; in the divine, the Trinity of Father, Son and Spirit. In the centre of the triangle an eye is frequently introduced, which signifies all-knowledge; all-consciousness; the rays proceeding from the triangle signify the light of wisdom, and the dove with the olive branch floating therein, the peace of the heart and divine life. But, to know this, is of little worth so long as we do not perceive the power of this symbol in ourselves. Thomas à Kempis says: "In what does it benefit thee to become highly learned with regard to the Trinity if thou lackest humility, and therefore displeasest the Trinity."

THE NUMBER FOUR.

The number four, or the square, is the symbol of truth. Therefore, there are four evangelists. The number four is also represented in the symbol of the cross, which, folded together, forms a cube. The cube is the symbol of realization or the substantial, while the circle is the symbol of the perfect, the ideal and the spiritual. The infinite and the absolute may not be represented by a symbol. It is designated as a circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere. The Kabala contains more details; but it is not our intention to further explore this subject at present.



THE NUMBER SEVEN.

The number seven is frequently found in the symbols, as the seven angels near the throne of God; the seven trumpets; the seven "Fountain spirits" of Boehme. They represent the seven principles or planes of consciousness in the universe, and are illustrated by the six lights upon the altar. That only six are visible signifies that the seventh light is not manifest, but is hidden in the tabernacle of the heart.

THE NUMBER TEN.

Ten signifies the union of man with God. God is the invisible unity; the All; the essence of all things. Man in himself, without God, is nullity, nothing. Only through union with unity does the cipher acquire, as ten, a value.

THE NUMBER TWELVE.

Twelve is the number of perfection and of the Apostles, because in it is contained four, the number of truth, multiplied by three, the number of wisdom.

THE SACRAMENT.

Among the most important symbols of the Catholic Church are the Sacraments. According to the Christian teaching the Sacrament is a visible sign of the working of an invisible power (divine life) for inward sanctification. Accordingly, the external sign has a true value only if the inner sanctification takes place, and whether this can take place depends not so much upon the dispenser of the sacrament as upon the readiness of the receiver.

The invisible power whose working is thus symbolized is the divine life of the soul, which no man can acquire of himself or through the personal deserts which proceed from the will of his ego (the nothing), but which is imparted to the soul through the influx of the power of the divine man, and which is therefore called the divine "grace," but is not to be confused with an act of favor of a God who stands apart from man. This grace is not produced by the

visible ceremony, but the latter is rather a strengthening of faith, through which the inward working is made easier. Therefore, as Thomas à Kempis says: "It is not human desert that a man should consecrate and dispense the Sacrament of Christ. God is therein the chief author and the invisible active agent to whose commands all stand receptive, and whom all obey as he commands."

These words are true, and their meaning is self-evident to the spiritual understanding. This understanding, however, is not attained through intellectual investigation, but only through the awakening power of the spiritual-divine faith in the heart.

That the Church distinguishes between the external life (Prana) and the spiritual-divine life (Jiva) is proved through this: that it makes a difference between the "sacraments of the dead" (properly the sacrament of the sleeping—the spiritually dead) and the "sacraments of the living." Through the first, divine life is imparted; through the latter it is augmented. To the sacraments (not to be confused with the empty ceremonies) of the dead, belong Baptism and Atonement; to those of the living belong Confirmation; the Sacrament of the Altar; the last Anointing; the Consecration of Priests and Marriage. It is not the ceremony which imparts divine life, but through the ceremony the life imparted in the sacrament is confirmed.

I. BAPTISM.

Water is the symbol of thought and of perception. He who has never had a feeling for the high and noble, or a thought raised above selfishness, has not been baptized, and may be considered as spiritually dead. Through the inner baptism a man receives his name; *i. e.*, his essence. The true baptism is the awakening of the divine life and consciousness in man, and therefore there are, in reality, but few baptized in this world.

Baptism is initiation into immortal being; it is the spiritual rebirth. The reborn knows a threefold baptism—baptism by "water" (the mind), baptism by "blood" or the divine life (love),

and baptism by "fire" or spirit (wisdom). This subject belongs to the higher mysteries.

2. CONFIRMATION.

Confirmation signifies a growth of the power of faith and an awakening of divine wisdom through the influx of the spirit of truth.

3. THE SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR.

This ceremony signifies self-sacrifice, the entrance of God into man, whereby man rises to God and becomes one with the divine essence. Everything grows through the nourishment which it receives and assimilates. This is the case not only with the body, but also with the mind and soul. Through this, as man assimilates the divine essence into his soul and brings his personality as a sacrifice to the divine, the divine can become manifest in him, and become his own essence.

The Bhagavad Gita says: "The Supreme Spirit is the act of offering; the supreme spirit is the sacrificial butter, offered by the supreme spirit (the sacrifices) in the fire which is the supreme spirit." *

The sacrifice of the Mass is accordingly the symbol of union with God, whereby, in fact, nothing essential is united, but the unity of God is represented and recognized.

When man brings his personality as a sacrifice to the Godhead, he sacrifices in fact nothing but a delusion, the illusion of self, which in itself has no reality.

BREAD is the symbol of the divine nourishment of the soul, and since God is the essence of all things, and everything else is only an appearance, so the essence of God is contained in the bread, as in all other things. The wine is the symbol of the power of love and wisdom, which pours forth from the divine essence.

"Nourish ye the Divine, and let the Divine nourish you. Thus mutually nourishing, will ye attain the highest well-being." †

* Bhagavad Gita IV, 24.

† Bhagavad Gita III, 21.

But how could this Divine be better symbolized than by the Host, whose round form expresses perfection, and whose whiteness expresses purity, and which, in fact, considered as something corporeal, contains all which serves the body for nourishment? WATER is the symbol of thought; thought permeated by the fire of divine love is symbolized by wine. When thought, purified from all that is unworthy, unites itself with divine love, the "Marriage" even to-day takes place in the promised land, whereby through the power of God this water is changed into wine. But when the spirit is wanting, the ceremony avails nothing; for then only an external action is performed as an appearance, but no inner sacrifice, and no nourishing of the soul.

Also it is actually true that "he who eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself" (Corin. xi, 29); for he who brings the divine to awakening in himself, and applies the same to personal ends, makes the divine serviceable to the animal; the holy to the "devil of self," and falls a prey to black magic, whose end is destruction.

4. ATONEMENT.

Atonement is purification, the stripping off of selfishness with all the sins and errors springing therefrom, which impede the awakening of divine knowledge. The Bhagavad Gita says: "Honoring the gods; the regenerate, teachers and sages say: purity, rectitude, service of the Eternal and harmlessness, are called bodily penance. The speech which is not violent, but is true, kindly, with study and repetition of the scriptures, is called verbal penance. The grace of the heart, benignity, silentness, self-restraint, purity of disposition—this is called penance of the mind." (Chap. xvii, 14–16.)

The true remission (of sins) consists in this: that man ceases from his sins and errors through the power of his higher wisdom, and this no other can achieve for him. The true forgiveness consists in this: that he "forgives" or "gives away" his sins, and he gives them away when he separates himself from his sinful self and unites himself with his divine nature, which is not sinful.

The CONFESSION is the symbol of self-searching; the Priest is the symbol of the higher ego, the "master," who instructs the personal man and imparts wise precepts. The ecclesiastic should be in fact a wise man and a spiritual guide.

5. THE LAST ANOINTING.

Anointing is the symbol of rest and peace. As the agitated waves of the sea may be appeased by the pouring out of oil, so it is said, the influence of the divine life, with the aid of the external action, calms the mind of the dying man. The condition of the mind of the man when he takes leave of life is of the greatest importance for the inner repose of the soul and for the further inner development of the man. Every being returns at the end to the source from which it came, *i. e.*, unites itself with that essence which corresponds to its own essence—darkness with darkness, fire with fire, light with light. Matter (Tamas) goes to lifeless matter; the animal (Rajas) goes to the animal; the true (Sattwa) to the true.*

"Whoever goes forth at the time of his end, abandoning the body, verily remembering me, he goes to my state; of that there is no doubt." †

But one must have already carried God in his heart to be able to think upon him properly at the moment of death.

When the soul separates itself from the body, the "last judgment" takes place; *i. e.*, the whole past life, with all its details, passes as a panorama before the eyes of the spirit. How could a man be filled with consciousness of good if during his life no good thought has come into his consciousness? In this sacrament the man frees himself finally from all evil desires and actions, and surrenders himself to God. Accordingly the ceremony is very beneficial for the strengthening of faith.

The enlightened man, it is true, does not need the external ceremony; but there are many who throw away a treasure, not

* Bhag. Gita XIV, 15.

† Ibid VIII, 5.

because they have no need of it, but because they know not how to estimate its worth. "The doubter perishes."

6. THE CONSECRATION OF PRIESTS.

This is the symbol of inner initiation; *i. e.*, of sanctification and illumination, and has a real value only when this inner sanctification, which is no human work, takes place. If there is no sanctifying power present in the soul of the receiver, the empty ceremony is nothing other than delusion or deceit. The real priest is called to his high office through the power of the holy spirit—divine wisdom. He should be inwardly a real Theosophist,* and not merely an instructed theologian. The men not called from God, who are made "priests" only externally by the church, are the "false prophets," the sham ministers, the false shepherds, who "enter not by the door into the sheepfold, but climb up by some other way."

All spiritual knowing, doing and becoming, proceed from the spiritual power of faith. This faith has nothing to do with thinking, believing, fancying or imagining, but it is an inner power, which no one can comprehend who does not possess and feel it in himself. It is, therefore, hidden or "occult," to all those who do not consciously possess it. Out of this power springs wisdom, and from wisdom comes action. From action the essence of the man fashions itself, and from this, his essence, again proceeds the character of his action. Therefore, the priest, consecrated by God, is he who has the true power of faith and the true spiritual essence. The external consecration is only the confirmation that he possesses the inner consecration. When the latter is not present, the ceremony can no more make a true priest than the conferring of a diploma can make a physician of a man who is not already a physician according to his essence. Every one, therefore, should endeavor, first to become within, that which he would externally represent; for without the essence all is but representation and comedy. "Neither the cowl

* Which means, one who realizes, puts into actual daily practice, the divine life. (Translator.)

nor the shaven head makes the priest, but only the heart. The life of a true monk must be adorned with all virtues, that he may be within as he appears externally to men." *

7. MARRIAGE.

Marriage is the symbol of union. Considered in the esoteric sense it signifies the union of spirit with substance (soul). The spirit cannot externally manifest itself without the body; it is as a breath without form: "man knows not whence it comes nor whither it goes." It acquires proportions only through combination with the soul. From this union the spiritual individuality is born. The spirit (consciousness, intelligence) is the masculine principle, the substance (will, love) is the feminine, the productive principle; out of this union springs the form. So, too, action comes from the union of thought and will, and from the union of intelligence and love the "son," wisdom, is born. Without the will to act, or love, all thinking and knowing is but an empty dream. Without intelligence or thought love is blind, and brings nothing perfect into existence. But where intelligence and love are in harmony and mutually supplement each other, then God (the good) gives his blessing to their union. The church can impress its seal thereon, but the true marriages are not made through external ceremonies, they are concluded in heaven.

In this earthly world of appearances, man and woman are the symbols of this union. Not as if man possessed all intelligence and woman all love, but because it is the order of nature that, in man, the intellectual calculating activity of the spirit predominates, in woman the soul perceptions, love. They thus mutually supplement each other. The external is only a symbol of the internal. The capacity, through external sexual union, to beget human organisms, which are capable of serving as suitable vessels for the "reincorporation" of the heavenly man, is the last remnant of the creative powers which man possessed when he, as a heavenly being stood upon a

* Thomas à Kempis, Imitation of Christ, I., 19, 1.

higher round of existence, before willing and thinking (Eve and Adam) separated themselves in him, and thus division and disharmony arose in him. Procreation is therefore, in essence, a holy act, even though the physiological action is of the animal nature. The spirit in which any act is executed is the life of the action and bestows upon it consecration, and it is therefore proper that the church, as the symbol of holiness, should impart its blessing to marriage as a solemn, religious act.

8. THE MARY-CULTUS.

Under this term we understand nothing else than the cultivation of purity of soul: for "Mary" (Maya) signifies the heavenly nature (as opposed to his animal nature) of man. This, his higher soul region, is the eternal, pure virgin, which has conceived by the "Holy Ghost," *i. e.*, the spirit of real knowledge, and has given birth to the "son," wisdom. She is the symbol of wisdom manifested in the heart of man and its realization, and as such is portrayed surrounded by stars (divine thoughts), standing on the moon and having the serpent under her feet. This signifies that through wisdom, purity and virtue, the doubt and false representations of erring earthly understanding can be vanquished, and the serpent of desire dominated.

The above indications are in no way intended as a full exposition of the religious symbols, but should be taken merely as hints, to call forth the religious feelings of the reader and to serve as an aid to his own intuition. The so-called "Cultivated" and "Freethinkers" will know nothing of religious symbols, and, because they have no suspicion of their meaning, will despise them. Superstition hangs upon these symbols, but sees only the external signs, not recognizing the spirit. But the discriminating mind neither despises the form nor permits himself to be blinded by it, but seeks to recognize the spirit which created the form, whose essence expresses itself in the form and shapes it.

The influence of a symbol depends upon the realization of the spirit contained therein. A Hottentot sees in a map nothing but paper and colors; to the educated man, on the other hand, it may serve as a useful guide. If the Hindoo worships a cow because she is a cow, he does so from ignorance; if he considers her as an emblem of the source of all good in the world, he worships in this emblem, not the cow, but the source of all good. When the Parsee gazes upon the sun during his devotions, he does not worship the earthly sun, but directs his mind to the sun of divine wisdom, whose emblem the visible sun is. Accordingly, symbols serve not as an end, but as means to an end; that through them we may arrive at real knowledge; through the external reach the inner; through the sign attain the power. When one has outgrown them they are only superfluous. The entire visible universe is an aggregation of external appearances or symbols, in which the inner powers and essences are represented emblematically in visible forms, by the magic of creative power. We cannot see the truth, itself, externally; therefore, it represents itself in visible pictures, and to recognize the truth therein, is our problem. When the wise man says that the entire phenomenal world is a delusion (illusion, representation, maya), it is not meant that God has created the world in order to deceive us, but that we deceive ourselves if we hold the phenomena for something other than phenomena; since, in themselves, without recognition of the truth represented in them, they are without reality; just as a picture without sense, which represents nothing, is no picture, but merely an agglomeration of colors. To recognize God in the universe means to recognize the reality in the universe, in all its phenomena and symbols.

But, in order to arrive at this real wisdom, man must learn to distinguish his own true essence from the symbol which he exhibits; for only the true in man can recognize the truth in other forms, and only when the divine consciousness is awakened in him, does the God in him recognize himself in all things.

Further, the symbols of the church deceive us not, if we do not deceive ourselves therewith, by holding them for something other

than they, in reality, are. If a Sicilian believes that he can, by the purchase of an indulgence card, procure in anticipation the remission of sin for a murder which he goes to commit, it is his own ignorance and the abuse of the symbol which deceive him. If a man implores an external God whom he does not know, for the granting of a selfish prayer, he brings a sacrifice not to God, but to his own self, and the satisfaction of his desire is, for him, higher than God.

But not only to laymen, but also to the clergy, itself, is the key of the understanding of the church in great part lost; since the latter are not servants of God, but rather servants of the church. The external form has in great part succeeded to the inner spiritual church, and since the rock of the church is truth, we see how, with the loss of the truth, the church has lost its inward power, and its symbols are considered by many as dead forms and empty ceremonies, to which men often pay respect only because it is the fashion. For this ever increasing unbelief, which is so much deplored by the clergy, there is no other remedy than recourse to the truth hidden behind the symbols, and its perception. If the world will understand that it is not a question of faith in the probability of tales, and the mere clinging to external forms, but of faith in the truth itself, which is hidden behind the forms, then will the true, spiritual church again win power, even if superstition and pious enthusiasm are thereby swept away. But, if a feeling for the true, the good and the beautiful is reawakened among the people, then also will justice again become manifest among men.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

THE MUSIC OF INDIA.

BY MRS. ARTHUR SMITH.

The characteristics of a nation are more readily perceived in its music than in any other way. Who, after listening to the "Niebelungen," could fail to recognize Germany as a country of Philosophers; and what mortal can forget the versatility and genius of the French, after an evening with "Gounod"? What discloses the romance and fervor of Italy like "Trovatore"?

In no nation has the art of simplicity and self-abnegation been so typified as in the "Music of India," the land of the Mahâbhârata and the Râmâyana, where childhood is a dream of things celestial and manhood a conversation with God.

The native of India knows no greatness save in the effort to comprehend the Infinite. He knows no melodies but those that *inspire* the student; he seeks no strains which do not vibrate in the realm of sacred things and bring him close to God. Theirs *is* the "Music of the Spheres." The Oriental sees a poem in the mountains and an Opera in the rivulet. To him "Music is the language of the world of vibration and produces and alters the soul's phases, by establishing *unities* of vibration."—*Stinton Jarvis.*

Many mythological associations are connected with all parts of the theory of music in this land. The Gods themselves were represented as Musicians. Saraswati, the Consort of Brahma, is the Goddess of music as well as of speech. She invented the systematic arrangement of sounds into a musical scale. She is represented seated on a peacock playing on a stringed instrument of the lute kind, used to accompany the voice. Brahma is depicted as a vigorous man beating with his hands upon a small drum. *Vishnu* in his incarnation as *Krishna*, is represented as a beautiful youth playing on a lute. Ganesha, God of wisdom, with head of an elephant, holds a *tamboura* in his hand. *Nareda* is the inventor of the *Vina.*

The theory of music in India is wrapped in a cloud of mystical

and romantic legends. The very names of the early musical treatises, such as "The Sea of Emotions," "The Mirror of Melodies," suggest an unbounded play of the fancy. Only a few of the many ancient treatises on Music, have been translated from the Sanskrit, and not all the translators were professed musicians; hence the inaccurate and confused way Hindu music is treated in many musical histories.

Rajah S. N. Tagore, Doctor of music in the Calcutta University, has written largely and clearly upon this subject. He gives, in reference to the mythology of Hindu music, the fable of Brahma, who, by power of thought, broke the egg in which he was confined (billions of years) into halves. One half was heaven, the other half the earth. Then man was created, and Brâhma called out of Chaos, ten heavenly sages, who peopled these halves, one with good and the other with evil angels, who created for the benefit and amusement of mankind, musicians and dancers. These were called *Gandhârvas* and *Apsâras*, and their special mission was to tempt the Hermits and Holy men and prove the sincerity of their vows. The beautiful *Apsâras* were lotus-eyed, and if successful in their compulsory duties and the Hermits returned to the pleasures of earth, both the *Gandhârvas* and *Apsâras* were punished. "One can easily imagine that in this land of tropical beauty, this land where grows the lotus flower and gazelle, that the music of the heart is most at home, and is pre-eminently a thing of the emotions." But the connection between music and poetry was very close in the early days of Hindu history. The *Rig Vêda*, the oldest literary monument, contained songs and hymns of praise to the Gods. In this work, the patriarchal state of society is given; the father is also a priest, and the women are held in exceptional honor, devoting themselves to Music and the Dance. Poetesses and Poets producing not only songs and hymns, but also the music to which they were sung. The early bards, *Rishis*, were held in great reverence and sang their own compositions and sacred songs with accompaniment upon the bina. Protected by the power of religious association, the purity of Hindu music was assured, until upstart musicians, not true poets like the

Rishis, sought to influence the passions by their music instead of ministering to the higher faculties.

The Hindu personifies his seven notes under the form of beautiful nymphs, and *Sungreeta* (the Sanskrit for music) is divided into seven parts, as there are seven principles in man. First, musical tones and their subdivisions; second, Melody; third, Time; fourth, Dancing; fifth, Poetry; sixth, Expression and Gestures; seventh, Manner of performing on different instruments.

The Hindu divides his musical scale not only into half tones, but subdivides these into smaller intervals which are called *Srutis*, and twenty-two of these make up an octave. Starting with the seven fundamental tones, Hindoos combine these elements according to three general principles, so as to form thirty-six distinct keys. In Hindu mythology the origin of the thirty-six keys is attributed to *Krishna*, who brought forth from his five heads, five keys, named *Raga*, to which his consort *Parbuti* added the sixth. These in their power were considered miraculous. The first *Sri Raga*, is sung in the dewy season at eve and is characteristic of love and mildness. The second, *Basânta Râga*, sung in the Spring also treats of love and is gay in mode. Third, *Bhairâba Raga* is adapted to the sublime, is grave in movement and sung on Autumn mornings. Fourth, *Panchâmâ Râga*, is rich with love, feminine, and sung at close of night. In the fifth, *Megha Râga*, heroism and solemnity are pronounced, and it is sung in the rainy season. Sixth, *Nâta Narâyan* is heroic; personified as a mighty warrior riding on horse-back on the battlefield; this *Râga* is sung in Winter.

These *Râgas* are marked by a flowing style varied by different sentiments. The words are from the *Vêdas* and considered miraculous in their power as the singer could compel men, animals and even inanimate nature to do his bidding. They have a succession of tones so arranged as to excite a feeling of the mind and they hold, that of all musical instruments, none is superior to the human voice in harmony, purpose and power. They claim that one who has the knowledge of the proper use of the voice and can control it at will,

can call, not only men, but the hosts of nature to serve him. They also believe that music, (or certain notes of the scale,) *will* and *does* stimulate the mind to action and awakens the soul, till it contacts the spirit and becomes *one* with the *Absolute*. They know certain musical sounds will cure disease and insanity, and obliterate the evil tendencies of criminals, and give conditions for the development of the *inborn* Divinity in man. They teach, as Annie Besant writes, that every thought is a vibration and causes an electric vibration in the brain; that these vibrations caused by your thought, can pass through ether, and reaching a brain attuned to your own by sympathy, will reproduce the vibrations in that brain, which by its own action (like the disk of a telephone) will give a picture, which is the thought originally produced. It is not your thought picture, but the vibrations connected with that picture which come to a sympathetic brain, and the picture is reproduced. This does not travel through space, but the vibrations do, and the picture *form* belongs to the brains at the two ends, the brain which originates, and the brain that receives.

It is said that once a celebrated musician sang the night *Râga* at mid-day, and so great was the power of the music, that darkness extended as far as the sound of his voice reached. A timely use of the "rain" *Râga* sung by a woman once saved Bengal from drought and famine, and as far as the vibrations of her voice went the rain fell. These *Râgas* are short; but, lengthened by repetition and variation, are of the nature of a Rondo, and much liberty is allowed with respect to pauses, provided the time be not disturbed. They are marked by a flowing ease. *Râgas* in these days are performed without strict regard to the rules laid down by Sanskrit authorities, while dancing is no longer the representation of the sacred love and affection which animated the hearts of Ancient Hindus. After the Mohammedan conquests of the eleventh century, arts, and sciences purely Hindû began to decline. But younger India is awakening to the importance and purity of her older teachings both in music and art.

There are two systems of music in vogue in India. "The Karnatic," which is the southern, and the "Hindustani," used in the northern provinces. The "Karnatic" is much more melodious and possesses fewer traces of foreign innovation. The style of music differs in the various provinces as well as the dialect. Many Hindu songs are very beautiful both as to poetry and melody. Folk songs and love songs are especially popular, also *Bhâjans* and nursery ballads. The Hindoos have sweet voices and poetic and ecstatic conceptions. In the field of *pure melody* this music excels; it is the music of the imagination as well as of the intellect. In this music is found the union of Song, Percussion and Dancing, under the name of *Sangita*, of which there are two descriptions, *Mârga* and *Desi*. The first being the style of music invented by the *Rishis* and the *Gandharvâs* and extant among the Aryyas; the second, *Desi*, comprising all the various styles of music that obtain in different places. The *Mârgâ Sangita* is the highest order of music, being of sacred origin, everywhere the same, and universally venerated. The *Desi* styles are of local growth and are determined by the manners, habits and character of the people.

The *Gandharva Vêda* is entirely devoted to music, and is derived from the *Sâmâ Veda*, a relic of the Aryan mind, proving that Hindu music received a systematic precision even in so high an antiquity as the Vedic ages, and also shows that their whole system of music is evolved from *Nâda* or sound, and *Nâda* underlies the three constituents of *Sangita*. *Nâda* has its origin in *Akâsa*, the ethereal element which pervades the whole universe; vibrations of the air acting upon the ear, give the idea of *Nâdâ*. These vibrations represent the spiritual side of the universe and can be resolved into music; the musical scale illustrating the phenomena of the material universe and color in the ethereal, or spiritual universe; for "waves of color are living voices." In this manner the material and spiritual or *duality* of the universe are simultaneously evolved from the standpoint of vibrations. The Hindoos have a comparative table of vibrations in the musical and color scales.

Many in India have direct control of vibrations and bring to their service quantities of atoms, at the immediate command of their thought; for they *know* the atom has a spiritual striving or Life Principle, which enables it to evolve. The atom *thinks*, and the power in it and in Man is deathless. The tones are placed in chest, throat and head; these are called the three *Saptakas*. Unlike the English chromatic scale (which is divided into twelve semi-tones) the Hindu octave proceeds by still minuter intervals called *Srütis; Sâwra*, or musical sound, is the aggregate result of a number of *Srütis*.

Various grades of sound were originally derived from the cries of animals and song of birds. Musical observers of antiquity ascertained there were seven degrees of tones from the calls of animated nature. These degrees occur in the *Sama Veda*. The Sanskrit writers were not guided by mathematical calculations alone, but by that higher faculty called artistic consciousness. The science of acoustics, as existing among the Hindoos, is subservient to all the purposes of music. Harmony in its modern import is not of much importance in Hindu music, the chief characteristic of which is melody. *Tala* is Time and synonymous with *Chhanda* or regular meter. Music without chhandâ, is as body without soul, and it is of such importance that without metric time, music loses its power over the human passions. Music should be used for nobler purposes than merely to please the ear; she is intended to speak to the judgment as well as the heart. It must be aided by good poetry. Travelers speak in praise of the orchestral performances they have heard in India, some of which are very elaborate.

The Musical Drama plays an important part in the life of India, and the Hindu theatre boasts of high antiquity. Europe had no dramatic Literature before the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, at which time the Hindu drama had passed its decline. It was a union of poetry, music and dance. The plays were long, often comprising ten acts. In the temple young girls called *Devâdasi* were trained in the religious music and dance. They are keyed to such vibrations

as harmonize with the planet's motion. The rhythmic dance of the Nautch girls is always an attraction. Musical instruments are numerous and of infinite varieties. The violin bow originated in India. Brass horns, trumpets, guitars with six pegs and seven strings; Sitars of Benares and Setars of Dedjapour, the Sarungee, the classical *vina*, also the Been of Bengal, and various other instruments show the wealth of invention and resource of this wonderful people.

To Beethoven, the great tone-poet of the world, the music of the Orient had wonderful significance. It is said that upon his writing table was a framed copy of an inscription from the temple of Sais in Egypt. "I am *all* that *was*, all that *is*, all that *will be*. No mortal has lifted my veil." Another Egyptian litany contains this thought. "I am the great indestructible lyre of whole world attuning the songs of the heavens."

Mozart, Schumann, Cherubini, Weber, and a number of modern Frenchmen, have found in the strange, mournful, passionate music of the Orient, a perfect medium of expression for some of their best musical fancies.

Wagner, the most original thinker and daring genius of the past Century, made close study of Oriental and Greek music, and in many of his compositions depicts the happy days of myths and fables. All kinds of reminiscences of ancient, even barbaric music, are found in our modern instrumental composition, in the dramatic music of to-day, and even in our songs. As in the childhood of the world, music developed as the hand-maid of religion, so to-day she finds her highest mission in interpreting the Infinite, the Inexpressible, to an older world which has lost much of its childhood faith and simplicity, and is struggling with many doubts and miseries. But Indian thought and Indian music are destined to play an important part in rescuing our civilization from self-absorbed materialism, and is to-day supplying to thousands of lives a moral uplift which will enable society to move onward and upward.

MARIE B. SMITH.

NATURE'S ANALOGIES.*

To no class of investigators, perhaps, does Nature so graciously reveal the sublimity of her method and purpose as to the student of the stars. Pledged to a system of interpretation founded on the rationalism of induction and correspondence, he perceives in every reflection of the great Mother-Soul a grandeur and a reality undemonstrable through the concepts of physical science.

His philosophy teaches him that in order the more fully to comprehend the purport of his own being, the centre of which is diffusive of all manners of tumults and emotions, the mind must be able to grasp the meaning of the centre of the enveloping universe, with its attendant satellites, each of which is likewise expressive of a specific impulse.

There are many paths, but none, we believe, which leads so logically and truly to an intellectual contemplation of the Central Essence itself as that afforded by the scale of similitudes; for, from the Sun as the positive element of a stupendous system, to the wondrous aggregate of molecular activities which constitute the planet, thence through the order of lesser cosmic bodies into those more etherealized forms that finally resolve themselves into the invisible and fluidic essences—all are essential agencies in the transmission of the universal Soul-principle, and concentered in the One Law.

Though the material thinker regard the physical sun as the source of terrestrial life, the astral physicist recognizes in the solar luminary a basic principle which exists in every instance of organic being, be it a composite universe, or a microscopic atom. And as the Sun generates a light of its own, one must understand by analogy that every physical impulse and every centre of energy emits a like principle, whether it be a visible ray, or a psychic emanation.

Thus, each molecule, as a world unto itself, educes a light-energy which may be conceived as its very own, augmented or modified

* Revised by the author and reproduced from The Sphinx.

according to its relationship with coterminous activities. The atom, as a member of a group, is in turn but a centralization of unities, each expressing its individual measure of luminosity, and of just as much importance in the Universal Economy as is the ponderous planet swinging majestically in its celestial pathway.

This luminous principle is everywhere. Whether manifest or unmanifest, it is omnipresent. Darkness is not the "absence of light," but an abeyance in its manifestation. The tiny flash emitted by the flint is as much an entity prior to its emission as at the time of that act. From this we deduce that the human ego whose illumination is obscured by the density of his astral environment, has latent within him not only the possibilities of the man whose beacon shines from the mountain top, but likewise the potentiality of the universe of which he is a part.

One may attain to a quasi-scientific understanding of light through dynamic, fluidic and etherio-atomic theories. These confusions of terms, however, have but an external significance. Light, spiritually considered, is not only the incessantly active principle of life, but *is* Life, the *self-subsistent* motive power that mutualizes the many forces which range from the Infinitesimal to the Immeasurable. Light is God, the centre of Being, Sun, Unity.

Though Nature revel in diversity, yet she adheres to a most efficient system of relations and affinities. All her forces are but relative, no one of which can be apprehended except through its association with some other force. That which acts must have something to act upon, else no cognizance can be taken of either. One speaks of the light of the Sun; but if all space beside were a void, there could be no conception of a luminous principle in the celestial organism. Whence it comes that Nature abhors a vacuum. Throughout her domain, Force and Matter—or Energy and Crystallization—are but co-ordinate factors, each equally dependent upon the other for its measure of expression. To them may be ascribed the foster-parentage of every phenomenal impulse.

And herein arises the duality of Being—Sun-Moon, positive-

negative, cause-effect, winter-summer, male-female,—antithetical terms which but serve to impress us with the fact that division in nature is assumed and not real. Though Venus be regarded as the antithesis of Mars, yet in all natural operations this principle is dependent upon a recognition of its polar opposite; for *love* (Venus) as a unifying factor can be apparent only through a *cohesion* (Mars) of the different impulses involved. Likewise, Saturn as the symbol of crystallization, though usually associated with the negation of light and heat, is, in the world of soul, directly related to the vital force of the Sun; because *life* (Sun) can become individualized only through that convergence of activities which ultimates in *form*, (Saturn). And so on, throughout the realms of nature do we find perfect equilibrium contingent upon the law of mutual contrasts—Duality.

With Unity as the basis of existence, and Duality as a condition prerequisite to all creative processes, the Trinity follows as a natural sequence; for as there is Male-Female, so must there be the child. Isis and Osiris without Horus would represent a union without purpose or result.

It is not to be marveled at that in the doctrinal theologies this term should be so perversive of its true meaning. But to the alchemist, the metaphysician, and the astrologer, unburdened as they are of grotesque religiosity, it expresses a law of supernal force whose divinity lies beyond the purview of sect or creed. In its aspect as *Mercury*, *Sulphur*, and *Salt*, or spirit, soul, and body (☉, ☽, ☥), they recognize in the Trinity the three fundamental divisions of Substance which, functioning through the four mystic elements, constitute the seven principles of eternal nature.

These phases of Being may be readily illustrated by means of the solar spectrum. Thus, Unity is literally expressed by the pure white ray. Passing this through the prism—analogous to the astral plane—we find the trinity in the three distinct gradations of color known as the primaries, or blue, yellow, and red. The duality is indicated in the two poles, the blues representing the negative by reason of their

refrangibility, and the reds the positive, because less capable of deflection. From the natural affinities or admixtures of the three we get four subdivisions, or secondaries, which complete the seven color tones of the prismatic scale. Their analogy to the seven functional planes of vibration as interpreted through the planets, is obvious.

And so, in the tiny ray of light which comes twinkling as in secret mirth through the open lattice, do we find blended, and fully capable of analyzation, the genetic principles which govern the Universe. Truly, God's ways are not altogether past finding out!

Field scientifically demonstrated the numerical value of the primary colors, yellow, red, and blue, to be respectively *three*, *five* and *eight*. Whether or not Field was aware of the occult significance embodied in this ascription we cannot say, though true it is that the complement of these numbers is 16, or 1 + 6 = 7—the mystic number of the seven principles or intermediates in both man and the Macrocosm.

To the alchemist and the astrologer these three numerals lend additional interest, which may be best considered in the following arrangement of analogies:

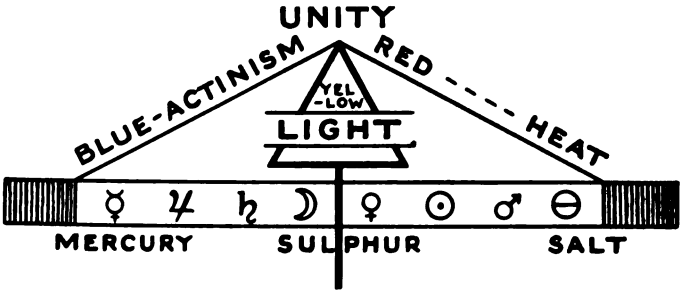
8. Blue.	⌣	Actinism.	Decomposition.	Spring.
3. Yellow.	○	Light.	Transformation.	Summer.
5. Red.	+	Heat.	Combination.	Autumn.

These numerical proportions are thus found to correspond with the astrological chart of the heavens, in that the *eighth* house is significant of death, or putrefaction, conformably to the axiom that "out of corruption shall come incorruption"; the *third*, as ruling the mind, accords with the Divine Intelligence that, through the functions of the *fifth* house (offspring), effects the individualization of spirit through matter.

The principal scheme of Nature is revealed in the three glyphs, constituting as they do the symbol of Mercury (☿), or the true *prima materia* which forms the basis of every chemical process, whether it relate to a vulgar or a spiritual regimen.

Through the chemical values as given above—light, heat, actinism—one may study the trinity in its application to external phenomena. Light and heat are specific verities within the ken of every intelligent being, because visually perceived and consciously felt. This third attribute, however, is not so familiar to the mind unconcerned with the deeper intricacies of nature, yet nevertheless a most essential factor in that laboratory of activities wherein the Seen and the Unseen are correlated into harmonious forms and values.

As the efficient principle in the production of chemical changes it is aptly illustrated in the following trinal processes, viz.: The chlorides and bromides are reducible through *Decomposition*, which, among the gases, is identical with the process of vaporation; in *Combination*, or a union of chemical affinities, as of chlorine and hydrogen into hydrochloric acid, or of chlorine and sodium into common salt; and in *Transformation* or a varying of the molecular energies, as the solution of iron into crystals, or, more easily apprehended, the bleaching of linen or cotton fabrics by exposure to the sunlight. Likewise are all the various gradations of color in the evolution of plant forms but different expressions of actinic force.



To extend the analogy, we find this arrangement of the trinity to accord with the variations in the chemical action of the elements throughout the progress of the seasons, emphasizing the fact that actinism, light, and heat, or the colors of the solar spectrum, are but successive dominating principles in all natural growth, and that natural forces never act at variance with their established laws.

Thus, in the spring of the year, when Nature's impulse is towards germination, the rays predominantly active are the actinic—Mercury (☿), Jupiter (♃), Saturn (♄). This is because a negative condition is essential to the incipient stage of plant life, wherein *decomposition*, as the first step towards fructification, is coincident with the germinal.

As the summer approaches the actinic rays diminish, while those of light—Moon (☽), Venus (♀), Sun (☉)—relatively increase. Nature, ever a wise conservator, has husbanded her luminous principle during the embryotic period, that it might be utilized at this season in various essential *transformations*, and in effecting the carbonic secretions which are to assist in the fibrous growth of her vegetable life; as also for the assimilation of the chlorophyll, or green coloring matter, with which the offshoots and the tiny tendrils are tinged. This division of the year is centred in the green (☽ Moon), the middle or pivotal ray of the spectrum, and includes those formative processes wherein the law of chemical affinity is the most active.

Continuing towards the red or positive polar ray (♂ Mars), we trace the similitude in nature to the heat forces which prevail in the ripening season, through and by which the yielding and semi-fluidic qualities of the gestative and circulatory processes are *combined* and developed into the perfection of weight and solidity. The negative forces have thus become polarized by the positive, and equilibration is the result.

With this corollation of the three-fold methods of the season of fructification, the differentiating potencies are apparently withdrawn, and, figuratively, "earth returns to earth, and dust to dust." The trinity, however, has but merged into the fourth quadrant,—winter, or nature in abeyance,—which in sum makes $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$, the number of Unity.

And so in demonstrative physics, if the prism be withdrawn the variegated colors vanish, and once again the pure white ray appeals to us as the symbol of the Eternal One. For back of diversity there is Unity!

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

GOD.

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
  All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight,
  Thou only God! there is no God beside.
Being above all beings! mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
  Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all—supporting, ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God—and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
  May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays, but God! for Thee
  There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's bright spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
  To trace Thy councils, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
  First chaos, then existence. Lord, in Thee
Eternity had its foundations; all
  Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony;
Sole origin—all life, all beauty here,
Thy word created all, and doth create.
  Thy splendor fills all space with ray divine;
Thou art, and wast, and shall be—glorious, great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround.
  Upheld by Thee—by Thee inspired with breath;
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
  And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
  And as the spangles in the sunny rays

Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army, glitters to Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
  Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
  All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
  Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to them art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
  All this magnificence in thee is lost!
What are ten thousand worlds compared with Thee?
  And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
  Is but an atom in the balance weighed,
Against Thy greatness—is but a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught.

Naught—but the effulgence of Thy light divine,
  Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
  As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
  I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
E'en to the throne of Thy divinity;
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art directing, guiding all, Thou art!
  Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
  Tho' but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank twixt heaven and earth;
  On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realm where angels have their birth
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me:
  In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity.
  I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a God!
Whence came I here? and how so marvelously
  Constructed and conceived unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creation? yes, Thy wisdom and Thy word
  Created me, Thou source of life and good;
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
  Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Fill me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
  The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
  E'en to its source, to Thee—its author there.

O Thou ineffable! O vision blest!
  Tho' worthless our conception all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breasts
  And waft its homage to thy deity,
O God! Thus now my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good,
  Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.*

DERZHAVEN.

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* This poem, by the Russian poet Derzhaven, has, under the order of the Emperor of Japan, been translated into Japanese, richly embroidered in gold and hung up in the temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on appropriate pieces of rich silk and suspended in the imperial palace of Pekin.

Department of Philosophy.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

WE NEED SOME ROMANTICISM.

It is singular, but a fact, that numerous forms of modern metaphysics are really nothing but more or less transcendental physics. Numerous mind-healers express themselves, perhaps unknowingly, in materialistic terms. On the other hand, a large number of healers and metaphysicians are pure idealists without knowing it and struggle hard with old terms. To rid themselves of the old notions conveyed by such terms, they fall back upon elaborate systems of symbolism, interpretations, &c. All this is evident from an attentive reading of the monthly journals. All these people could be helped by a study of Romanticism and restored to their own freedom both as regards mind and will.

Romanticism of old sought to resolve religion into poetry; the new romanticism will lift poetry into religion. The old would explain morality as æsthetics; the new turns æsthetics into morality. Whatever they do, they profess Life as their principle and Love as their guiding star. They travel in mysteries and see actuality as symbolic of the Universal and the Eternal. The individual is transformed into the One, and the Many are but the colors of the garments of the One.

There is one characteristic to all forms of romanticism and that is the yearning heart. All romanticists yearn or are driven by an ever unsatisfied craving for new life, wider love, intenser light and more

willing obedience to law. Their yearning is full of sense, full of soul, full of mind, full of anxiety and desire. Their yearning is infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts, and, all this fullness, all this suffering is a result of their attempts to realize in thought and feeling the immanence of the temporal in the Eternal and the Eternal in the temporal.

It is this yearning, that I say our moderns ought and need to realize. It is rooted in "the ground of the soul" and in the fact, that all existence is a unit. It is this truth, that our modern teachers are endeavoring to instil into the minds of those willing to hear about the New Age. Let the teachers follow the method of the new truth!

The romantic mind is genius, that is to say it is centred upon the Inner, the Original, the Elemental or Simple; hence it is self-reliant and spurns all vulgar realism. In a sense it is sightless as regards an outer world, but is all sight as regards internality. It is very much like Wm. Blake able to retain before the outer eye, the inner vision and hold it there so long that it becomes the all of vision. From this self-reliance springs an energy and self-knowledge which is unknown to any other mind and will than the romantic. Its energy allows it to see the world as God sees it, not as we see it, and its mind becomes the throne of God. The romantic mind is in unity with itself and is absolute internality; but this does not point to a conflict with something which is supposed to be "outside." Such an "outside" is only an appearance and lasts no longer than illusions and misunderstandings last.

The romantic mind is Nature in human manifestation; hence it is so passional, so intense and so unwilling to be "practical." It hates that which in our day goes by the name of culture, but which is not progress; and it opposes all rationalism but not reason; it trembles at the sight of dead formalism and conventionalities, but it adores Form. So-called realizations are to the romantic mind illogical, untrue, and proving complete ignorance of the laws of Being. That which the world-spirit calls realization, uses, the practical, etc., are

extreme applications of Universals, the General, the Original or the Infinite to human egotistic ends and purposes. Such realizations are little short of profanation. For instance, to ask, what is the use of art, is utter distortion of order. To ask the money value of chastity is abominable. To ask how much factory work a sunset can do is shocking, and to think that the aroma of the violet or the song of the nightingale is not equal to a bill of goods is preposterous. All this romanticism opposes. It will have the truth of things first, and, out of that truth shall come culture and civilization. Thus romanticism is revolt. It will not tolerate a pantheon of Gods, it wants only the One and it demands that we return to Originality or such conditions which are not stultified against the marvelous, the mysterious and the wonderful.

To the romantic minds the world is a wonder which never can be exhausted. It says with Rückert, that God came from heaven to look on Nature through our eyes. The romantic mind is therefore itself a wonder and it can draw freely from the subconscious mind.

All this shows that the romantic mind represents a new culture and is able to do what I above claimed for it. The New Age does not want mere intellectualisms; it wants soul-life, psychisms and experiences. The new teachers must be psychics and the methods must be psychological. The romantic mind is of that quality and influences by that method. Its yearning places it in union with nature and in that union appears a theophany and that theophany is a Presence. C. H. A. B.

WHAT WE KNOW OF THE UNKNOWN.

One might have wished that Flammarion, in his new book,* would again have indulged in one of his brilliant stories of psychic elucidations of world-mysteries, but he did not. His "Urania" and "Luman" were charming, and, the first is as instructive and suggestive as anything written in Psychism; but this, his new book is even better, though

*L'inconnu. The Unknown. By Camille Flammarion. New York and London. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1900.

it is entirely devoid of theory and romance. It is a collection of documents from all kinds of people relating to telepathy, apparitions, suggestions, dreams, etc. The documents are the affidavits of several hundred people, selected from among thousands, who answered Flammarion's requests for information printed in French magazines. Their value rests upon the writer's loyalty to truth and good faith, and upon Flammarion's critical sifting. A reading of them convinces one of frankness and good faith, and, the marvelous unity of opinion goes far to prove the truth of the writer's stories.

It is upon evidence of this kind, here furnished, that our knowledge of the Unknown rests. The subject matter is one that rests entirely upon personal data, and is itself entirely personal. It is personal, viz., it is *of* soul and *for* or *to* soul. It is not of spirit. It is psychic, viz., it is of that middle world built up of vibrations from the two poles of existence, whatever we call them.

This middle world may be made the subject of scientific study and all psychic or personal action is capable of being reduced to law. But such a study must be scientific in a different sense from that of the modern mechanical pursuits and the laws to be searched for are neither impersonal, abstract or mathematical; they must be expressed in terms of mind and will. Flammarion's work is undertaken from this new point of view. It may be called "the *début* of the new science."

Intelligent students no longer recognize matter. It has disappeared under dynamism. Flammarion has shown this, in this his chosen field. In his "The World Before Creation of Man," he proved that an intellectual law controls the universe and in his "End of the World," he demonstrated that nothing can end or pass out of being. In this new work everything is reduced to psychism, and, we see how and why all minds are one, and communicate. It is really marvelous to see how universal are the experiences in psychic matters, and we leave the reading fully convinced that the so-called unknown world is a fable; everything seems knowable and mind blends with mind. Life appears as only the manifestation of the varying steps of mundane light and soul-existence. C. H. A. B.

But if I should be mistaken in this belief, that our souls are immortal, I am however pleased and happy in my mistake; nor while I live, shall it ever be in the power of man to teach me out of an opinion that yields me so solid a comfort, and so durable a satisfaction.—*Cicero.*

SOME NATURE-POETS.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

II.

A study of the poetry of Shelley is, especially in our day, of value to those who are returning to Nature for new inspiration, and there is in him a joyous optimism which squares admirably with the truth of life. He is a Renaissance with just enough recognition of human sadness to set off the ideal against a certain darkness, which some ignorant people will not see is only "good in the making," or stages of life which have been "overcome." There is also something of a theophany in Shelley; he shines like a mighty star; both an evening and a morning star. As the first he rises titanic against the vain show of the day and invites to rest; as morning star he prophesies and initiates the New, a Romanticism of an unknown order. As such a prophet he is too little known.

Shelley's friends and those who have had glimpses of Nature's symbolism are bold enough to call his life "a miracle of thirty years," and, to say that a prophetic fire burns in his poetry as in that of no other poet; and this judgment applies to Shelley both as a poet of freedom and as a Nature-poet.

"Adonais" was written on the occasion of the death of Keats, February 23, 1821. This poem being of so late a date and justly considered a strong reflex of Shelley himself, I may take as a sample of his monistic ideas. It is Shelley who is meant by these words:

> He, as I guess,
> Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
> Acæton-like . . . .

The following is certainly monistic:

> He is made one with Nature: there is heard
> His voice in all her music, from the moan
> Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
> He is a presence to be felt and known

In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass they bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

And these two stanzas are not isolated. They are supplemented by the following:

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Here we hear Shelley use the famous phrase:

The One remains, the many change and pass.

Life is a "stain on the white radiance of Eternity," it is a break of unity and we are told,

Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!

Our minds are not of much account. Shelley does not even see that as part of Nature, they reflect Nature. His monism is so radical that he will only recognize

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,

That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The tone of this is clear and emphatic. The question is what shall we think of it, how shall we understand it? Is this philosophy Platonic idealism of the sublimest order or is it a low naturalism, which he might have gotten from Holbach, whom he once greatly admired? The question must be settled and can only be settled by a consideration of the general drift or evolution of Shelley's life and ideas, and that is not difficult to discern. His reverence for Nature, one might say religious and moral respect, is one of the intensest. Listen to this:

"Whosoever is free from the contamination of luxury and license may go forth to the fields and to the woods, inhaling joyous renovation from the breath of Spring, and catching from the odors and sounds of Autumn some diviner mood of sweetest sadness, which improves the softened heart. Whosoever is no deceiver and destroyer of his fellow-men—no liar, no flatterer, no murderer—may walk among his species, deriving, from the communion with all which they contain of beautiful or majestic, some intercourse with the Universal God. Whosoever has maintained with his own heart the strictest correspondence of confidence, who dares to examine and to estimate every imagination which suggests itself to his mind—whosoever is that which he designs to *become*, and only aspires to that which the divinity of his own nature shall consider and approve—he has already seen God."

Is this not sublime and idealistic? Is it not moral and religious? Is it not monistic?

How did his Monism show itself? I know of no better expression for it and answer to this question than by quoting Dowden:*

"From first to last Shelley moved spirit-like in a world which was

*E. Dowden: Studies in Literature, 1789–1877. London, 1889. 5 Ed., page 62.

spiritual, and while strenuously denying the existence of anything immaterial, he attains what his feelings and imagination demanded by a system of levelling-up, by endowing matter with all the attributes of mind. A creative God he constantly denies; but he will not deny the existence of a Spirit of the Universe; this Spirit, however, cannot be immaterial; its action is necessary; it is incapable of will and of moral qualities; it is equally the author of evil and of good; we can stand in no relation to it and hence religion is impossible."*

What was Shelley's life? It was a brilliant meteor that fell upon the earth. It was *Intellectual Beauty* in the arms of Emilia Viviani. It was the thirst after perfection of *Alastor*, who in vain seeks the prototype of his conceptions and descends to an untimely grave. It was *Prince Athanase*,

> For none than he a purer heart could have,
> Or that loved good more for itself alone;
> Of naught in heaven or earth was he the slave.

Yet he was a "hopeless wanderer through mankind." It was "the nightingale hated by the woodman," the lark in the firmament, the flower by the wayside, neglected and dusty, the restless cloud, the sobbing wave. It was this and much more; the whole circumference of the horizon does not contain illustrations enough to represent the mind and heart of this man, who lived out of doors, wrote his poems on the sea or on the mountains, and who could truthfully call upon

> Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!

and who without veiling his face could boldly look up to the

> Mother of this unfathomable world!

invoking her:

> Favor my solemn song, for I have loved
> Thee ever and thee only; I have watched
> Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps
> And my heart ever gazes on the depth
> Of thy deep mysteries.

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*Dowden, however, overlooks the fact that Shelley in "Adonais" does attribute moral qualities to the Universal God.

Shelley's poetry can teach us not to count our days by the calendars of men, but by the calendars of nature:

> He heard
> The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung
> Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel
> An unaccustomed presence.

The Æolian harp of the pines; the moans and the struggles of the tempestuous ocean filled his soul with deeper joy and higher thoughts than human kind:

> And the rippling rivulet and evening gloom
> Held commune with him, as if he and it
> Were all that was.

The skylark was to him

> Better than all measures
> Of delightful sound;
> Better than all treasures
> That in books are found.

If my reader is open to influences let him dwell upon *A Summer evening in the churchyard of Lechlade, Gloustershire*, and he shall feel an infusion of Shelley's vivid portraying of nature and realize that

> —the power is there,
> The still and solemn power of many sights
> And many sounds, and much of life and death.

The warp and the woof of Shelley's poetry is Nature and the elemental forces, sometimes personified, sometimes not, more often the latter. His poetry and his mind are as unsubstantial as *The Cloud*, yet as universal and useful as any meteorological phenomenon; sings he in the form of a cloud:

> I am the daughter of earth and water,
> And the nursling of the sky;
> I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
> I change, but I cannot die.
> For after the rain, when with never a stain,
> The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
  Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
  And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
  I arise and unbuild it again.

In this incomparable poem Shelley's wonderful and unique sensibility takes the form of an aspiration, which makes him not only the greatest master of lyrical verse, "the Ariel of Songsters," but proves him to be, what he claimed for the poet in his *Essay Upon Poetry*, the greatest regenerator of the world. Masson has said of Shelley:

"He speaks, indeed, of Deity, and other such ideas, as being only 'the modes in which thoughts are combined'; but it is evident, whatever he calls them, that it is only the presence or the absence of certain ideas of this class that constitutes, in his view, the difference between the right and the wrong; between the splendid and the mean in thought. Thoughts combined *so* are eternally noble and good; thoughts combined *otherwise* are eternally ignoble and bad—no man ever cherished a belief of this kind more passionately than Shelley. No man, therefore, had more of the essence of an absolute ethical faith, of a faith not fabricated out of experience, but structurally derived from an authority in the invisible."

Shelley represents so much that modern society needs. He was as his friends characterized him: "Simple, not complex; imaginative rather than fanciful; abstract, not concrete; intellectual and spiritual, but not emotional." This is true in spite of his errors and his disregard for conventional society. His one idea, he knew as Beauty, worshipped as Love and understood as Thought. It was his Ideala, the Femina—"wrought of Beauty, Ideal Love and Immortality." It is this one idea, which our moderns need so much:

Spirit of Nature! all sufficing power;
Necessity! thou mother of the world!

C. H. A. B.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL TRIP AMONG NEW BOOKS.

One may take a trip among books as well as among the hills. The two are not unlike. They are upheavals of fire if they are of any prominence and worth visiting. Sedimentary rocks and books which are merely compilations are not worth visiting. A real book has the same mystic air surrounding it as a mountain, and it can be mined and quarried like a mountain for metals and precious stones. This is true, of course, only to one with "the appreciative eye"; to one whose ear can hear the voices that created the two, and who loves flowers and the far-off view. One must enter the spirit, the mind and will of the author in order to appreciate his work; it is not enough to examine the mere facts which are printed. One must have lived upon a mountain both summer and winter to know anything of its moods; one must have partaken of food produced by that same mountain, and one must have been at least a few miles away from it and looked upon it in moonlight and at midday sun before it is possible to begin to know that mountain. Such an attitude to the mountain will produce a psychic condition in which there will be elements of truth in that mountain, and that is all one can expect; the secret of the mountain cannot be discovered. As regards a book, the process of study is somewhat similar. One must live or have lived in its atmosphere; one must endeavor to feel it, to coax its spirit to come out and be seen, in order to begin to commune with the author. Communion with the author is the essential of all book reading, just as participation in the magic of a mountain range is the real outcome of a visit to it.

A ramble among the hills and among books is psychological and should be nothing else. Hills and books are matters of temperament and influx. The only true criticism of a book can be that which is psychic, or which is the same, that which feels its soul, and a book's soul is the author's attitude to Universals. A reviewer who reads to discover the author's psychism or communion with Universals does not care for the individual truths stated; they may be correct enough from some point of view, and they may be useful information in many ways. He reads in order to be lifted out of narrowness into a "larger place"; he feels in order to be moved by and into that great purpose that seems to vibrate in all and everything. As a rule, his criticism does not detract anything from the value of the book to

those for whom it is written. His criticism has value only to those few for whom books are not texts and manuals, but ciphers of spirit. For the present I have had this latter class in mind. For them only is the following written.

When we have a title like this, "The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East,"* a thrill goes through us, and we raise our ears expecting to listen to the far off groans of travailling mankind, just as we do to the voices of the night. If the story teller has lived into the spirit of the bygone ages he can fascinate us and we shall hear a story that echoes our own personal past experiences. We, the story teller, and the people of old will meet in the psychic sphere. Robert E. Anderson is not a magician that can do this. His story is apparently a correct compilation from numerous studies and discoveries, but it is not an alembic.

In Wallis Budge's † "Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life" we are led into "the vasty deep of thought" and we feel our "feet set in a large place." True it is, as he says, "that up to the present no systematic account of the doctrine of the resurrection and of the future life has been discovered," and may never be discovered, but, nevertheless, it is possible to state what was "the great central idea of immortality, which existed unchanged for thousands of years, and formed the pivot upon which the religious and social life of the ancient Egyptians actually turned." The whole subject of the book is so personal and direct, and we almost hear ourselves, in the Elysian Fields, recite from the papyri of Nebseni, Ani or Anhai, which in this book are represented by hymns of the most ardent and lofty character. Truly here is psychism which stands second to none.

A reader, who is able to strip off the sensuous and material integuments of his being, may be led into the adytum of the soul by Holmes W. Merton,‡ but I doubt if anybody else can. "Heliocentric

* "The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East." By Robert E. Anderson. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

† "Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life." By E. A. Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. London, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. New York, Henry Froude. 1899.

‡ "Heliocentric Astrology or Essentials of Astronomy and Solar Mentality, with Tables of Ephemeris to 1910. By Yarmo Vedra. With 64 ills. 35 of which are original drawings by Holmes W. Merton. Philadelphia, David McKay. 1899.

Astrology" is an improvement upon "Solar Biology," but more difficult to use for the amateur. Though this book apparently reduces human life to mere fate, it is easy to see that in spite of the laws of Nature, which we must obey, Man, nevertheless, is "the messiah of nature."

The life of the student, the light from Helios and the law of the universe are found to be one, though apparently three. An astrology that shows this is psychic, hence of value. It becomes a soul-study, and is no more mechanical calculations.

These three books are psychological guesses by three specialists—an historian, a student of comparative religions, and an astrologer. As we have Folk-Psychology, so we here have specimens of Scholar-Psychology, and the three fully prove the theory which Rudolph Eucken advanced n his "*Die Lebenanschauungen der Grossen Denker*," namely, that writers, scholars, artists, etc., do not present the truth either fully or unbiased, but always colored by temperamental influences. That theory and its proof in Eucken's large work was a valuable addition to modern philosophical study and reasserts the necessity of watchfulness against "the personal equation." The historian, in this case, forgets the influences of the life of the nations at large, which he describes, and constructs a history around the records and remains of kings and priests; he forgets also that such records and remains are no more than exact counterparts to the few and withered remains we find in the meadows from last year's growth. The life, the hopes and aspirations of the nations are lost as much as the summer bloom and richness of perfume and flower from the meadow. Where the author indulges in descriptions of the psychic life of these peoples he simply reconstructs it from out of his own mind; thus his history becomes truly psychology, but in this case not the psychology we expected. This criticism applies equally to Wallis Budges' book, and especially to the Astrology under review. It is true, the book is said to be Heliocentric Astrology, never limiting itself, but the author's mind has been so completely adjusted to Sun-influences that several facts are forgotten, such as, for instance, that each individual mind or heart is also a sun and that our Sun is itself rotating around another or perhaps several other suns. These two facts are of tremendous importance when it comes to weighing and measuring in order to find out our true position in the World-All.

"The personal equation" is also a disturbing factor in Dr. Walter's

book.* His psychic condition is entirely controlled by the life-idea and it is destitute of influences from the other three fundamentals of existence: love, light and law. Of course the life-idea is a powerful one and a true one and reaches very far, but as regards the other three it is only a basis and of no direct force. A psychism guided by it only moves in a limited sphere and is without self-reflection and self-government; it teaches, as does Walter's book, "that the living world is a fundamental department of natural existence, and is, therefore, subject to a fundamental law, perfectly analogous to Chemical Affinity and Gravitation. The teaching is true enough as regards "the living world" or Nature, but what about those spheres which we must consider as being above or beyond "the living world" and which are not governed by "Chemical Affinity and Gravitation"?

Münsterberg says:† "The historian strives to-day for psychological explanation, the economist for psychological laws; jurisprudence looks on the criminal from a psychological standpoint; medicine emphasizes the psychological value of its assistance; the realistic artist and poet fight for psychological truth; the biologist mixes psychology in his theories of evolution; the philologist explains the languages psychologically; and while æsthetical criticism systematically coquets with psychology, pedagogy seems ready even to marry her." It is this new study, this Common Mind, I have applied to these books and it is It that complains of "the personal equation" and not I. We must learn to recast our methods of study and do away with argument. Frank D. Bullard‡ expresses it in his Epilogue:

> So long I parry arguments with skill,
> And pros and cons consider at my will,
> The great Enigma that e'er racks the brain
> Cannot be solved by man, ...

We need not sink into the despair and pessimism of Maudsley as quoted by our author: "An atom in immensity, a moment in eternity,

* "Vital Science based upon Life's great law The Analogue of Gravitation. Agnosticism refuted." By Robert Walter, M.D. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. 1899.

† "Psychology and Life." By Hugo Münsterberg, Prof. of Psychology in Harvard University. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1899.

‡ "The Apistophilon." A Nemesis of Faith. By Frank D. Bullard, A. M., M. D. Chicago. R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. 1899.

a single pulse, so to speak, in the flux of life on earth, man cannot transcend the narrow limits of his small capacity; can only reflect in knowledge more or less adequately the minute spot of space, the brief moment of time, in which he is, ..." Such pessimism is itself limited and untrue and is given the lie by the inherent inclination in man to seek the transcendent. But it is true as far as it bids us remember the atomic and momentary in our knowledge, and silently admonishes us to seek the Common Mind, that Universality, which past learning too often forgot, and, which now is the only and real standard in all study, in all criticism.

I compared, above, books and mountains and the comparison reflects true psychology. Let us therefore take our books into the mountains for study and analysis. The individual, "the personal equation," disappears there and large vistas of the Common Mind open. The new psychology can best be studied there.

C. H. A. B.

"IAN MACLAREN'S" CREED.

It is not likely that the so-called life creed which has been suggested by the Rev. Dr. Watson will commend itself to the rank and file of active church members. They will object to it, curiously enough, because they agree with it. In other words, it is of such a general character that all professing Christians, from Roman Catholics to Unitarians, could accept its statements as statements. But when it comes to putting them together as a creed, the case is different. The Christian consciousness conceives of a creed as a dogmatic symbol. And Ian Maclaren's creed is anything but that. It says:

> I believe in the Fatherhood of God. I believe in the words of Jesus. I believe in the clean heart. I believe in the services of love. I believe in the unworldly life. I believe in the Beatitudes. I promise to trust God and follow Christ; to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God.

Now, undoubtedly, this profession of faith will approve itself to the large number of people who, though calling themselves Christians, nevertheless reject the dogmatic theology of the Christian Church. Doubtless they are an influential element to-day, in numbers and intellect. Doubtless, also, their defection from the ranks of the Church has, to a certain extent, weakened the Church; but it is to be noted that the denominations, as such, are about as strenuous as ever in

upholding the dogmatism of their respective creeds. There is not the remotest possibility of any one of them dropping its creed and taking up that of Ian Maclaren. Possibly the Unitarians might do so, but the Unitarians are not much given to creeds, anyhow; and, besides, their standing as Christians would be called in question by many of their Trinitarian brethren. What most church members want is a creed with the backbone of dogma in it. And that, too, in spite of the present-day tendency, away from dogma. That tendency, in fact, has roused into greater activity the forces of dogmatic Christianity, and no careful observer can fail to see that during the next twenty-five years a battle royal will take place between the two opposing forces. Indeed, it is going on now. Of course neither side will gain a victory, or, rather, each will gain a victory and suffer a defeat, as it has always happened in struggles between the old and the new in the Church.

In the meanwhile, a multitude of good Christians will believe the special creed of the denomination to which they belong, and, without knowing it, will practice the creed suggested by Dr. Watson. But as the practice of a life creed is, after all, the main thing, everybody may well be satisfied. The Brotherhood of Christian Unity has taken up the creed of the Scottish writer as the basis of its work for Christian unity. How far it will be effective in this regard depends upon what is meant by Christian unity. If the consolidation of all the Christian denominations into one body is meant, neither this nor any other creed will avail, for two reasons: The denominations could not be persuaded to come together, and if they could, Christians would split up on other questions in less than a year. The utility of this creed will be in providing a religious and moral basis of conduct for those Christians who read or think themselves out of dogmatic Christianity. They do not wish to be ranked as infidels, and, in fact, are not, as regards a belief in an overruling Providence and the obligation of the moral law. This creed exactly expresses their faith; and it will give them just that spiritual inspiration without which no creed has any ethical value.

N. Y. Tribune.

To educate is not to implant anything in the mind of a pupil. The educator is to deal with what is already there, in the nature and constitution of being. He is to develop, to make available the pupil's own capacity of knowing, willing and doing.—*H. K. Jones.*

THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

FOLK-LORE.

It is an idle notion that many entertain that popular tales like those known by the name of "Mother Goose" are simple untruths and vulgar superstitions. People would soon forget them, and let them die like the stories that sailors used to tell in the forecastle. But when a story is remembered, and is handed down from parents to children for many hundreds of years, we may believe safely that in some form at some period it may have been true. The tales of fays and fairies that used to be told in England, and the innumerable stories and legends of trolls, pixies and other unnatural beings, are of this nature. They were not made up to deceive people or to scare

children, but related to events which in some way took place. Even when they seem to be absurd beyond measure this is the case.

Many languages have slender vocabularies. There are not words enough to denote everything that it is desired to speak about. Then was adopted the practice of using one name to mean something in some way similar to it. From that way of speaking the practice was formed of calling things by the name of qualities, like those of character in a person. Some men are called hogs; actors are described as stars; and foolish women as geese.

How many of us have heard the nursery chant: "The cow jumped over the moon," and wondered that a statement so monstrous should be kept so long in remembrance. The reason was that it was a parable, and as such was true.

A people known now as Aryans took possession of a great part of northern India. In their books and songs they made great use of the cow to signify the sky and objects in the sky. The sky was the cow, especially when cloudy, and the rain was her milk. When the cloud passed over the face of the moon it was the jumping of the cow that darkened it.

Little Jack Horner with his Christmas pie appears to be a commonplace piece of history. King Henry VIII. of England had determined to annul the charters of the Roman monasteries in England and seize their wealth. One of these took the precaution to send the parchment on which its charter was written to another place where it might not be found. Jack Horner was employed as the messenger. The parchment was baked inside a pie, and Jack sent to carry it as a present. Stopping to rest on his way, and hungry, he ventured to break into the pie, and so discovered its precious contents. He delivered the document to the proper official, receiving a reward, and the charter was annulled.

The "Babes in the Wood" may likewise be set down as historic individuals in disguise. It is told and generally believed that Richard III. of England usurped the throne from Edward V. his nephew, and employed assassins to murder that prince and his brother.

The story was kept alive in the ballad, which while meaning to keep in mind the cruelty of the king and the tragic fate of the two princes, yet described one of them as a girl, so that the uncle would not be able to fix upon any one as pointing him out as the murderer.

Cinderella and her slipper has always had a charm, and never is forgotten. It could be better explained in another language, as so much of it is a play on words. Cinderella is the aurora or Dawn, who has been one of the guests of the sun-prince during the night. The term *apad* means both without feet, and a footstep or slipper. She goes through the sky without footsteps, and he follows her. The next morning she is found by the slipper and weds the prince.

There was a similar story in Egypt. Rhodopé [rosy-face] was bathing, and an eagle caught her slipper, flew away to Egypt and dropt it at the feet of prince Psametikh III. He caused search to be made and married her.

The story of Blue Beard, like the hero-myths of the Bible, has been apparently identified in historic occurrences. It is an Esthonian legend. Blue Beard is the sun, the sky being his beard. The wives are the hours of the day whom he kills one by one. The twelfth takes the golden key of sunset to open the secret chamber where are the corpses of the others. She is detected and he is about to slay her, when a youth who takes charge of the goslings, who knew her as a child, comes and kills the husband.

In the story of Jack and the Bean-stalk, Jack's mother is the night. He barters her for some beans, one of which sprouting, takes root and grows to the sky. Climbing up he finds the woman, the moon, and through her sees the morning of abundance.

The notion of ill fortune of a Friday is borrowed from a religious cause. In the various ancient worships, Friday was the day of the Goddess—Freia, Venus, Aphrodité, Istar, etc. She portended happy fortune, as to have children was esteemed superlative felicity, happiness being assured after death. Enterprises begun on Friday were considered fortunate. The Christian prelates, to counteract such beliefs, caused Friday to be made the day for capital punish-

ments; from which cause solely the day came to be regarded as boding ill luck.

The fortunate look at the crescent moon has a like beginning. The new moon for various reasons is propitious. Then women are more likely to be kind; even to be in best powers of mind and reason. A fortunate glance at the crescent after it becomes visible is auspicious of her favor, good fortune, and success.

Some derive bad omens from an unexpected meeting with a sharp instrument, like a pin pointing toward them on the floor. When men were led to the scaffold to be executed, the doomsman kept the blade of the axe or sword directed toward them as they walked along.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

THE AWAKENING.

Time was when I lay sleeping. Visions came
  And filled the idle hours with pleasant things—
Earth hath no store the dreamer may not claim,
  Nor draw to him on Fancy's golden wings.

* * * * * * * * * * *

In earliest dreams there came a wondrous bloom,
  A flower agleam like sun-touched gold; so rare,
Its gorgeous coloring and sweet perfume
  Made all the place about it seem more fair.
Nor did I, dreaming, dream that far more sweet,
  More beautiful a flower than this could be;
Nor that more wondrous, glowing and complete,
  Bloomed flowers I could not see!

Next came a sound of music, and I heard
  A trembling chord attuned to Nature's key—
A melting note that floated like a bird
  Upon the waves of perfect harmony.

Nor did I, dreaming, dream that melody
  Could wreathe itself in strains more sweet and clear,
Nor that beyond the mellow tones could be
  Songs which I could not hear!

Next followed light that poured from out the blue
  When first the sun shone through the mists of dawn;
Pure, life-bestowing rays—white flames that flew
  Like fair and shining heralds on and on.
Nor did I, dreaming, dream that there might shine
  Beyond one gleaming sun so bright and fair
A dazzling light too splendid—too divine
  For earthly eyes to bear!

Then came the fairest vision and the last,
  So fair it seemed to come from realms above—
This dear illusion caught and held me fast,
  And, slumbering, I dreamed of human love!
Nor did I, dreaming, dream there'd come an hour
  When Life would stoop and touch me on the eyes—
Would lift from off my soul the poppy flower
  And bid me wake and rise!

* * * * * * * * * * *

The dreaming's over with—the slumber passed,
  The flower, the song, the earthly light of day
The dream of love too beautiful to last—
  These fair illusions all have passed away.
And I, awake, stand on the rugged shore
  Where o'er the rocks of stern experience creep
Life's mighty tides—rejoicing evermore
  That I no longer sleep.

EVA BEST.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(III.)

On top of the wooded cliff in which was the cave of the Wise Man—a high point of land from which, as he sat in the shadow of the breeze-blown trees, the ocean-gazer could see up and down the shore for miles and miles—sat the seven Sea Urchins, surrounding their dearly loved teacher, the Wise Man.

His fine eyes looked oceanward, and, as if they understood his silent mood, the children forbore to speak. At length he turned his gaze shoreward, and, looking about him, inquired softly of Brownie, upon whose curly head he placed a gentle hand:

"Brownie, did you ever see a real man?"

"Why, yes, sir, certainly I have; I see one now."

"But if I should tell you that I don't believe that possible—that in fact, you never did see a real man?"

"Am I not looking at you now, sir?"

"And what do you see?"

"I see—you."

"My body, boy? My face, my arms, my hands, my feet—not the possessor of all these—the 'I' who commands them? Any other man has face, arms, hands and feet; yet that other man is not another identical 'I,' although we be fashioned of the same material and move and live in almost the selfsame manner. Take John O'Connell, the fisherman, for instance. He is a man with a body such as I myself possess; yet are we alike?"

"Not a bit! Not a particle alike!" This from the united Urchins, and with some indignation. "He's a cross, mean, stingy, unobliging fellow, and not the least in the world like you, sir!"

"Then it isn't his body that makes the difference?"

"But there is a difference in your bodies—your face is different, and your hands and feet. Yes, sir," cried Blackie, with admiring glance, "there is a difference, for which I, for one, am thankful!"

"That's only in degree, Blackie, boy!" laughs the amused teacher; "and the difference lies in the 'real man' himself. You can't see the man who builds by his thoughts these marked differences out of the same materials that all living things must use for their earthly dwelling places, any more than you can see the intelligence that governs the animalcule which is smaller than the smallest conceivable grain of dust, but which possesses eyes, mouth, nerves, digestive and other organs, and which is so alive that, though it be dried and rubbed into dust, will, in after years, when put into water immediately show signs of most vigorous life. These little 'wheel worms,' or 'rotifers,' as they are called, since they rotate like a wheel, are, as are all other members of the 'Infusoria,' intelligent little entities, or individuals."

"'*In-fus-o-ria*,'" repeated Snowdrop, slowly. "What is that?"

"Something I am going to show you, Snowdrop. I have ordered a powerful microscope to be sent to me, and the 'infusion' for the creation or developing of the lowest and simplest known forms of life shall take place upon its arrival. Who has heard the word 'protoplasm'?"

"I have," said Violet, eagerly. "Oh, do tell us about it—it is the beginning of all life, isn't it?"

"All physical life, yes. It is a word made up of two Greek words meaning 'form' and 'to mold,' and from protoplasm starts all material life as we know it."

"What does it look like? Can we see it?"

"It exists in the shape of a tiny globule—the smallest drop of clear, jelly-like substance which is not quite substantial enough to be readily distinguished from the water in which it floats, yet which holds within itself so strong a spark of life that repeated boilings and freezings of the water in which it makes its home fail to kill it. From protoplasm all known life—material life begins—the life of the 'monad' or 'molecule,' each one of which is a little, individual, living cell with an intelligence of its own."

"And you will show us these?"

"I hope to be able to. Billions of these molecules cling together and form the body of man, working for him, the master of the house, faithfully, untiringly, continually. He may forget them altogether—indeed, he seldom gives them a thought—yet on they go renewing, manufacturing afresh, tearing down old walls, and rebuilding the most exquisitely wonderful structures—taking from the elements—what are the elements, Ruddy?"

"Earth, air, fire and water," answered Ruddy, promptly.

"Taking from the elements," continues the Wise Man, reaching up to clasp the two sun-tanned hands Ruddy has brought together in a sort of awkward embrace about the neck of his teacher, "what is needed for the building of the tenement, using the sunshine, the darkness, the heat, the cold, building fires, clearing away litter, pushing, propelling, urging, detaining, straining and striving in mysterious ways to keep the perfect balances, and all this, as I have said, without any conscious command of the master."

"But the master of the house *may* learn to command?"

"He may, indeed. And when he realizes his own REAL SELF then will these little elementals work for him under his own wise ordering—then will the ills of life, disease and death, be overcome. The workers are not the 'real man'; for he may withdraw altogether from his dwelling, and leave it untenanted, and the busy servants will still go on with their duties, which are—in case he remains away—a complete destruction of the form of the house, so that the material—not the millionth part of a grain of which can ever be lost—may be at once put to new uses. But what, *then*, of the 'real man'?"

The youngsters were close at the Wise Man's feet now, looking up into his earnest face; but not an Urchin among them ventured a reply.

"What great difference is there between the man whose structure we learned to know last year, and me—what have I, the living man, that the dead body lacked?"

"Motion," said Blooy, "for one thing. And you can *do* things."

"And know that I am doing—that's *consciousness*. Death is sim-

ply unconsciousness; and even a living man, as we call him, may be dead to certain things. If I don't know this, or that, or the other—if I am not conscious of it, just so much do I lack life which is knowledge. For me that of which I am not conscious does not exist, and so I am not as alive as I should be."

"Do you think, sir, you'll ever—come alive? I mean," explains Goldie, dodging the disapproving glances shot at him from six pairs of indignant eyes, "*altogether* alive? And knowing everything?"

"Yes, Goldie, I am sure of it. So will you; so shall we all."

"Even John O'Connell?"

"Even John. Some day the rough fisherman will discover that he is neither comfortable nor happy; that a round of ugly oaths doesn't bring him the satisfaction he is continually seeking; that evil-doing hurts him more than it does those he has defrauded; that Nature uses only one weapon, and that's a boomerang; that if he hurls hate, hate comes flying back at him; and that the walls of selfishness he builds around himself shut out all the sweet, fair things of the beautiful world. Then he'll learn some lessons, and grow wiser and better and less selfish, and begin to know things that every one is obliged to know before he can graduate from this our own particular school-world. Oh, he'll 'come alive,' will John, just as surely as we, who were once ignorant babies, have become able to master compound interest and fractions."

"But won't it take a long time?"

"Perhaps; and that's why we need eternity. This world of ours is a schoolhouse, and the sessions we pass in it are brief indeed; but 'time without end' is ours, and we may come, and come, and come again, until our lessons all are learned and we have truly 'come alive.'"

"What starts us upon our earthly journey? How do we know when it's time to start to school for another session?" asks Violet. "What brings us?"

"What brought you here to-day?"

"Why, I thought, sir, that—that—we were expected, and that—it would be only right to come."

"If you had not come?"

"I should have felt that I was not doing what was right. It was my duty to come."

"Yet no one would have found fault with you for remaining away."

"I should have blamed myself. I felt it my duty to come."

"Precisely; it was your duty to come. Odd, isn't it, how one's duty always manages to show itself so clearly? Well, when it comes 'school time' your duty will tell you what to do, and no mistake as to the hour will ever be made. It is one of the wonderful, mysterious and unchangeable laws of life that the Golden Flame of Right Doing so lights the path of the faithful pilgrim that its 'whens' and 'hows' can never be mistaken. That which we children"—and the Wise Man's smile was something beautiful to see—"do each hour of our little to-days will count for or against the free feeding of the Wick of the Golden Flame when our to-morrows shall come to us. Upon each thought we think, each act we perform, each word we utter depends the ability of our own little personal Lamp to burn dimly or shed a glorious radiance upon the Way. The thinking, the acting, the putting into speech is done by the REAL MAN, whom, I insist upon it, Brownie is not able to see."

"I do see that I don't see, sir."

"And that is a broad stride for a boy of your size to take, Brownie. What brought *you* here?"

"Should I say my feet, sir?"

"Stick to facts," laughed the Wise Man, "they furnish good ballast! Very well, my boy, granted it was your feet; how came they to march in this direction? Why not have gone 'long shore to John O'Connell's?"

"I wanted to come here and I didn't want to go to O'Connell's."

"Then the real man—the master—possesses the gift of free

choice? You willed to come here, and your will had back of it a wonderful force guided by intelligence. But do not plume yourself upon your superiority, my boy, for your brothers—the living things of earth—have by Nature been endowed with Will and Selection, or Choice—yes, even the smallest molecule, animal, or plant among them. The difference is only in degree."

"But a *plant* can't do what it wants to?"

"Ruddy, a French scientist knows of one that certainly did. Monsieur Grimàrd once had occasion to visit a French mine, and he there noticed a small plant with a large name—*Lathrea squamaria*—which had willed to find the light, and had consequently started on an unusual journey. The little seed had been dropped by chance, and had germinated at the bottom of the shaft; so up the side of it it climbed, about one hundred and twenty feet in all, to the sunlight. A hundred and twenty feet—and this little plant has never before been known to grow more than six inches high!"

"That was jolly plucky for a *plant!*" declared Blooy. "How did it know sunlight was at the top?"

"How do we know heaven is at the top?" smiled Violet. "Something tells us—something higher than ourselves; or maybe the REAL SELF of us makes us know."

"You have uttered a divine truth, Violet. It is the REAL SELF—the higher Self of us that makes us sure. There is just this difference between us and other living things: Our 'little brothers,' while they are conscious, are not, as we are, *self-conscious*. We do not imagine them thinking 'I am a horse,' or 'I am a flower,' or 'I am an emerald,' while we know our own selves well enough, at least, to say comprehensively, 'I am a man.'"

"Shall we ever be able to understand how consciousness acts? How it makes man master over all things—even over himself?"

"When the microscope arrives, Violet, I may be able to show you some of the lowest forms of life—where Man really began on his long journey toward self-consciousness. Then, perhaps, we may be able to write a new Mother Goose, beginning with 'Here is the

house that Thought built. Here are the cells that form the walls that make the house that Thought built. Here are the germs that live in the cells that form the walls that make the house that Thought built,' and so on."

"I'd like a Mother Goose like that!"

"Would you, Snowdrop? I want to introduce you to a real Wonder World when the microscope comes. If we arrive at an actual comprehension of 'cell growth'—a something, I promise you, quite different from our 'still-life' portrait pictures of last summer—if we can see the moving, acting, living little fellows who go to make up our bodily selves, just as each independent soldier makes up his small part of a great army—an intelligent, yet all harmonious body swayed by the commanding Master Intelligence, I think you will be better prepared for an introduction to—at least—the corporal of the guard, let us say!"

A sea-breeze up the trees joined in the merry laughter that followed, as the Wise Man arose from his place in their midst and pointed to the incoming tide.

"We are caught—the sand is covered, and we shall be obliged to cross the clearing yonder and reach home by the lane. And there, my hearties, I'll race you to the village—who'll run?"

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

Man is a being of high inspirations, "looking both before and after," whose "thoughts wander through eternity," disclaiming alliance with transcience and decay; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation; existing but in the future and the past; being not what he is, but what he has been, and shall be. Whatever may be his true and final destination, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution. This is the character of all life and being. Each is at once the centre and the circumference; the point to which all things are referred and the line in which all things are contained.—*Shelley, on Life.*

ROSES AND THEIR USES.

Since the days when the "sweet singer of Israel" sung the praises of the "Rose of Sharon," the rose has been so transformed by the florist's art that the flowers seen in the rose gardens of to-day bear but small resemblance to the humble little blossom which the tourists who visit the Holy Land see growing in that vicinity.

The rose, with its constantly increasing beauty, has also increased in usefulness, and the "rose rest cure" is the last mode of usefulness to which the flower has been put.

The rose held a high place in the estimation of the Greeks and Romans, who originated the idea of regarding it as symbolical of silence and a reminder of the confidential nature of any information obtained when partaking of hospitality.

A rose was suspended above the table, and the guests who were breaking bread under the protection of friendship understood the mute reminder of the loyalty that enjoins silence regarding any information obtained under such circumstances. From this usage grew the expression "sub rosa" with which many individuals precede or close any information which the hearer is not to repeat.

The rose is also supposed to be emblematic of certain sentiments, the nature of these depending on the color of the blossom bestowed. The pink rose symbolizes love, the white rose youth and the yellow jealousy.

A pretty legend ascribes to an angel's gift the extra beauty possessed by the moss rose, veiled with its mantle of green. The angel, grateful for the protection of a rose bush, asked the rose what gift it desired in return. The rose desired the angel to bestow another grace upon it, and the flower in a moment was covered with moss.

Of the flower's lineage an old legend says, "I came of nectar spilled from Heaven"; and in the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus sorrowed alone, the rose bloomed as it still does in fragrance and beauty.

One of the most extensive industries to which the rose contributes is the making of perfumes. The centre of the perfume industry is said to be at Grasse, which is in the southern part of France. Women and girls gather flowers daily between the hours of 5 and 11 o'clock A. M., and on their return to the houses pluck the leaves from the

blossoms. The rest of each day is passed in preparing the leaves for the process of extracting the oils containing the perfumes. The season for plucking roses lasts from the beginning of May until the end of June, and during that time roses are collected in sufficient numbers to make the 1,200,000 kilograms of rose leaves used each season. The perfume known as attar of roses is also made there in large quantities. It requires 200,000 roses to obtain $300 worth of the oil.

The Boers of the Transvaal are fond of roses, and in Pretoria the streets are bounded by rose hedges, which for all but three months of each year are fragrant and beautiful with blossoms. All the public places display a profusion of roses of many varieties. The Burgher's Park has a beautiful collection. This flower has been chosen as the floral emblem of several States, including New York, Iowa and North Dakota, the last two mentioned having chosen the wild rose.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DAWN.

The fading moonlight and a tender glow
Of waning stars upon the darkened bay,
When shadows of the fleeting clouds before the day
Like spectres of a phantom world move to and fro.
Oh, hour of solitude, from thee fond fancies flow
Of true and noble deeds and thoughts sublime!
Thy moments as the years are spent but to define
The boundlessness of God's great work to know.
In reverie thus at thy still hour I dream,
But soon the glories of the dawn unfold
The lot of man; and with each thrilling beam
A vision of the joyfulness of life behold.
The day is come, the shadows gone from sight,
Ten thousand teeming spheres are interfused with light.

FRANK M. BACON.

"By the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the disease of the body; by the tongue of the patient, philosophers discover the disease of the mind."—*Justin.*

"For man to assist man is to be a god; this is the path that leads to everlasting glory."—*Pliny* (*Elder*).

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

GROWTH THROUGH METAPHYSICS.

The spreading of knowledge through an understanding of the finer forces of nature and of life, has become a factor in the advanced educational features of Western civilization. This fact cannot longer be ignored, if we would understand and so be able to adjust our methods to the steadily advancing influence of new thought. Because of this advancement of knowledge, and the consequent better understanding of elements, actions, and natural law in the universe, and of its relation to human life, both a mental and a spiritual growth are now developing with the intelligent individual. All such change is distinctly metaphysical in its nature, because it is based upon the understanding of activities and elements that are beyond the direct action of the senses and relate to the finer and higher laws and operations of the mind, being spiritual, instead of material, in both nature and activity. Metaphysics is the Science, or Knowledge of Being; and "Being" is that which actually *is* in contradistinction from that which appears or seems to be, in the phenomenal action of the external senses. Being, therefore, is the living reality of the spiritual universe, and any operations which deal understandingly with any of its laws, are metaphysical in character.

This advancing growth of comprehension of the principles and laws of real life, is taking form under many different names; but the character of the thought is the same, provided it adheres to the truth of the fundamental principles of its subject. Reality is a unit and Truth is universally whole; consequently the character of all earnest and successful investigation is the same. Truth and reality

are invariably spiritual, and the substance of each is activity itself, in which there can be no lethargy, stagnation or obstructive solidity, but in which every law operates in perfect freedom for ultimate right and good. The physical object or action is always a representation to the senses, and for sense observation, only, of the real activity of actual life which has its true existence beyond, back of, above the sense plane of external action. The *real* is always spiritual; its inverted reproduction is, seemingly, physical. The one is represented realistically in activity, which is infinite and divine; the other is reproduced, seemingly, through phenomenal appearance, in lethargic solidity which obstructs both action and progress and is transient and sensuous. The word metaphysics is derived from the Greek, meta—above, beyond, and physics; and it rightly signifies *all* that in any way transcends the physical and sensuous planes of action. None of the sensuous bears any relation to metaphysics, but every spiritual activity is metaphysical in character regardless of the name attached. It is in this sense that we deal with the subject of Metaphysics and encourage its recognition as The Science of Living Reality. As such it has direct bearings, of the greatest possible value, upon every important subject in human life A right understanding of metaphysical principles will enable every one to better estimate the true character of a given subject, and to so adjust his actions, while dealing with it, as to make use of the higher powers involved in its real character. Under such comprehensive action fewer mistakes will be made and a greater proportion of successes will be attained in dealing with human nature.

To understand the nature of the mind, and the character of the intellectual processes of the one with whom you deal, is to know how to present a subject for his intelligent consideration; and this is the better half of every battle with intellect. And, above all else, to know your own mind—its powers, its forces, its qualities and its character—from the basis of its permanent reality of being, is to hold well in hand every power for dealing successfully with men or with problems of existence. Metaphysics, alone, can give this kind of intelligent under-

standing, and this is why we earnestly bring it forward as the most important study possible for the minds of all classes of people who wish to think. It has its realms of philosophy, of ethics and of science; and in each may be found innumerable applications of conscious thought to all the problems of human life. He who can shape his thought about an external affair of life, according to the inviolable principles of the reality of the subject to which the affair relates, can not only control for the right whatever circumstances may attend the transaction, but he will also, by that same act, do the will of the Lord upon earth, and may perform the work of the Master, wherever he goes. The infinite power and the divine character of truth will permeate every such thought, and its power is difficult to comprehend.

Man's weaknesses result entirely from misunderstanding his own nature, and his mistakes are always the results of judging his nature and his powers externally, without recognition of his real qualities. To correct this error of judgment is the office of Metaphysics; and THE IDEAL REVIEW is calculated to aid him in the work. The character of the Idealistic teachings presented therein will always lead the mind in the direction of metaphysical understanding, although not every article may be written entirely for that purpose. The water of life may flow through many channels and be pure as well as refreshing in each. Every "truth" is both infinite and universal. L. E. W.

But his soul was not laid in ashes at Pharos, nor could a little heap of dust contain so great a shade; it leapt from the pyre, and leaving the mass of half-burnt bone, sprung towards the vaulted throne of the Thunderer. Where the murky air meets the starry circles, midway between our earth and the orbit of the moon, there dwelt the sainted Manes, whom, innocent in life, fiery virtue directed to the lower abode of Gad, and gathered in eternal mansions. Those laid in gold and perfumes do not come hither. After he had feasted himself on the pure light, and admired the wandering planets and pole-fixed stars, he beheld the mist of darkness that enfolds our brightest days, and mocked the farce called death, in which his own maimed body lay.

—*Lucan.*

THE PRIEST AND THE SCIENTIST.

"Between us and you a great chasm is fixed, so that they who are willing to go over from hence unto you are not able, nor do they from thence to us pass through."

The controversy between the Roman Church in England and its recusant son, the late Professor St. George Mivart seems to have culminated. Cardinal Vaughan refused to parley with him in regard to a single one of his utterances, however plausible and supported by evidence that seemed incontrovertible, but left him only the choice to withdraw and deny every statement and position which he had assumed. Dr. Mivart demurred at this; upon which, without further delay, the Cardinal-Archbishop hurried to pronounce the anathema, inhibiting him from participation in the sacraments of the Church. The Doctor did not yield at this, but in a rejoinder declared his purpose as a religious man, to attend upon the services, while at the same time accentuating the fact that a vast, impassable abyss yawns between the Catholic dogma and Science.

At this point in the controversy, on the first day of April, Dr. Mivart died suddenly, and burial was refused to his body in the grounds belonging to his family. It has been reported that this will be a matter to be decided by litigation.

Few men in the Roman Church have surpassed him in scientific attainments. He was a member of the legal profession, a Doctor of Medicine and Fellow of the Royal, the Linnæan and Zoölogical Societies; and he had been both a Lecturer on Zoölogy at the Medical School of St. Mary's Hospital and Professor of Biology at the University of Louvain. He wrote much and his scientific works were of superior character. Among these we may enumerate "An Introduction to the Elements of Science," "Nature and Thought," "Genesis of Species," "Types of Animal Life," "The Cat," "Man and the Apes," "The Origin of Human Reason."

Dr. Mivart was born in London in 1827, and in 1844, at the age of seventeen, joined the Roman Catholic Church. He remained in its communion till the summary action of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster in February, 1900, enjoining him from further rights of membership.

Some six or more years ago, he published a paper in *The Nineteenth Century* in which he took the position that Hell is not a place of torment, but rather one of what he called "natural beatitude." What was the real calamity to the lost soul he set forth to be that such souls are forever separated from the "beatific vision" of God; yet that they enjoy at the same time a certain delight of their own which is of a nature wholly diverse from that.*

This article, and several other papers of which Dr. Mivart was author, met promptly with the disapproval of the Roman Curia, and were placed on the Index. To this he submitted, though he renounced none of his opinions. He asked to have a designation of the specific utterances which had been condemned, but to this appeal no reply was given. Finally, he took up the matter anew, withdrawing his submission. In January, 1900, two papers were published from his pen: one in *The Fortnightly Review* on "Some Recent Catholic Apologists," and another in *The Nineteenth Century* entitled "The Continuity of Catholicism." In both of these he reiterated his opinions at much length and with great positiveness.

"I still regard the representations as to Hell," said he, "which are commonly promulgated in sermons and meditations, as so horrible and revolting that a Deity capable of instituting such a place of torment would be a bad God, and, therefore, in the words of the late Dr. W. G. Ward, a God 'we should be under the indefeasible obligation of disobeying, defying and abhorring.'"

He indicates the source from which the greatest danger comes to which the Roman Catholic Church is exposed. It is hostile to scientific truth, and apparently not averse to actual deception and terrorism in order to maintain power. He remarks definitively:

"What in my opinion is the great peril which Catholicity now runs is occasioned by the deep and appalling disregard for, and sometimes positive aversion to, Scientific Truth, which is exhibited by Catholic advocates, and high above all, by the Roman Curia, whereof some of the most recent manifestations would seem to imply that if only power can thereby be retained, any amount of terrorism over

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* Probably Dr. Mivart meant that such souls were in a state analogous to what is described by Emanuel Swedenborg, that those who are in the hells are in the delights of self-love and cannot have any enjoyment except what is from that source.

weak, credulous minds and tenderly scrupulous consciences is abundantly justified."

GALILEO VEHEMENTLY SUSPECTED OF HERESY.

Attempts have often been made to make it appear that the sentence of the Roman Inquisition which was passed upon Galileo in 1614 was not really a denunciation of his scientific views in relation to the Solar System. The terms of the censure were repeated by Dr. Mivart, and seem to show unequivocally that the Copernican doctrine was condemned.

"Invoking the most holy name of our Lord Jesus Christ and that of his most glorious Mother Mary ever Virgin, by this Our Definite Sentence, we say, pronounce and declare: That you, the said Galileo, on account of the things proved against you by documentary evidence, and which has been confessed by you as aforesaid, have rendered yourself to this Holy Office, vehemently suspected of Heresy —that is, of having believed and held a Doctrine which is False and Contrary to the Sacred and Divine Scriptures—to wit, that the Sun is the Centre of the World and that it does not move from East to West, and that the Earth is not the Centre of the Universe."*

ALLEGED CHANGES IN ROMAN CATHOLIC BELIEF.

Dr. Mivart followed his statements with another: that there has been actual progress in the Roman Catholic Church because of the discoveries which Science has made, and he predicted that such progress will continue to be made. "It would doubtless amaze and appall men of narrow views," he declared, "if they could now see what progress will one day be." He quoted further with his approval the assertion of Dr. Hagan: "Many facts and views commonly admitted at the present day may have to be given up at some later period." To this he added: "Quite others may, centuries hence, assume the form of unquestioned truths. The changes which have

* In this condemnation of Galileo by the Inquisition there were eight heads of accusation, but not a solitary one of them referred in the faintest manner to the interpretation of the Scriptures. It does not appear that Galileo had been put to the torture, but only that he was threatened with it. He was kept for some time afterward in confinement and under restraint, finally being suffered to go free on condition of writing no more. He was in advanced years and died not long afterward. It was not Galileo that went wrong, but his judges and accusers.

already become popular among Catholics are enormous, and much greater will surely occur in the near future."

Some of these changes he explains. One is in regard to the dogma, "*Nulla salus extra ecclesiam*"—out of the Church there is no salvation. Many, he remarks, still hold to it in its most literal sense. "Now, however, it is admitted by the most rigid Roman theologians that men who do not accept any form of Christianity, if only they are theists and lead good lives, may have an assured hope for the future, similar to that of a virtuous Christian believer." "There has, indeed, been a complete change of belief in this matter, though many persons are most unwilling to admit the fact."

Formerly, also, the practice of taking interest for money was condemned again and again by Popes and Councils. "This was so distinctly and emphatically condemned that no persons living in the Middle Ages could have had any apparently reasonable belief that such decisions would ever be explained away. Yet, now, this has been done so completely that no Pope, no Catholic priest, no corporate ecclesiastical body, scruples to accept the best interest obtainable for any capital which may be at his disposal."

In regard to the Scriptures themselves, Dr. Mivart was equally pronounced in his utterances. He spoke of "the multitude of statements scientifically false," and of the two accounts of the Deluge, "neither of them true." He also affirmed that to his certain knowledge "there actually are devout Catholics of both sexes, well known and highly esteemed—weekly communicants and leading lives devoted to charity and religion—who believe Joseph to have been the real and natural father of Jesus." These persons, however, do not consider it necessary to alter a word of the creeds, nor of the devotions now in use, but merely to accept the words in another meaning. He knew priests, he declared, who shared this view of the Virgin instead of the modern one, and devout persons "who would prefer to worship God under one of his attributes symbolized by representations more resembling Athené or Apollo. * * * There are persons," he further declared, "who go to the Brompton Observatory, to there worship the Madonna as the only available representative of Venus."

THE DENUNCIATION.

As was to be expected, these statements drew upon Dr. Mivart unsparing criticism and exemplary judgment. It was not so much his opinions that gave offense, but simply his uttering of them. With

the Roman body it is not regarded as of much account what laymen believe and think, so long as they keep still about it, obeying and conforming. They are not "the Church," in Roman parlance, but simply belong to it as its subjects. Dr. Mivart exceeded his limitations as a layman, and was speedily commanded into silence and submission.

Besides, if his statements should be accepted, the changes which he described must also be admitted, which are honeycombing the structure of the Roman hierarchy. He was in a situation analogous to that of Paul at Ephesus destroying the profits of the silversmiths who made shrines for the Great Mother, and at Philippi casting out a Pythonic demon from a mantic girl and so putting an end to the hopes of gain entertained by her masters. The apostle was charged, in both instances, with offenses entirely distinct from the actual grievances; and so, likewise, has Dr. Mivart been treated.

It is not the policy to meet statements like his upon the issue of their truthfulness. The Roman ecclesiastics do not consent to discuss questions of fact or doctrine in the forum with one not of their number. They simply plant themselves upon the assumed absolute authority of the Church, and proscribe with denunciation and anathema all who dissent. By "the Church" they mean themselves and those who preceded them in the same category. Hence, the London *Tablet*, the reputed official organ of Cardinal Vaughan, began the onslaught by declaring that Dr. Mivart had "carried the issues far beyond the due limits of the domain of domestic controversy." It refused to admit that any dogma could be reversed or modified in its signification. "We have no alternative," it declared, "but to regard him as an outsider and an opponent of the Catholic faith."

To Dr. Mivart's demand for an apology for the gross personality of the attack, the Cardinal replied by throwing the blame upon the editor. But he permitted no discussion or temporizing. He demanded that Dr. Mivart should sign without question, a lengthy formula affirming the entire submission of his judgment to the Church, "believing all that she teaches and condemning all that she condemns"—accepting the dogmas of the perpetual virginity of Mary, the fall of man, original sin, the judgment of souls and their award to heaven or punishment in hell; finally including a revoking and condemning of his utterances in the several papers which he had published.

Dr. Mivart very naturally was not ready to sign such a document offhand; and the Cardinal-Archbishop quickly wrote to him again,

demanding his submission, and adding that otherwise "the law of the Church would take its course."

To this threat he replied setting forth the difficulties which the modern man of Science finds in the effort to reconcile Science and Dogma. He pleaded also in his own behalf, that when admitted as a Catholic, he made, of course, a profession of the Creed of Pope Paul IV.; but that he had no recollection of having been asked to make the profession which this document required in relation to the Scriptures—to receive all the books of the Old and New Testament with all their parts as sacred and canonical, "not because having been composed by mere human industry they are afterward approved by the Church's authority; not merely because they contain revelation with no mixture of error; but because, having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and have been delivered as such to the Church herself."

He was of opinion, he said, that an acceptance of the document would be equivalent to an assertion that there are no errors, or altogether false statements, or fabulous narratives in the Old and New Testaments, and that he would not be free to hold and teach without blame that the world was not created in any six periods of time; that the story of the Serpent and the Tree is altogether false; that the history of the Tower of Babel is a mere fiction devoid of any particle of truth; that the story of Noah's Ark is altogether erroneous, as again that of the plagues of Egypt; that neither Joshua nor Hezekiah interfered with the regularity of time; that Jonah did not live within the belly of any kind of marine animal; that Lot's wife was never turned into a pillar of salt; and that Balaam's ass never spoke. He put these forward, he added, as a few examples of statements, which any one believing that the books were written by inspiration of the Holy Ghost and had God for their author ought not and could not logically or rationally make.

If, however, the Cardinal-Archbishop could authoritatively tell him that divine inspiration or authorship did not guarantee the truth and inerrancy of the statements so inspired, Dr. Mivart declared that it would be in one sense a great relief to his mind, and greatly facilitate the signing of the document; "your Eminence's position on the subject," he significantly added, "being publicly known, and also the other conditions under which I sign it."

Cardinal Vaughan was too adroit, however, to be caught at making

a statement which, though it might accord with the affirmations of the Church, would at the same time be conspicuous to the scientific world for its absurdity. He merely responded in the words of Augustin of Hippo: "I would not believe the Gospel truly unless the authority of the Church moved me." He reproached the Doctor, saying that in giving assent to only such doctrines as he could solve by his finite intelligence, he must put aside all the mysteries of faith. "This," he added, "this is to return to the old Protestant system of private judgment, or to open rationalism and infidelity."

Without waiting for a reply he issued his Inhibition, excluding Dr. Mivart from the rights and sacraments of the Church. Significantly, this decree was issued in the month of February, 1900, just three centuries from the time when Giordano Bruno at the instance of the Holy Office, was burned alive at Rome for a similar offending. But Dr. Mivart incurred no such peril. There may be secret murder by poison or assassination, perhaps; but the recusant is no longer threatened with torture as was Galileo, or with immolation at an Auto de Fe.

Dr. Mivart was in no way cowed at the summary action taken against him. He chose rather to obey the brave utterance of the late Dr. McGlynn: "Even if high Roman tribunals summon a man to answer for teaching scientific truth, and demand that a man retract it, then it is my duty and every man's duty to refuse to retract it."

He firmly maintained his position, which had been assailed, not by argument, but by anathema. He made a rejoinder which calls to mind the words of Sokrates to the priest Eutyphron when the latter hurried away from him in anger and chagrin for having been entangled by his questions. The Doctor lamented that Cardinal Vaughan had said neither yes nor no to what he had asked. Then, referring to his own endeavors to arrive at the truth of the matter he described the hopeless attitude of wilful hostility which the Church steadily maintains:

"But ultimately," says he, "I came to the conclusion that Catholic doctrine and science were fatally at variance. This is more clear to me than ever, since my 'Ordinary' does not say whether my judgment about what the attribution of any document to God's authorship involves, is or is not right. To me it is plain that God's veracity and his incapability of deceit are primary truths without which revelation is impossible. The teaching, then, of Leo XIII. addressed dogmatically

to the whole Church, comes to this: Every statement made by a canonical writer must be true in the sense in which he put it forward whether as an historical fact or as moral instruction.

"Thus it is now evident that a vast and impassable abyss yawns between Catholic dogma and Science, and no man with ordinary knowledge can henceforth join the communion of the Roman Catholic Church if he correctly understands what its principles and teachings really are, unless they are radically changed."

ANOTHER ASSAILANT.

It being recognized as impossible to controvert Dr. Mivart's positions, the pettifogger's subterfuge was adopted of attacking him personally The Rev. R. F. Clarke, of the Society of Jesus, came to the charge in *The Fortnightly Review*. He insisted that the doctrine of the Church can never change. "The faintest derogation from any of the dogmas of the Church would at once be her destruction," he declared. "There must be no change after a thousand years have passed. If any one shall assert that to dogmas prepared by the Church, it may be possible, according to the progress of Science, to give a meaning different from what the Church has understood and now understands, let him be anathema."

He affirmed that there were many Roman Catholic converts who had never learned the true submission to the Church. They adhered to their own private judgment, not laying it down at the feet of the Vicar of Christ; and so, they often ended by finding themselves on the outside. In this number he included Dr. Mivart.

With this trite way of disposing of him, Dr. Mivart was fully aroused. In *The Nineteenth Century* for March he resumed the defense of his attitude and boldly faced the anathema which had been proclaimed. He arraigned the Roman Catholic Church for its cowardice and wilful stupidity. There are not a few earnest Catholic men and women, he said, who have been and are disquieted by the divergence between Science and Religion. They earnestly desire to be authoritatively informed in detail whether they need or need not regard these narratives about the Fall, the Flood. Babel, etc., as true. "They might as well address a dumb idol, for no clear and decisive response will they obtain. * * The Church will not, because she cannot, give a plain answer to a question of this kind. The parade of trustworthy authority and infallible guidance is but a solemn sham, as is the profession of tender consideration for the souls of her children. Her

action is that of one who has no real relief, no real zeal for her dogmata, or care for her children crying out in their distress. She gives stammering, equivocal replies."

He then dismissed Father Clarke, thanking him for having admitted all that had been put forth. "He has clearly justified all my assertions," he said, "as to the authority of conciliar decrees and papal definitions which carry with them the absolute freedom from error of all the parts of all the books deemed sacred and canonical by Trent, and thus proved that there is, till infallibility is repudiated, an Absolute Barrier between the Domain of Science and the Roman Catholic Church."

The counterpart of this attitude of the Church is to be found in the case of the old woman in one of the academy towns of New England, who persisted in asserting that the earth was placed on a rock and that there were rocks all the way down.

Despite this stubborn and almost brutal harshness of the ecclesiastics toward Dr. Mivart, the tone of the writers for the Roman Catholic press was that of regret.* It was desired that some way might be found to adjust the controversy without condemning a conscientious man, who had been answered only by denunciation.

Indeed, Dr. Mivart did not leave the Church, although the Church had left him. He still attended at worship. Though "Roman Catholicism is founded on falsehood, as regards Scripture, and is intellectually untenable," he was confident that there would eventually come a period in which "the doctrines which the surviving Roman Catholics will still venerate as the 'unwritten word' will be understood and rationally explained by those who are willing to hear, by students who regard these doctrines from without, entirely devoid of any belief concerning them save their relations to other departments and modes of action of the great process of Evolution."

The death of this intrepid scientist at this stage of the controversy and the dishonor cast upon his body will add to the emphasis of his utterances. He has stated the issue of the irrepressible conflict between

* Several of the journals expressly declare that a large and growing party in the Church hold with Dr. Mivart in regard to changes of belief to correspond with modern progress and scientific discovery. But, they add, a party is in power which ignores all progress, and aims to keep everything where it was in the earlier centuries, when men were ignorant. So, the condemnation of Dr. Mivart comes with an inspiration from the Darker Ages.

the concrete ignorance of the former centuries and the developing luminance of the present period. The world has moved if the Church has not. The censures amount to no more than the scolding of a termagant. An anathema accomplishes no harm upon the earth nor beyond the earth. With him we may rest assured, all is well.

EPHOROS.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS.

Away in the purple, shadowy East,
  In the land of the Sphinx and the lotus flower,
Stood a temple gray, and old as time,
  Concealed from view in a leafy bower.

This temple, built in the olden time,
  Was fashioned by gods, and not by men;
Each stone was carved 'neath the Master's eye
  With mystic signs, beyond human ken.

And so this temple, when finished, stood
  As a symbol of power, of faith, of truth,
And a priestess dwelt in the inner shrine,
  To live the law, and to teach the youth

Of that ancient time how to read the book
  Of nature, open and plain as fate
To whomsoever in reverence came
  To walk the Path, and to learn to wait.

This priestess of Isis, so calm and grave,
  With straight, dark brows, taught well the law,
From snowy tablets, handed down
  From the dawn of time, without change or flaw.

And the Master, who dwelt in the upper realm,
  Delving deep in the secrets the stars could tell,

Placed his hand on the brow of the grave young guide
In benediction, that all was well.

But there came a day when the temple heard
No more the voice of the priestess, calm,
As, utterly free from thought of self,
She taught the law, like a holy psalm.

The moonlight streams o'er the temple walls,
And the Master stands at the open door,
As he gazes up to the glittering stars,
And awaits his child to return once more.

To return again; for the temple, old,
Stands silent and lonely, and waits its guide,
And the Master waits, for he knoweth best
That the mystic life claims the earthly bride.

The Master sayeth, "She liveth a day,
A month, or a year, with the phantom love,
And forgetteth the temple, time walketh apace,
And beareth her back to the stars above."

And this refrain is wafted now,
As then, from the lips of an unseen choir:
"Oh, Priestess, heaven and hell are thine,
Thou knoweth them both, in thy heart's desire.

"And a mighty wave from the olden time
Will bear thee back to thy fitting place.
In the temple yet thou wilt teach the law,
But in softened tones and with humble grace."

LOU PACKARD GAY.